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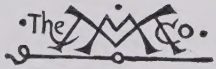
MEMORIALS OF EDWARD BURNE-JONES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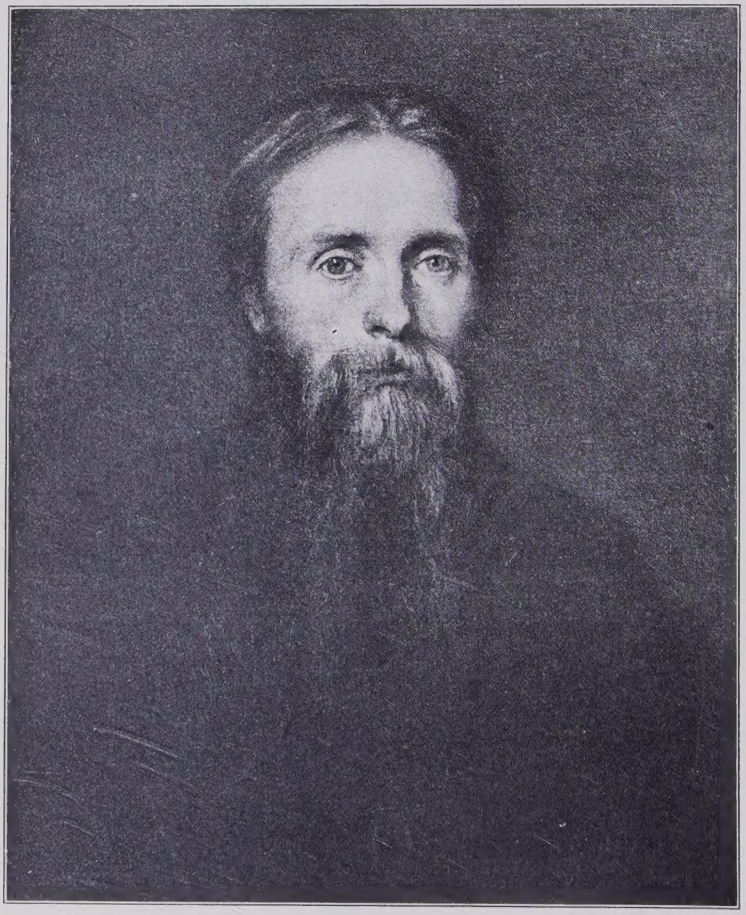

EDWARD BURNE-JONES.
Æt. 37.
From the portrait by G. F. Watts, R.A.

MEMORIALS OF EDWARD BURNE-JONES

BY

GB-J

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1906

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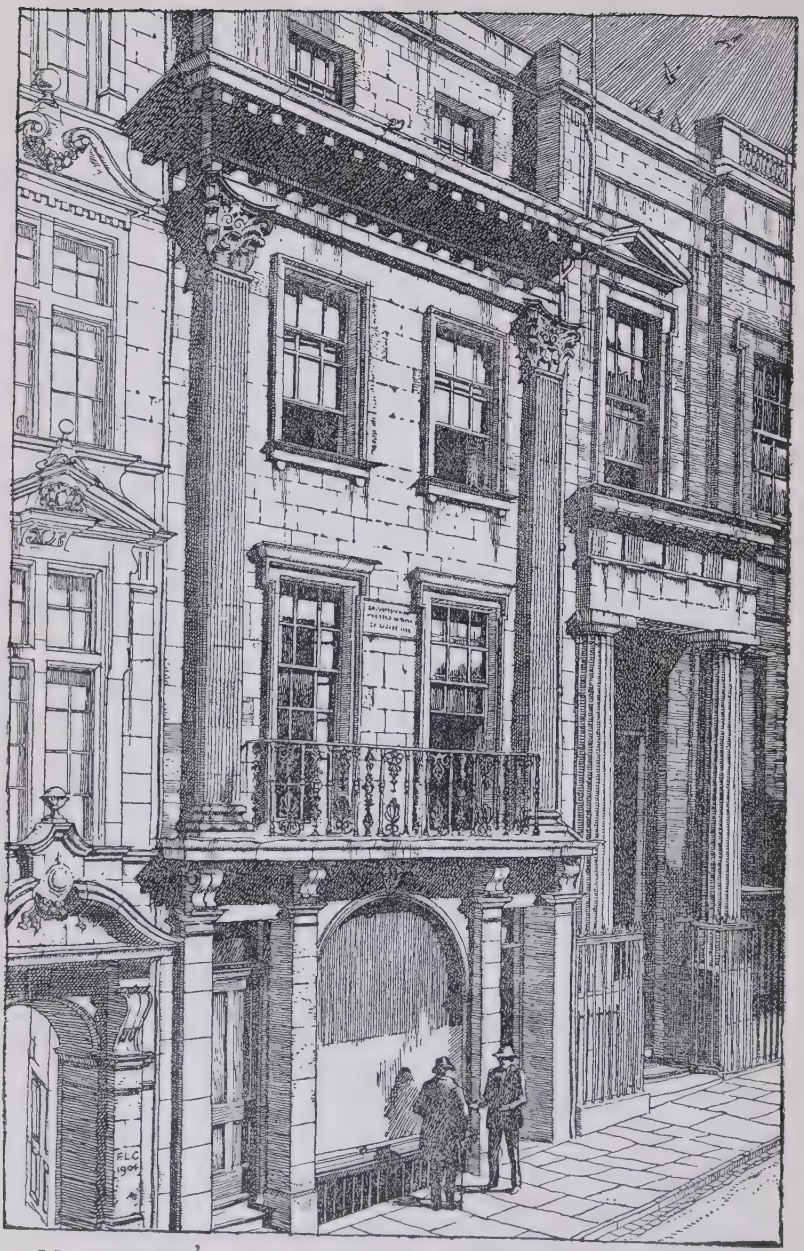
This book was begun in 1898
and finished in 1904



11, BENNETT'S HILL, BIRMINGHAM. THE BIRTHPLACE OF EDWARD BURNE-JONES

VOLUME I

1833–1867

MEMORIALS OF
EDWARD BURNE-JONES

CHAPTER I

1833—1844

My mother groaned, my father wept,
Into the dangerous world I leapt.

THE mother who bore her little son on the 28th of August, 1833, did not live long enough to know anything about him, for within a week she died. He was the second child of his parents; but the first, a girl, had not survived her infancy, so that his birth was expected in a special way to bring with it comfort and fresh hope. Before it happened, they removed into a new house, built for themselves, and life was to begin again.

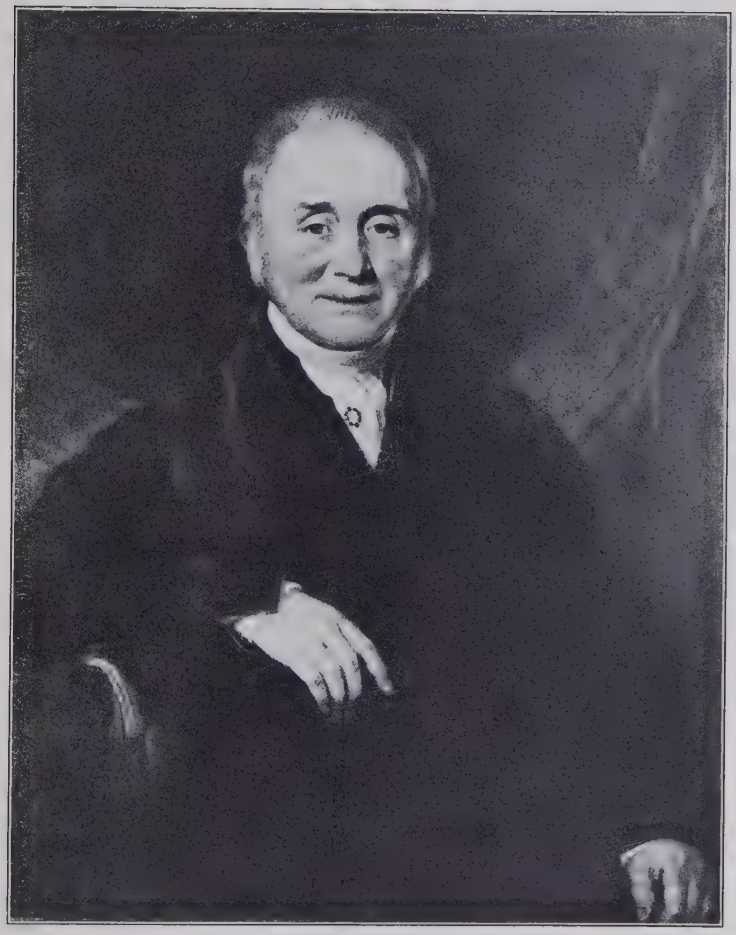
The marriage of Edward Richard Jones and Elizabeth Coley was one of great affection, and when, in his thirty-second year, the young husband found himself suddenly a widower, with a baby of six days old left to him in exchange for the wife of his heart, he could feel no joy in the innocent cause of such sorrow. Of this the child himself was never conscious, but the father spoke of it long afterwards with regret and self-reproach, saying that until his boy was four years old he could scarcely bear to take him into his arms. Not even a portrait of the mother exists: the only one known to have been made was an ivory miniature, which, in an unlucky moment, was given into the hands of her child when he was so young that he

himself destroyed it. Thus there remained only the name of mother to a man who, more than most, would seem to have needed one.

Nobody was able at first to come and take permanent care of the infant, who, after passing through the hands of one incompetent nurse after another, fell before long into such poor case that a friend of the dead mother bestirred herself actively to find some one more fitting for the charge of both house and baby. This person was a Miss Sampson, who had never known the mother, and to whom the melancholy, unworldly young father who could not rejoice in his own son was incomprehensible; but the child she fostered tenderly.

The street in which they lived, Bennett's Hill, Birmingham, was a new one in the heart of the town—a short, wide street connecting two busier thoroughfares, not much used by vehicles, because of its steepness, but with a good deal of bustle afoot when it was completed. The houses in it were then chiefly banks and offices, as indeed they are to this day. No. 11 was an exception, however, for it was built with a "show-room" in front, a quiet room, carpeted with a red floor-cloth and filled with mirrors, picture-frames, and sometimes a few paintings. A side-entrance admitted to the house, and at the back was a yard, with a workshop in it where Mr. Jones himself worked. What caused him to be a carver and gilder we never knew, for he was not brought up as one, but it was understood that Mr. Coley, his wife's father, who did not much like the marriage because he thought his daughter "might have done better," made it a condition before giving consent to it, that her husband should have some settled business: and possibly this one was to be had.

Before meeting Miss Coley Mr. Jones had always lived in London with his widowed mother; but she had lately died, and he was alone in the world when he first saw his wife. This was at Stourbridge, where they both happened to be staying at the same time; and, as nothing tied the young man now to one place more than another, he obeyed



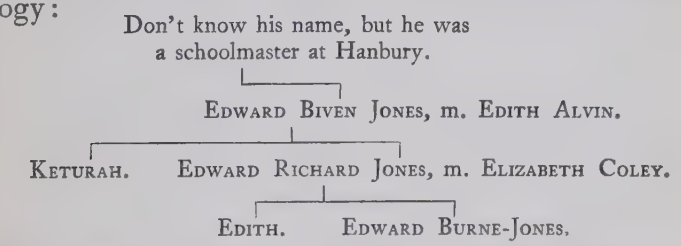
Mr. Benjamin Coley.
From a painting.

the impulse to follow her when she returned to her native town of Birmingham. His marriage to her in 1830 decided where he was to spend the rest of his life.

They had about three years together of what he called perfect happiness, before her death; and then everything changed. His simple heart, however, followed the straight path, and turned its baffled feeling into laborious work for his child's sake, little as he cared himself for the world out of which his "Betsy" had been taken.

Whatever his business may have been at first, it certainly was never very flourishing, and as the child grew older, the father worked harder. He has told me that for years he often rose at four in the morning and did not get to rest until midnight. When he did go, however, he found his young son hours deep in sleep on a little bed in a corner of the room.

So far as is known there was no foreshadowing of the gifts of this child in the family of either parent. On the mother's side we have not any record beyond the grandparents, and on the father's, of only one generation more, whilst the Christian name of the great-grandfather is forgotten. In Edward's own handwriting is this brief genealogy:



Biven was the maiden name of the great-grandmother at Hanbury, but all we know of her family is that a brother of hers, named Edward Biven, who was a wine merchant in Lambeth, adopted her son—his nephew and namesake—and brought him up to London. This Edward Biven Jones married a Mary Edith Alvin (called "Edith" only in Edward's note) and died early, a few months after the birth of his second child, who was Edward Richard,

the father of Edward Burne-Jones. The other child was a girl, Keturah, whom her great-uncle, Edward Biven, adopted in succession to her father, and who married a Mr. Thomas Burne. She and her husband were god-parents by proxy to Edward when he was baptized at St. Philip's Church, Birmingham, on the 1st of January, 1834. The names then given to the child, Edward Coley Burne, explain themselves as being those of his father, mother, and aunt.

Next door to No. 11, Bennett's Hill, at the time of Edward's birth, was already living a family to whose friendship he owed much of the pleasure of his first years. The household was a Jewish one, and almost patriarchal in character; for the two partners of a firm of merchants established in Birmingham, Messrs. Neustadt and Barnett, had married two sisters, and both families, including children, a widowed mother, and a maiden aunt, lived together under the same roof. These children were coming into the world about the same time that Edward was born, and one of his earliest memories was that of the happy life on the other side of the wall, and the kind welcome always given to him there. A member of the family now living says that he took his place among them "as a cousin," and in that house the word "cousin" meant much. They shared all their pleasures and amusements with him, nor was he excluded even from their holy days and festivals. At the Feast of Purim he dressed up with the other children, and was so eager for the merry-making that when the day came round he was always the first guest to arrive.

Miss Sampson was passionately devoted to Edward, and it is pathetic to think how slight a clue she ever had to his nature. He loved her in the way that children often love parents from whom they greatly differ, seeming never to criticize her and never to confide in her. She was uneducated, with strong feelings and instincts, and she must have suffered much in seeing him, as he grew up, for ever slipping away from her, gently though he treated her, and tightly as she clutched him to her heart. The little body,

Mrs. Edward Biven Jones.
From a painting.

however, which his soul inhabited lay peacefully and happily at first within her arms.

It always seemed as if nature had intended him for a strong man, for his chest was broad and his limbs straight: but perhaps those early motherless months left their mark upon him, preventing fulfilment of the promise. Miss Sampson was never weary of telling how frail she found her nurseling when first he was given into her charge: often repeating, with the fond insistence of mother and nurse in one, how when the great day arrived for him to be put into "short sleeves," they had to cut off the sleeves of his little dresses an inch at a time lest a sudden chill might undo all her care.

From the first Mr. Jones realized that so delicate a child must have as much country life as possible, and in the summer time he used regularly to send his little boy with Miss Sampson to lodge a few miles away, for the sake of purer air. These yearly visits to villages and farms were a happy thing for Edward and often mentioned in later days. He remembered going when very young to a place, then on the outskirts of Birmingham and now swallowed up in it, the name of which was "Nineveh," and heaven only knows the background of imagination that this one word made for the child, who thought that of course it was "Nineveh in the Bible." Miss Sampson could throw no light on the fact of its being within three or four miles of their own front door. She had strange friends, he said, to whom she used to take him—for her fidelity would not allow her to leave the child when she went out: and long before she dreamed of it, his watchful soul was awake and listening. One of the errands on which he remembered they went together was to an old gentleman who kept a cloth-shop: "Miss Sampson used to go there and buy cloth to be made up into clothes for my father and me, in the funny old-fashioned careful way we used to live. He wore gaiters and a little old, low-crowned hat, and spectacles, of course, and after a time he gave up his shop—I forget why—and grew older and older and littler,

but still had some cloth left to sell where he lived, and Miss Sampson and I used to go there and buy it."

With all these friends she talked ceaselessly. He never forgot how one of them blamed him for profanity when he was building a small city of stones that he called "Jerusalem." "You mustn't say 'Jerusalem,' Edward," sank deeply into his mind. As he grew older, Miss Sampson used to be puzzled sometimes by his silence, and would ask suddenly, "What are you thinking of, Edward?" To this demand he told us that he early invented an answer in one word: "Camels."

Two friends of his father, a Mr. and Mrs. Caswell, contributed much to the happiness of his childhood, for they loved him and thought him gifted. They were childless, and used to invite him to their house for days at a time. Mrs. Caswell, a silvery little old lady when I first saw her, told me how when he was staying with them, they would delight to watch him in his bath, as real parents might have done, and of a game equally enjoyed by all three, when he would escape from the tub and from her hands, and spin round and round the room with laughter, and sing "Jim Crow" as he danced, while she and her husband joined in the fun and admired all he did. It was

> Motherless baby and babyless mother,
> Bring them together to love one another.

Later on, Mr. Caswell was the first person who seriously noticed Edward's drawing and tried to direct it, by giving him engravings to copy. One of these copies, done when he was seven years old, still exists; the subject is a group of deer, and Mr. Caswell's remarks are written literally *upon* it. The child never forgot this, and as long as he lived spoke of the irritation he had felt on seeing words written across the sky. Mr. Caswell himself, after he had retired from business, took great delight in buying old pictures of a moderate size at sales, and touching them up according to his fancy, and Edward was very happy watching him squeeze the paint he used out of little bladders.

Then there was the bliss of the garden with Mrs. Caswell (they lived a short distance out of Birmingham); going with her to smell the flowers and pick currants and gooseberries, and the delicious pies that came of it. Only a few years ago he took up a wall-flower from the centre of the dinner-table one evening, and smelling it, said, "I'm four years old again in Mr. Caswell's garden. How kind they were to me, Mr. and Mrs. Caswell, and I never thought about it." Another of his memories was of being on a visit to them when a friend came in bringing the news of the massacre in the Khyber Pass. He says, "I was a very little chap, and was terrified at the idea of all the men shut in by the rocks, and being shot down and killed from above without being able to do anything."

When he was between four and five years old, one of his mother's younger sisters—Amelia—became the third wife of a Mr. Choyce, a farmer then living in the depths of the country at Wootton in Warwickshire, where her kind heart made her soon invite her pale little town nephew to come and see them. This was the first of many visits. Here he found some cousins-in-law, the children of Mr. Choyce's former marriages, but was so soon adopted by them as a real relation that they will henceforth be spoken of as such without qualification. The change of going from a street in town and a house where he was the only child, into the midst of family life, the freedom of the fields and the delightful bustle of a working farm, must have been a true shock of pleasure, and he often spoke of the life at Wootton as if he recalled it day by day. The eldest of the young people there was a clever girl, Maria, who is still living, and her sister Kitty was a pretty and charming creature both then and all the days of her life. These two made a great impression on Edward, and as, when a boy, he generally preferred the company of his elders to that of his juniors, he finally chose them for his especial friends. One of them says, "When he first came to Wootton, before he was six years old, I remember his attempts at drawing which we thought so clever for a small boy." He used to

draw them all with their distinguishing peculiarities, if they had any. The curls which the young ladies wore were unmistakeable, but he was baffled by what he called the "big heads" of the maid-servants, namely their caps. About this early habit of drawing we have his own words recorded by a friend, an artist, who, talking to him of David Copperfield and his neglected childhood, remarked in passing that he himself never remembered feeling unhappy when he was left alone. "Ah," said Edward, "that was because you could draw. It was the same with me. I was always drawing. Unmothered, with a sad papa, without sister or brother, always alone, I was never unhappy, because I was always drawing. And when I think of what made the essence of a picture to me in those days it's wonderful how little I have stirred. I couldn't draw people, of course, but I never failed to draw mountains at the back of everything just as I do now, though I'd never seen one."

Miss Maria Choyce, who was some ten years older than himself, was as kind to him as a sister, and to her, a few years later, he revealed much of his inner life.

Before this, however, came the building up of his physical health, and his careful father, not content with pure inland air, sent him also to the sea. Blackpool, on the Lancashire coast, was the place chosen, probably because the children next door, the little Neustadts and Barnets, were going to it, and the whole joyous troop lodged together in one house during their stay. Edward used to declare that when they were all together Miss Sampson, out of complaisance to their friends, made him keep the Jewish Sabbath as well as the Christian one, and that he felt the ordinance to be extremely tedious; but no doubt in their own way the children softened the dispensation. He also complained with much comical exaggeration that she was in the habit of adopting for his benefit, on the spur of the moment, various rules for the education of children which she might hear of or notice in practice among her acquaintance. For instance, her admiration, he said, was

aroused by the method of a lady, who, when fruit was on the table, thought it good to say to her children, "Now, you may take your choice, my dears, but you may only have one. You see, there are apples and pears and nuts and currants, so you may choose any one of these." But if under this new law Edward ever chose a currant, I am sure Miss Sampson gave him "one" several times over.

His memory went back very far, both consecutively and in the way of detached pictures of scenes. Writing in 1873 to a friend, he says that he recollected quite well the Queen's Coronation, which took place when he was four years old, and being carried to the Town Hall, "to see where the poor folk were going to be feasted, and a general sound of happiness in the air, and the ringing of bells." Also, "being allowed to wave a banner in the air in front of the house, and that gave me more happiness, I think, than anything that has happened to me ever since."

To his daughter, when she was travelling in the Midland counties in 1884, he wrote, "Give my love to Warwick, where I once lived a while, and saw a lady paint bronze colour on a butterfly for an album. I was about four —it looked very beautiful. I don't remember why I was at Warwick. In all those regions I went about as a 'little' —to school when I was five, at Henley-in-Arden, so give it my love."

The "living" at Warwick is probably a mistake, as there is no record of his having been in that neighbourhood except when at Wootton, from which place, however, he might easily have been taken over for a visit to Warwick. But a child reckons not by days nor years in the world he makes for himself, and the joy of seeing the lady paint the butterfly would wipe out time.

The school at Henley-in-Arden that he mentions was one to which, when staying with his Aunt Choyce, he sometimes accompanied an elder cousin, and it was on the Henley Road, not at Henley itself, which was too far from Wootton for the boys to walk.

The Chartist riots in 1839, during which his father was

sworn in as a special constable, made a great impression upon him, and he suffered many things in imagination because a maid-servant, while putting him to bed, used to fan his terrors by grisly stories of what was happening, or might happen, in the streets. In his childhood he had many restless nights with bad dreams, and would often wake up with a cry, when he said he always found his father or Miss Sampson standing by his bed, looking at him with "large, anxious faces," that terrified him afresh; and he warned us not to stand looking closely at children in their sleep lest they should awake suddenly and be startled. All through his life he was a dreamer of dreams by night as well as by day.

As soon as he was old enough to walk out alone with his father, they used to go together on the day of his mother's death and visit her grave. He said that his father used to grip his hand very tightly and to cry, which frightened him. Sixty years after it happened, he writes, "Sunday was Sep. 3rd. I always keep it with what piety I can. That was the day my mammy died—the sixth day after my birth." Some one who personally knew this mother is reported to have said that a distinguishing quality in her was good sense, "good practical common sense more than ordinary," and a sister of hers writes that "she was very much beloved, recited poetry well, and was pretty." Fair in complexion she must have been, for Edward's father and all his family were dark, but her child was extremely fair in hair and skin, with eyes of a light colour. There is a bad portrait of him as a child of seven, which when he grew older he would gladly have cut into ribbons, but forbore because it would have grieved his father. In it he is represented with curling hair, which he never had. The reason of this, he told me, was that Miss Sampson, jealous of that charm in his little friends next door and determined he should not be outdone by them, curled it herself for that occasion if never again. The only thing of interest in the picture is that he is represented holding a slate, upon which a church is drawn, so that drawing was evidently

already considered his characteristic occupation. He remembered asking the artist to put in the church. A prettier picture is produced in the mind by the words of an old friend: "My first recollection of Edward is of a little boy in a red frock shelling peas."

There is no record preserved of how and when he learned to read and write: possibly Miss Sampson taught him, but it is plain, from some fragments of letters to his father, that before he was nine years old he wrote with ease and was fond of reading. The handwriting, even of the first of these notes, is clear and careful, with a sense of pleasure in the use of the pen shewn by flourishes after the signature; whilst for further ornament he has added two elementary birds. It is dated Blackpool, June 20th, 1842, and begins:

"My dear Papa, I should be very happy to see you at Blackpool, if you could come. I like the town very much indeed, but I think it should not be called Blackpool as there is more white houses than red ones."

Another scrap of the same time begins with the word "Bridge," and then goes on, "you see what a deal I think of the Bridge by the ornaments at the bottom." But the drawing to which this refers is lost. There is also a sentence which must have been written or spoken by millions of children since time at seaside places began, *nomine mutando*. "If I am a good boy Miss Sampson says we shall have a donkey ride to-morrow." And "to-morrow" is recorded, when it had become yesterday, in the next letter. At the top of the page, above the date, is written, "This is more like a hermitage," which is explained as one reads further.

"Blackpool, June 23rd.

"My dear Papa,

"I have just done the drawing my uncle wished me and hope he will be pleased with it. Yesterday I had a donkey ride and liked it very much, but coming back a little boy put a string round the donkey's leg which Miss Sampson was on and threw her off and caused a pain in her head and soon went away. You said in Miss Samp-

son's letter at the top Hermitage, but I don't think you live like a Hermit if you have such a many friends coming in as you say. I only wish you could send me Æsop's Fables, but that I suppose you cannot. I have a great variety of very pretty stones and the shells are not very pretty.

"June 24th. This morning I bathed for the 3 time and liked it so much that I had twice as much as before. I am in want of books very badly. I expect a letter from you every day, please to send me a very long letter. We are all a great deal better, I might have said quite well and stout. Please to tell the children next door I am very sorry not to have wrote to them before, but I am so buisy running about the sands and fields.

"P.S. Please to give my kind love to Grandpapa and Mr. Caswell."

There is a postscript added by Miss Sampson for the comfort of the father: "You would be delighted to see Edward, he looks so well and I think gets stronger every day." The uncle of whom he speaks in this letter was a half-brother of his mother's, a Mr. Samuel Perry, who was always kind to him.

What with country air, sea air, and the attention of Miss Sampson, the child's bodily health was now established at a fair level; and certainly also the foundations had been laid of that citadel of the soul in which through life he entrenched himself. Miss Sampson's "I know you better than you know yourself, Edward," which he used to quote, was but a vain effort to reassure herself.

In the year 1843 the Choyces left Wootton, removing to a farm called Harris Bridge in Leicestershire, which had been tenanted before by another member of their family. Here Edward continued to visit them every year, and though he was considered rather delicate in the chest, he led the same outdoor life as other boys in summer, and is remembered as having been "full of fun and spirit." Whilst he was quite little, his chief playmate was a girl cousin rather younger than himself, because the boys' games

were thought too rough for him, but later on he joined in their cricket and bathing. The name of the stream in which they bathed, the Sense, afforded many a jest to the elder girls, who used to urge them to drink whilst in its waters, and to drink deeply. There is a letter to his father from Harris Bridge, undated, but, to judge by the writing, some three or four years after the Blackpool ones, and in it he speaks of walking to Twycross and back (three miles) to ask for letters, and of "sitting up till Sunday on Saturday night," so that his health evidently no longer needed any special care.

These glimpses are mostly of life in the country and in holiday time, but I can find no account of his doing any lessons at home or of his going to any preparatory school in Birmingham before he entered the Free Grammar School.

HARRIS BRIDGE.

CHAPTER II

CHILDHOOD
1844-1848

KING Edward's School, Birmingham, as it now stands, was rebuilt in 1834 by Sir Charles Barry, in a style much like that afterwards employed by him for the Houses of Parliament. Through its wide, dark entrance the king's young namesake passed and took his place as a scholar on the 3rd of September, 1844. This day was the anniversary of his mother's death, and he was just eleven years old.

The whole building probably looked brighter then than it does now after sixty years of weathering and smoke, but the gateway leading directly into a dark vestibule, and then on to a dim hall and corridor, can never have seemed cheerful. From the street the appearance of the school is still unchanged, except that it is now somewhat crowded in and dwarfed by the height of the buildings right and left which have replaced its earlier and less pretentious neighbours. Sixty years ago it stood out handsomely, and its depth could be seen as well as its breadth of frontage.

The school was divided, then as now, into Departments, Classical and English, or "Commercial," as the latter was familiarly called. The fact of Mr. Jones' placing his son in this Department proves that his intention at the time was to give him merely such an education as would fit him for business. Boys on this side of the school usually left at about sixteen. Latin was taught in both schools, but Greek in the Classical only. No fees were paid by the scholars, the endowment being one of the richest in the kingdom, and, except for the cost of books, education was absolutely free.

There were at this time some 450 scholars altogether, and it was essentially a day school, though the head and second masters each took about twenty boarders in their own houses. The Classical Department had a slight majority in numbers over the English. There were no separate class-rooms, the whole tuition being carried on in two large and lofty stone-floored rooms in the upper story of the building, and, on the English side at all events, the lower classes were so large that it was impossible for the masters to handle them properly. "The Babel was awful," says an old pupil, "but it taught us to shout and was probably good for the lungs. The din was increased by the outside street traffic. We never sat down to say our lessons, and the younger boys would be half-dead with fatigue and quite incapable of attention before the hour was up. There was no break in the work from 8.30 to 12, and from 2 to 5." Small wonder that it is added, "Only boys of exceptional ambition or wits could make decent progress. A boy never dreamt of asking explanations of his difficulties: the free use of the cane alone could drive us forward until we reached the higher classes, which were less crowded." That the art of teaching was not studied then as it is now, Edward's own words bear witness:

"At school we were plunged into Caesar without a word of explanation. The master never told the boys that the Commentaries were the Diary of the man we had learned of in history, written in the form of letters to the Senate of Rome, or any least thing about it. We began not even at the beginning, but right in the middle of all the technicalities of bridge-building—as good as learning a trade in Latin, for the Romans were splendid bridge-builders. Of course before long I found my feet, but for a dullish boy it was hopeless."

In spite of these defects, however, King Edward's School won for itself a fame for scholarship second to none, as is proved by its supplying four Senior Classics to Cambridge within the four years of 1845 to 1848.

The first Head Master appointed after the rebuilding of

the school was Dr. Jeune, in later years Master of Pembroke College, Oxford, and Bishop of Peterborough. His successor in 1838 was Prince Lee (afterwards Bishop of Manchester), and it was during the last years of his time that the fruit of their joint labours became visible. Though Edward literally entered the school during Prince Lee's time, the two seldom came into personal contact, for the Head Master left Birmingham in 1847, a year before the boy passed into the Classical Department. Three distinguished scholars also left and went up to Cambridge whilst Edward was still on the English side: Westcott, Lightfoot, and Benson.

The house in Bennett's Hill being only a few hundred yards from the school, there was no exercise to be had in the daily walks to and fro, nor were there at that time any organized games arranged for the boys. A playing-field at some distance off was rented for the boarders, who occasionally invited other boys in the upper part of the school to join in their games. But Edward never did this, and as he cared little for walking for its own sake, his amusements in term time were found chiefly within doors. Open-air life at Harris Bridge was, however, enjoyed during the holidays, and intimacy continued with "the children next door."

At home, although he could have no actual assistance in his studies, the atmosphere of the house was helpful because his work was regarded seriously, and he had a room given to him for a study where he could make his own world, without the irksome necessity of having to "put his books away" at any moment. From his father, too, he never met with any of the rough handling or worldly maxims that some men think good for their boys. He says of this himself:

"My father was a very poetical little fellow, tender-hearted and touching, quite unfit for the world into which he was pitched. We had very, very few books, but they were poets all of them, and I remember when I was about 12 or so, he used to read me little poems he had made himself, but as time went on he grew shy of reading them to me.

He used to read in a very touching voice, melodious and pathetic, believing everything he read. I have never heard such sympathetic reading. And he believed all good things that were ever said of anyone, and was altogether unworldly and pious. Like his countrymen he knew nothing at all of art, and couldn't understand what it was about or why it should be; but for nature he had a passion, and would seldom miss a sunrise if it could be seen, and would walk tired miles to see a cornfield."

Another time, talking to a friend about his childhood, he said that his father did not wish him to read novels, and so he did not. One book, however, he possessed from the first, a treasure-house richer than anything withheld from him—Aesop's Fables—and, as we saw from one of his early letters, even the seaside and young companions and a donkey-ride did not make up to him for its absence when it had unfortunately been left at home. How he came to miss the Pilgrim's Progress I do not know, but so it was, until by the time he first saw it, the names in the story jarred upon him so much that he would not read it. Such names as "Mr. Envy" and "Mr. Despondency" he said he could not tolerate. Nevertheless, in the mysterious way that works of genius exhale into the air, the poetry of this one reached him and made its due impression, for there is a design of his which represents the Shining Ones in the Land of Beulah.

The first three or four years at school passed without his seeming to find any very special companions, but there was a boy amongst that lively community who gradually became his chosen chum, and finally a beloved friend. This was Cormell Price, afterwards Master of the Modern School at Haileybury, and for twenty years Head of the United Services College, Westward Ho! For some time the two boys only knew each other by sight and name—and on one side, it may be added, by sound—for when Mr. Price was asked what was the first thing he could remember about Burne-Jones at school, he said at once, "His laugh—I knew him by that before I knew him any other way. I used to hear

it and know that Jones was coming out of school, and there he would be, springing from the large front entrance, ready for any fun." As time went on they drew more closely together. The parents for their sake began an acquaintance which deepened into friendship, and Cormell's sisters received Edward amongst them as a brother. He never regretted having had no real brother. His little sister, dead before his birth, was his regret.

On his first entering school, in September, 1844, he was placed in the eighth class, the lowest but one. I am told that this was rather a low place for a boy of his age to take, and proves that his stock of school-learning must have been slender. By the end of the next half-year, however, he had had two removes, and the school lists afterwards tell a story of unchecked progress. By June, 1847, he was in the first class, where he remained for eighteen months, and during the last half-year was "Caput" of the English school.

Abundant traces remain, in the shape of manuscripts of incredible carefulness, that during this time he worked hard, not only by compulsion but of his own free will. His whole intellectual powers converged upon the one outlet then provided for them: books, books, and always books were the gates of the new world into which he was entering, and his imagination was largely engaged in realizing history and romance both in prose and verse. Many a fine holiday afternoon he and Cormell Price spent with favourite books in the old Birmingham cemetery in Icknield Street, which was the only public space within easy distance that was quiet and planted with trees. There was a part of it then, now levelled, which rose high above the rest of the ground, a steep slope of soft red sandstone, with a winding path up it that led to a seat at the top; and there the two boys would read and talk and recite to each other by the hour. Macpherson's Ossian was brought by Price as a contribution to their common store of heroic literature. They used to repeat it aloud as they walked about, taking parts as far as possible. In a volume of ballads and translations which they had was

Taylor's version of Bürger's Lenore, and Edward, when he first learned it, was never weary of reciting the fine stanza:

> Tramp, tramp across the land they speed,
> Splash, splash across the sea;
> Hurra! the dead can ride apace—
> Dost fear to ride with me?

whilst Cormell would answer with another ballad beginning:

> Hark, the storm-fiend of the deep
> Wakes on old Heimdalla's steep,
> Yelling out his mountain glee
> Like a soul in agony!

which was his especial favourite.

But also it was with Edward then, as it continued to be throughout his life, that between work and work he felt as actual a necessity for "fun" as he did for food and air. I can find no other word to describe a characteristic of his which will be recognized by every one who knew him. Gentle and lambent at times, wild enough and noisy at others, whimsical in words, ominous in silence whilst some swiftly-conceived Puck-like scheme of mischief took shape, carrying all things before it, compelling the least likely to join in it, always ending in the laugh that we remember, the cloud-scattering laugh! And whilst I use the word "fun" instinctively, it pleases me to learn that it is thought to be of Celtic origin, akin to one that means "delight, pleasure, desire, longing, a tune, a song," and so may take rank amongst the immortal beguilers of care. Certainly the melancholy that he inherited from his Celtic forefathers would, without this good gift, have overweighted his nature.

Practical jokes too he loved, and boldly defended. The memory of some of those that he had played as a boy never palled upon him: he used to recall them and tell us about them till we almost felt we had been there. Here is one of them. Outside the windows of the top story of his father's house ran a parapet, with just space enough

behind it for him to entrench himself and look out, unseen, upon the world below. The story of the officer whom he saw from the watch-tower was as if it had happened yesterday. It was a gallant officer who rode up up and drew rein at a house opposite, and lightly vaulting from his horse, left a beautiful new saddle exposed to the eyes of mischief. A cherished squirt hastily filled with water did the deed, and all its contents besprinkled the fair brown leather. This done, the officer appeared again and suffered a sudden check on discovering it to be wet. He looked up to the sky and down on the pavement; he even held out his hand to feel if rain was still falling! No, the showers in Birmingham were very local, and he must make the best of it and ride away. Another tale he never tired of telling was of a fatal day when, after some prank played in the street, a policeman's hand was suddenly upon his shoulder and he felt that his last hour had come; how he slipped his shoulder from beneath that hand before it could close upon him and fled for dear life with the policeman after him, and the chase so hot that he rushed breathless past his own father's door without daring to stop and enter it.

There are letters written by him in the summers of 1847 and 1848 from Harris Bridge, while on his usual visits there, but they are chiefly duty-letters with no individuality. "I do not know any news to tell you, my occupations are various, of which cricket and bathing are the favourites." Or, "You must please to excuse my very short letters as I am quite at a loss what to talk about." In July, 1848, however, he dates from "The land flowing with milk and cheese" (Harris Bridge was a cheese farm), and says, "Uncle has kindly promised to shew John and me how to survey a field when haymaking is over." There is mention of cricket again, too, of going to see a cricket match at Atherstone; but his interest in the game must have been chiefly reflected from that of others, for he had entirely lost it in a few years.

In this letter are some slight drawings, noticeable only

because one of them is of devils playing cricket, and he had a special reputation at school later on for drawing devils. These are little black silhouettes, and I think no one could augur anything remarkable from them. An inner impulse made him try to represent things he thought of, but it was like a deaf man trying to talk: he had no standard by which to measure what he did.

Whilst, however, thus stammering in a yet unlearnt language, he was rapidly developing in other directions. It might seem incredible, but for the mysterious ways of the human soul, that the same boy should have written and illustrated the letter to which I refer, and have also at nearly the same time written two others that have been preserved. They were sent to his cousin, Maria Choyce, after his return to Birmingham, and are upon a subject which they had discussed while he was at Harris Bridge. Her account of their origin is, that a Nonconformist friend, a Calvinistic Methodist, who was "very fond of airing his own opinions," had been staying at the farm during Edward's visit, and that the boy had been immensely interested in him. "We considered ourselves orthodox," she writes, "but found we were very ignorant. He said he would look the subject up when he got home and write me full particulars." The way in which he kept this promise may be seen from two letters which are here given in full. They shew how early developed was his power of independent study and his instinct for finding out authorities and sources of information on a given subject, whilst the eagerness with which he turns to this first theological quest prepares us to understand how fervidly a few years later he entered into and shared all the throes of the English Church. The few mistakes in spelling are left, as having their own significance.

Letter I

"Urbs fumi. Nonae Septembres.
"Anno Edwardi Ioni. 15.

"Dear Y.

"According to my promise I have written to you, but as it is now rather late, having only just finished my studies you will excuse my very short note. At some future time I hope to be able to give you a full description of what will now form my note.

"I have not yet been able thoroughly to understand the tenets of the Calvanistic Methodists. I have made a few extracts from some books on the different sects of Christians.

"First, the sects who differ as to the objects of divine worship are:—Trinitarians, Athanasians, Sabellians, Arians and Socinians or Unitarians.

"Second, Those who differ as to the blessings derivable from the Gospel are:—Calvanists, Arminians and Antinomians.

"1st, The Trinitarians profess the doctrine of Trinity in opposition to the Arians and Unitarians.

"2. The Athanasians are those Trinitarians who receive the creed called Athanasian.

"3. Sabellians taught that the Father, Son and Holy Ghost were one person with three names, that in the Old Testament the Deity delivered the law as Father, descended among men as Son, and descended upon the Apostles as Holy Ghost.

"4. The Arians maintained that the Son (or Logos, sig. Word) is a creature of a nature inferior to the Father, created by him in the beginning out of nothing, and made his instrument in the creation of men and angels, and that [to] this person is delegated the administration of Providence.

"5. Unitarians or Socinians deny the divinity of Christ, whom they affirm to have been only man, who in conformity with an ancient prophecy was chosen by God to

introduce a moral doctrine into the world and to reveal the doctrine of a future state.

"6. The difference between the Socinians and Unitarians is this: The Unit[s] reject the following articles in the Socinian creed: The Incarnation, the addressing of prayers and praises to Christ, the existence and agency of the Devil, the eternity of future punishment and some also reject baptism. Thus these, viz. the Unit[s] and Trinitarians, can never be united. For if the Unit[s] are right, then the Trinitarians are gross idolaters, or if the Trinitarians are right the Unitarians are heretics.

"II. Of those who differ as to the extent of the blessings of the Gospel.

"Calvin was contemporary with Luther. His tenets were the same as those of Saint Austin and many others of the primitive church. Most of them were professed by Huss, Jerome of Prague, Bede, Wickliffe, &c. Calvinism was first introduced into Britain in the reign of Elizabeth by those divines who fled to the continent to avoid the persecutions of Mary. It was brought into disrepute by the political and fanatical conduct of the Puritans or rigid Calvinists, which ended in the overthrow of the Church and the death of Charles I.

"The doctrine of Calvanism has been reduced to five points, viz.

1. Particular Election.
2. „ Redemption.
3. Moral Inability.
4. Irresistable Grace.
5. Perseverance of the Saints.

which will I hope occupy part of my next letter in about a fortnight or a month.

"I have been searching a great deal for this scanty supply of information. I have no doubt that the greater part of this was previously known to you, but I have done my best. The subject before completed will occupy two or three letters more.

"With love to all in which Papa and Miss Sampson join,

"Believe me to be,

"Your affectionate friend,

"E. C. B. JONES."

LETTER II

"Bennett's Hill,
"October 8th,

"DEAR MARIA,

"I received your long letter this morning and have taken the first opportunity to answer it, and as my time is limited you will excuse my commencing the Subject without entering in the passing events.

"I think I concluded my first with enumerating the five principal tenets of Calvin:—

1. Particular Election.
2. ,, Redemption.
3. Moral Inability.
4. Irresistable Grace.
5. Perseverance of the Saints.

They thus explain the first of these. That God thro' Christ has chosen a certain number to everlasting Glory before the foundation of the world, without any conditions whatever to be performed by the creature, and that the rest of mankind he was pleased to pass by, and to ordain to wrath and dishonour for their sin to satiate his rigid justice.

"A more blasphemous tenet one can hardly imagine—it seems to imply in the latter part that some are to be punished both for their own sins and for those elected to glory.

"And then as necessarily follows, they explain 'Particular Redemption' as that our Lord died only for the Elect.

"3. By Moral Inability, that the guilt of Adam's sin is

conveyed down to posterity, whereby we commit sin and are thence subject to death and to all temporal and eternal miseries.

"I think there seems to be a contradiction here, if all are subject to eternal misery: in their 1st Article it is said that the Elect cannot go to Hell, whatever their sins may be, and therefore they cannot be subject to Eternal Wrath. And then returning to their old adage again, they go on to explain Irresistable Grace as 'All whom God has elected to glory he will at his appointed time call from a state of sin to a state of salvation.'

"The Perseverance of the Saints means that the Saints or Elect (being called from a state of death and sin) can never fall into sin.

"You must not take the little additions I have made at the end of each tenet in any other light than a passing remark of my own, but this grand feature in Calvanism seems totally repugnant to the alledged attributes of God.

"There are two sects in Calvanism: those who maintain that God permitted but did not decree the fate of Adam, they are called Sublapsarians, and those who maintain that God decreed his fate, to display his mercy and justice. They are called Super-lapsarians. Calvanism is the established church of Scotland. In England it is taught in the Chapels of Mr. Whitefield and Lady Huntingdon; those of the Independants, many of the Baptists and all Presbyterian chapels connected with Scotland.

"The difference between the Arminians and Calvanists is this. The Arminians maintain that God predetermined to bestow salvation on those only who he foresaw would persevere in the faith of Christ, and to inflict punishment on those who he foresaw would continue in unbelief, so that according to Arminius, election was conditional and reprobation the effect of foreseen wickedness. I like the idea of Arminius; it is decidedly superior I think to that of Calvin. So that his system maintains the doctrine of human depravity, salvation by Christ, justification by faith, and sanctification by the Holy Ghost.

"I think I mentioned the Antinomians in my last. This was a heresy took rise from a perversion of some of Saint Paul's epistles—to the Romans, I think. They maintained that no part of the Old Testament was intended as a rule of faith or practice; that good works do not promote salvation, or evil works hinder it. They were properly speaking the most rigid Calvinists. They also maintained that the Elect could not possibly commit sin. One of their advocates, Crisp, thus writes: 'An elect person (mark every word)—an elect person, in the height of iniquity, and in the excess of riot committing all sorts of abomination that can be committed, God hath no more to lay to his charge than to the charge of a saint triumphant in his glory.' The elect of God are heirs of God and therefore cannot be dispossessed of their right of inheritance.

"I think you asked me in your letter whether or no Trinitarians must be classed with Athanasians. Their tenets are the same—they are in fact the same—but though all Athanasians are Trinitarians all Trinitarians are not Athanasians, that is do not hold the creed of Athanasius. In all other idioms they are precisely the same.

"Having now finished my little series called a treatise on those who differ as to the subject of divine worship, I will commence my next with one entitled 'Distinction as to Church Government.'

"I am now composing an Ancient History in my leisure hours, which are few, as I go to the School of Design 3 evenings pr. wk.

"Hoping you are all quite well, Papa and Miss Sampson join me in love to you all,

"Believe me to remain,

"Your colleague in argument,

"E. C. B. Jones.

"10 o'clock Tuesday Eveg—got Milton to learn, must be up early, look over lessons, hurry over work, get to school, hard work, very!"

I shewed these letters to Canon Dixon, Edward's old

school-fellow and friend, and with his permission will quote what he said after reading them:

"I had no knowledge that he pursued such enquiries. They reveal a good deal to me. They shew the inherent seriousness of his nature. I also admire the distinctness of statement. For a boy of fifteen the range of information is great, especially as there were much fewer books of the sort that would give it directly on such subjects than there are now —and he was so busy with other things. The classification seems to me his own, and is deliciously original: certainly the passing remarks are; and they are keen in judgment, and very decided. The charm of the classification is that it is somewhat quaint. And the striking thing is that in his main divisions, 'Objects of Divine Worship' and 'Blessings derivable from the Gospel,' he should have touched the two first great successive tendencies of theology, the one being Christology (in the early Fathers), the other the nature of grace (in Augustine and after)."

"I have been searching a great deal for this scanty supply of information," says Edward at the end of the first letter. This habit of "searching" for information about anything that interested him was never abandoned. To the last he would steadily read the dullest books through in order to find in them the one fact he wanted, or to make sure that it was not there; he would buy a long series of a magazine for the sake of one special article in a few numbers, and nothing that bore even the name of the subject he was studying was despised beforehand. He read slowly when a man: I do not know whether it was the same with him as a boy.

The fragments that remain of the "Ancient History" mentioned in the second letter are even more elaborate in research and classification than the "treatise" quoted above, besides being specimens of fine penmanship and illustrated with small coloured maps. By this time, the autumn of 1848, he and Cormell Price had become inseparable companions, and the scheme was a joint one, intended as the beginning of a "Universal History for the use of students."

The introduction took them four or five months, and the composition of it was entirely Edward's. After this had been completed, "We decided," Mr. Price says, "to proceed separately in order to get through the work more speedily. Edward chose Egypt, and I was to try my hand on some third-rate kingdom. He took very few weeks to cover the interval from the Deluge to Cambyses, while I was struggling with a solitary page on Lydia or Bithynia."

A sketch for the article on Egypt is extant, as well as the beginning of several elaborate Chronologies of History. In connection with his "three evenings a week at the School of Design" may be mentioned a neat little home-made note-book of this time, containing carefully copied out lessons and exercises upon the principles of light and shade, together with diagrams of primary, secondary and tertiary colours. "Notes &c. on Water Colouring" it is called. This is another instance of his voluntary work, and it is curious to compare with our knowledge of it the report of his drawing-master at school, who was also his master at the School of Design:

"DRAWING. *Might do better if he exhibited more industry.* Thomas Clark. Master."

He always had an "infinite capacity for taking pains," but experience taught him also the secret of rejection, and in some cases that of refusing to take any pains at all. There is no proof that his masters, generally speaking, noticed especial power in him; he himself, looking back on his boyhood, and speaking of it in the impersonal way which lapse of time makes possible, said once, "They never saw anything in me." Yet there is a pleasant record of a day when the Head Master came into the English School and held an examination in general knowledge, having the boys of three classes round him in a big circle in order to test them with unexpected questions; and the answers to many of these no one could give except a boy in the lowest class who knew about the Fortunate Isles and the religions of the Lebanon, and the names of rivers and places which

shewed that he realized where things had happened, until at last he was rewarded by words delightful for a boy to hear and never to be forgotten, "How on earth did you come to know that?"

It is certain that on his side he took most particular note of his masters, and from them all singled out one for lasting gratitude. Often in talking of such matters he would say how much he owed to this gentleman, and in one of the letters of reminiscence with which in later years he sometimes gave the key of his past life to new friends he dwelt long on the feeling.

"At Bideford," he writes, "died the only master I ever had who had any brains. When I was fourteen or fifteen he taught me to place my knowledge as it came, to have its proportion. He so kept me to the drawing of maps that the earth has ever since lain beneath me, as if I could see it all from a great height, and he so taught me history that I see it now as a panorama, from the first days. In his time I could draw the coasts of all the world in very fair proportion, without looking at a map, and I think I could do it now, though not so well as then perhaps; and always afterwards, if ever I heard or saw or read up a thing, I knew in what little pocket of the mind to put it. Right up to the end of Oxford days no one could compare with him. His name was Abraham Thompson, a doctor of divinity he was; black hair grew on the back of his hands which I used to marvel at, he was very handsome and dark. Funny little boys are—how they watch. He could be very angry and caned furiously; at times I caught it. I think he grew poor in his last years and had the school at Bideford. I never heard about him at the end. I worshipped him when I was little, and we used to look at each other in class. I wonder what he thought when he looked; I used to think Abraham of Ur of the Chaldees was like him, and I am sure if he had bought a piece of land to bury his Sarah in, he would have been just as courteous as the first Abraham. I was always sorry that he was called Thompson, for I like lovely names,—should have liked

one myself and a handsome form—yes I should. So that was Thompson. I have thought how far more needful with a lad is one year with a man of intellect than ten years of useless teaching. He taught us few facts, but spent all the time drilling us that we might know what to do with them when they came. Abraham Kerr Thompson, that was his name, I wonder if any one remembers him. A strange thing he would do, unlike any other I ever heard of; he would call up the class, and open any book and make the head boy read out a chance sentence, and then he would set to work with every word—how it grew and came to mean this or that. With the flattest sentence in the world he would take us to ocean waters and the marshes of Babylon and hills of Caucasus and wilds of Tartary and the constellations and abysses of space. Yes, no one ever taught me anything but he only—I hope he made a good end. But how long ago it all was! It is forty-five years since I saw him."

In this letter allowance must be made for the fact that the writer was focussing his memory upon one figure only; but though at another time he would have willingly recalled the names of other masters for whom he felt regard and respect, I do not think he would ever have withdrawn a word of the affectionate tribute it contains. There were some masters, too, whom he held in deliberate contempt, both when a boy and in his mature age. Broadly speaking, I should say that he disliked school, and suffered a good deal during his time there, but probably not more than any sensitive boy might have done. There was no self-pity in his recollections of it so far as he shared them with us, but a kind of disgust at the little tyrannies exercised both by masters and boys of a low type, and some impatience with the masters as a rule. He used to mention one who would look over an exercise, mark a mistake in it, and then fall into a rage when he met it again a few lines further on, saying, "There is that mistake again! Didn't I tell you?" The School Lists of the names and positions of boys, which at first sight are scarcely more interesting than

columns of figures, contain much history to any one who has a key to them, and in looking over the lists of these years I have found silent confirmation of a tale of injustice that I knew. One of the masters, under whom Edward was for a short time, either really disliked him or the boy thought he did, and shewed great favour to another pupil, so that between the two he did not hold the balance even. After a certain examination, when marks were counted, the whole class was surprised to find that Edward came out below the favourite, and fifth instead of first, which they had expected of him. Apparently some one else was surprised too, for an unprecedented thing happened, namely a visit from the Head Master himself, who held a special examination amongst the same boys, with the strange result that though number five remained number five he took the two class prizes and another, and next term was promoted over the heads of the boys above him into a higher class.

Chiefly by the advice of Mr. Thompson, when the time came at which Edward would otherwise have left school, Mr. Jones decided that he should remain there. He was then fifteen years old and for six months had been head of the English Department. No doubt the master returned some of the sympathy with which his pupil regarded him, and the last good office it was in his power to do for the boy was successfully rendered, as before he left Birmingham at the end of 1848 it had been decided that Edward should pass on into the Classical School with a view to entering one of the Universities.

It must have been in the summer of this same year, I think, that he first went to London, on the invitation of his aunt and godmother, who lived in Camberwell, but of whom, although she was his father's only sister, he had hitherto seen little.

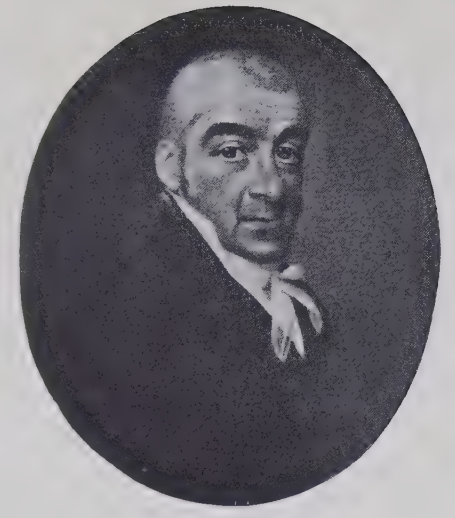
This lady had been twice re-married since she and her first husband, Mr. Burne, stood sponsors for Edward at his baptism, and her name now was Mrs. Catherwood. Within narrow bounds her story was an interesting one, and her

personality certainly appealed to Edward when he made her acquaintance afresh after her third marriage.

She and her brother had been brought up separately, for when, after their father's early death, she was adopted by her great-uncle, Mr. Biven, she went to live with him in Lambeth, whilst the boy remained with his widowed mother. Somewhere in South London these two lived, I do not know where, and all I ever heard of Mrs. Mary Edith Jones was that she suffered much from rheumatic gout and that her son stayed with her till her death, which took place when he was twenty-six. Meanwhile little Keturah had a sombre time with her great-uncle, and at the age of thirteen found herself without even this semblance of a father. He left her a small fortune when she should come of age, but named no executor; so a friend and contemporary of his, Mr. Burne, undertook the duty of administering the estate combined with the guardianship of the child, "his dear little K. Jones," as she was called by her uncle in his will.

Mr. Burne was forty years older than his ward; he had lately lost a wife some fifteen years his own senior, and had no children. When Keturah was about nineteen, a suitor whose pretensions did not satisfy her guardian made love to her: she liked him, and this gave trouble; the time of her majority drew near; in short, the simplest plan seemed to Mr. Burne that he should say "Marry *me*," and she obeyed him. She must have had a peculiar power of reconciling herself to circumstances, for she went through fifteen years of this marriage with perfect composure. She used to call him Papa, and sit by his knee on a footstool.

But there were two young men, friends of Mr. Burne—Robert Young and James Catherwood by name—who both fell in love with her; yet so steadily, so tenderly and faithfully that one loves the memory of them all. For the old man trusted them both, and saw which of them she would have liked if she might, and was kind to him, and left her sole executrix of his will and free to do as she chose; and when he had been dead a year she married Mr. Young.



Mr. Thomas Burne.
From a miniature.

Mrs. Burne.
From a miniature.

Eleven years afterwards she was alone again in the world, and then Mr. Catherwood returned like the needle to the pole, and pleading his long devotion received the reward of fidelity in the shape of six years with his dear Keturah. These three marriages, in which no child had ever disputed her sovereignty, left her young for her age and with an innocent fascination still about her. The carver-and-gilder's shop had always a little troubled her, and she had allowed the bond between herself and her brother to slacken, though keeping up some correspondence with him and remembering the birthdays of her godson; but when she saw Edward as a youth of fifteen she felt the tie of relationship and claimed him as belonging to her, while he in return loved his little aunt with her dark, glancing eyes.

Compared with Bennett's Hill the modest home in Camberwell was brilliant, and the new uncle that Edward found there soon became a friend. Mr. Catherwood was a clever man himself and a brother of Frederick Catherwood, the traveller and explorer in Central America.

Half a page of a letter written home during this visit still exists:

". . . and Uncle have been very kind to me and taken me to St. Paul's and a great many more places. To-day Uncle took me over the Bank of England and gave into my hands banknotes to the amount of one million pounds, which I threw . . ." and on the other side of the fragment ". . . Whitehall, opposite to which palace Charles I was beheaded, and the Economic Museum of Minerals, &c. Aunt will have some company on Tuesday, so I shall be her running footman."

All truly characteristic, the busy going about to see and learn what he could, and the vision of the little aunt claiming the services of her big schoolboy nephew, upon whom she could already count for willing attention and courtesy.

Amongst the pleasures provided for him by his uncle should be named a first introduction to a London theatre. It was the Lyceum, then under the management of Charles

Matthews. Speaking of this in later life, Edward said: "I went to the pit, and stood up and saw a play called the Golden Branch. And there was a beautiful fairy came down the golden branch and held out something, and I thought it was too beautiful ever to be, and I wondered, if I waited till I was grown up, whether she would be too old for me to marry her, which I should think would be more than probable, as she was very likely over forty and I wasn't above fourteen."

With this year, however, I feel that his boyhood came to an end, and now we must enter with him upon the period of youth which leads on to manhood.

CHAPTER III

DOMUS SAPIENTIAE
1849-1851

CANON DIXON says: "I first saw E. B.-J. when he came into the Classical from the Commercial School. He would then be about fifteen. He was a tall, strong boy, and I remember noticing his appearance as he sat proud and erect at his desk among the somewhat younger boys of that class. I soon made him out and found him a great joker among them, with a peculiar catch of a laugh, which had in it disdain tempered with good nature and amusement. I noticed that at once: how often was I to hear it afterwards!"

It was in consequence of his want of Greek that Edward was placed at first among his juniors, where the general work of the class was below his capacity. This, however, proved no disadvantage, as it gave him leisure during preparation time, which he devoted to reading history and to "the placing of his knowledge." The necessary Greek came easily enough to a boy who had already acquired a fair amount of Latin and knew the routine of learning a language, so that his steady passage up the school was not interrupted.

With regard to the instruction in drawing which he received at school, I am bound to say that he never counted it as of any use to him. The master was not incompetent, but, according to the memory of old pupils, was so engrossed with work of his own that he seemed to forget the boys, and seldom descended more than once an hour from his high dais to give any attention to what they had done. A natural consequence of this was that much reading

"under the desk" went on, and it became a regular custom to take a book downstairs to the room where the drawing-class was held. During his whole school-course, Edward took only one prize for drawing.

It may have been the influence of Mr. Thompson, in some wide-circling lesson such as Edward describes, that first aroused his enthusiasm for Babylon, Nineveh, Persia and Egypt; certainly he felt it long before he was touched by either Greece or Rome. Quite possibly in the hands of less gifted teachers Greece and Rome were spoiled for him at school, as they have been for many a boy; at all events it was not until some time afterwards that he excavated for himself that more modern world.

A contemporary and fellow-townsman has a sad enough memory of the appearance of Birmingham streets at this time, when he writes that "the whole town reeked with oil and smoke and sweat and drunkenness," but I fear it was true, little as the generation that knows the city now may be inclined to believe it. In the room at his father's house that was given up to him as a study, however, Edward and Cormell Price spent many happy hours in a world of their own creation. This room was at the top of the house and dull enough in itself, very cold also in winter, but boys adapt themselves to circumstances, and they rarely descended into the sitting-room, or "parlour," for greater warmth and light.

Mr. Price says: "I remember what seemed to me well-stocked book-shelves, and our pride in rising to take down particular volumes for reference." Indeed, during his school life, Edward gathered together a considerable library; some of these books were gifts, but more were bought with pocket-money scrupulously saved up for the purpose.

The difference of rather more than two years in the age of these boys, who spent their time together with so much satisfaction, might make one think that at this stage of their lives intimate companionship would have been impossible; yet it was not so, and fifteen and thirteen found common ground both in work and amusement. But Cormell Price

was an unusual boy of thirteen, and Edward all through his life made little account of dates or ages: a friend was a friend, whether in the nursery or on crutches. The voice of the younger boy, however, may be distinctly recognized in the following account, given to a sister, of some of the simple treasures which formed a "Museum" that the two friends had made.

"We have quite a Museum at his house, containing a choice collection of Fossils, Coins, Minerals, Shells, and other curiosities. We have 3 very valuable Fossils. Our shells also are good and Papa has promised those two large conchs of his, which you perhaps can remember. Our coins are fair—we have 2 copper ones of William and Mary, 3 or four of Charles II &c &c &c. Amongst the curiosities and relics are a sheet of paper made from the fibres of wood, a stone which was worn round the neck of one of the sailors at the memorable battle of Trafalgar, and a piece of the stone which was erected on Bosworth Field on the spot where Richard the 3rd was slain. The minerals are very numerous. In fine it is a capital concern and is increasing every week, although we are the only two members."

The friendships that Edward made in his new surroundings must be recorded, but always with a note that the feeling between him and his first friend remained unaltered.

Of Richard Watson Dixon we know. Then there was Wilfred Heeley, who was rather older than either Dixon or Edward, and who, though he went to Cambridge, always kept in touch with the men who became the "Oxford Set." And there was William Fulford, senior to any of them, who during school days was chiefly Heeley's friend. A year and a half later came Macdonald, a contemporary of Price's: these two went up to Oxford last of all, in 1854 Faulkner, an important member of the Set, was unknown to the others until they met him at the University. He was not a King Edward's School boy, but had been educated at the Proprietary School, Birmingham.

Beside those mentioned there were others whom Edward

remembered through life, for reasons that always influenced him in friendship. Of one, whom he had scarcely seen since the Birmingham days, he said, so lately as 1897, "He was a very dear schoolfellow. He was not clever. Yet in the midst of a great deal that was going on in the school, in the midst of all sorts of ability and ambition, he blotted out the memory of many a clever boy by his amiability and sweetness of disposition."

Edward was now always drawing in spare time at school, for his own amusement and the entertainment of those about him. "Figure after figure, group after group would cover a sheet of foolscap almost as quickly as one could have written," says a schoolfellow, "always without faltering or pausing, and with a look as if he saw them before him. I have seen him look straight before him into space, as if his copy were there. All the time he would be joyfully talking, and saying what he was doing or going to do."

This habit continued as long as he lived; he must have covered reams of paper with drawings that came as easily to him as his breath. At every friend's house there are some of them. They filled up moments of waiting, moments of silence, or uncomfortable moments, bringing every one together again in wonder at the swiftness of their creation, and laughter at their endless fun. Many of his school scribbles were still of "Devils," which found great acceptance among his companions.

Though the Church came gradually to be considered both by himself and others as his natural destination, yet, since nothing escaped his sense of humour, some of his caricatures were of clergymen. Others of the clerical figures that he drew were serious, and one often repeated was of a young priest standing robed before an altar. A version of this was shewn to Dixon, with the comment: "That is what I hope to be one day."

It is impossible to decide what first drew him towards the High Church movement. Probably he was both drawn and driven, for the barren ugliness of the Evangelical churches and their services at that time cannot

be denied. Mr. Jones used to have a pew in St. Mary's Church, where the incumbent, the Rev. J. Casebow Barrett, a leading clergyman of the Evangelical party in the town, made so great an impression upon Edward—not perhaps the one intended, but indelible—that all Edward's friends had to make his acquaintance. Mr. Barrett has been described by a member of his congregation as a man of some eloquence with a theatrical delivery, and given to rhapsodizing upon the pleasures of heaven and the pains of hell; but Edward dwelt especially upon the pomposity of his style.

And while his growing thoughtfulness made these things repellent to him, he was also brought into contact for the first time with an ancient church and its beautiful services. This was at Hereford, where the Cathedral was still unspoilt by restoration. A brother of Mrs. Caswell's lived there, a Mr. Spozzi, who, together with his wife, shewed Edward great kindness and affection. Until far on in the Oxford days he used to go and stay with them in vacations, and was probably happier in his surroundings there than anywhere else.

The house where they lived was near the Cathedral in whose services he delighted; he loved his clever, warm-hearted and cheerful hosts, and amongst their friends found people to like and to admire. One of these was the Rev. John Goss, then just ordained, afterwards Custos of the Vicars Choral and Minor Canon of Hereford. He had a fine tenor voice, and an attractive personality that made him socially very popular, though at that time he must have been almost alone in the High Church views which he held. These views, however, attracted Edward, and Mr. Goss returned his regard. He was an Oxford man who had been there during the soul-searching time of Newman's secession from the Anglican Church, and it was to him, I believe, that Edward owed his introduction to Newman's writings.

To Mr. Goss, also, was due the choice of the college to which Edward afterwards went, for he was an Exeter man

himself, and advised the boy to put his name down on its books.

Mr. Townsend Smith, another friend of the Spozzis, was already well known as Cathedral organist and conductor of the "Three Choirs," into whose Triennial Festivals at Hereford he had put fresh life: Mr. and Mrs. Spozzi were musical themselves, she singing and he playing the violoncello, and good music was often to be heard at their house. That they were wide-minded people is proved by their friendly circle including the parish priest of the Hereford Catholic church, who was fond of singing, and often dined with them. Mr. Spozzi possessed some sketches by David Cox given to him by the artist, and rather prided himself upon what he used to say was a Romney—the subject "Lear and Cordelia."

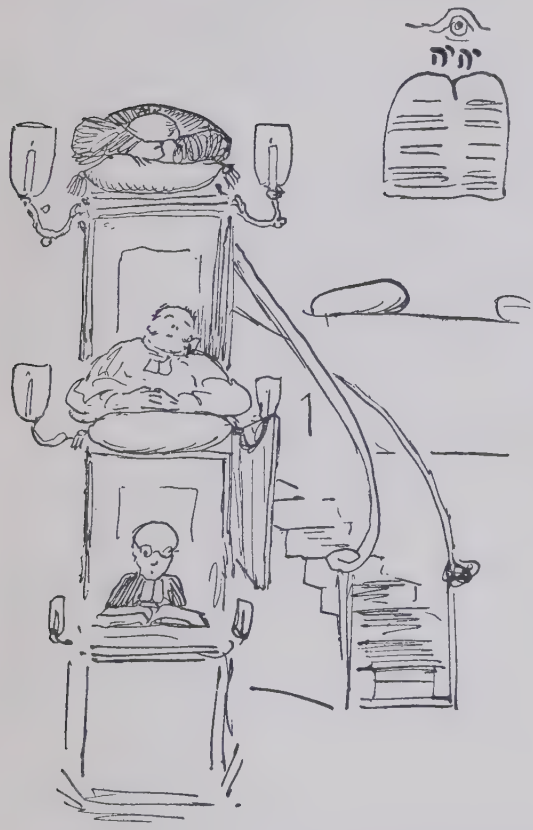
The contrast of a return from the Cathedral city to the Birmingham of those days must have been great, and perhaps one result of this was that, when he was about sixteen, Edward and his father left St. Mary's and the ministry of Mr. Barrett for St. Paul's Church, where the service and doctrine were "high." Incidentally, this uprooting of the "family pew" and its transference elsewhere shews how great his influence with his father must have been.

The importance of ecclesiastical matters henceforth grew rapidly in his mind, and he began to make friends in Birmingham who held the same views as himself. Amongst them were a Mrs. Compton and her daughters, who attended St. Paul's Church, and whose sympathy with him was helpful and pleasant. Probably they strengthened his first inclination towards taking orders, as I have heard that Mrs. Compton was eager in her persuasions with Mr. Jones that he should send his son to the University.

In spite of his action with regard to the church that he regularly attended in Birmingham, Edward when in London always accompanied his aunt to the Evangelical services at Beresford Chapel, Walworth Road, where, strangely enough, his yet unknown hero, Ruskin, had been taken by his father and mother before Edward was born.

When, in 1885, Edward saw this fact mentioned in the fourth number of Praeterita, he hastened to claim the ghostly relationship with his friend:

"Do you know I wrote you a letter weeks ago fully illustrated with finely finished pictures, and when it was done it looked so ugly that I ripped it into bits—it was my remembrance of Beresford Chapel where I too made a semblance of worship. And I remembered the fat cushions into which the preacher pressed his face when he prayed, and wanted to make you laugh with my drawing, and lo! it came out so like that my spirits fell and such gloomy darkness set in that I couldn't send it.



"There were two red fat cushions on a piece of upholstery called a Communion table, and a big fat cushion for the preacher, and a less fat one for the curate, and a hard, dry, mean one for the clerk.

"And I think there was an oil painting of the ten commandments. And when I read, in that most heavenly book called Praeterita, that you had prayed in that dreary

Bethel, I liked the ways of Providence very much. Your parson had been translated by the time I went. And I sat under another who was highly connected, but greatly needed translating."

And Mr. Ruskin wrote in answer, "How ineffably wonderful that you and I both sate—and—behaved properly in Beresford Chapel!"

It is certain that this year of 1849 was one of ardent intellectual activity and exaltation of feeling. Mr. Price recalls it as the time in which he saw most of his friend; for though they were separated in school by Edward's removal into the Classical Department, they met daily at Bennett's Hill and did all their work there together. Edward's class preparation being only Greek, his voluntary study outside the regular school routine went on steadily. His letters to Miss Choyce which have been quoted give evidence of wide and careful research in a direction towards which even his intimate chum did not realize that his mind was turned so strongly. The "Ancient History" was continued, and at the same time he was writing "An Epitome of Ancient Chronology, from the creation of the world to the birth of our Lord." On the first page of this manuscript is written, in a very small, fine hand, "Diligentia vincit omnia. E. J." There remains also part of an elaborate "Table of the Kings of Israel and Judah" and of a "Glossary of the British Poets, explaining the antiquated and abbreviated expressions contained in them." By the end of the year Cormell, who had meanwhile stood at the head of the Commercial School, joined Edward in the Classical Department.

The following note, written at the beginning of 1850, to one of the young friends next door, who was now married and living in London, shews through its fantastic signature the continued bent of his thoughts. The object of the note was to announce the safe return to Birmingham of an aunt who had been visiting the bride in London, but who scrupled to write the message with her own hand because it was after sunset on Friday and the Jewish Sabbath

had begun. The illustration shews Edward, preceded by his faithful cat, "Tom," running in to join the family welcome to Miss Lyon.

"11 Bennetts Hill,
"Jany 25.

"DEAR MRS. BEDDINGTON,

"Being authorized by Miss Lyon I take the liberty of writing to you to inform you of her arrival, and cordial reception here.

"Your Mama was here a few evenings since, and we thought her in much better spirits than usual—all I believe are also enjoying good health.

"Having only just returned (and that late) from business, that is to say from the public and prominent situation I hold in state affairs, you will excuse the shortness of my note, &c.

"The love and respects of the household divided according to your own judgment.

"With all due respect I presume to subscribe myself

"Your most attached servant,
"EDW. C. B. JONES
"Archp of Canterbury (elect)."

The drawing in this letter is the first we have in which a sense of composition is visible. Hitherto his illustrations

had been merely figures brought together without any appearance of design in their relation, but here the design is ingenious and tells its tale. It must be remembered that he had as yet seen no beautiful drawing, and though the grotesque vigour of Cruikshank had evidently affected him, that was not the language for which he was seeking.

"Tom," the cat, an important member of the family at Bennett's Hill, should perhaps have been mentioned before now. He was a fine tabby, of a type that set the standard in his master's mind for all other cats, though sometimes shaken for a moment by the charms of Persians. At first he was a playfellow only, but when Edward went to school and began having lessons to do in the evenings, Tom passed into the higher grade of companionship, and gave up walls and housetops for the pleasure of lying quietly curled up near him and his books. He lived for many years, and indeed was older than the bride the day his master married.

Edward's words about Mrs. Beddington's mother—that she had seemed "in much better spirits than usual"—are characteristic, for his anxiety about a friend's health always included mind as well as body, and his sensitiveness to tones of voice as an index to it was great. "That girl is in trouble," he once said of a bright young friend who to most others seemed just as usual; "there is a little forlorn tone in her voice that I've learned to recognize in women when they are unhappy, ever since she came back from ——. I am sure something has happened."

Canon Dixon's recollection confirms this where he says: "One of his usual salutations to his friends at school was, 'Are you happy?' which was peculiar for a boy. He once varied it by adding, 'or miserable?'"

In the summer of 1850, he either went for the first time to the British Museum or else it was the first time that he realized its value. He was again staying in Camberwell, with the Catherwoods, but now going about London without the necessity for a guide. He wrote to his father of what he saw, and the letter is dated "Camberwell, July 34, 1850." There is also a note dated June 44: perhaps he

had been begged to date his letters and so did it without stint.

In any case, this of July 34th says:

"My dear Father,

"With very great pleasure we received your letters this morning. I was quite glad to find you writing in such good spirits—it gives me double pleasure.

"To-day I went over the British Museum and spent a considerable time in the Nimroud or Assyrian room; they are preparing a splendid apartment for the reception of them. I was quite surprised at the clearness and beauty of the Sculpture. The bas-reliefs seem to be as perfect as when they emerged from the workman's shop, tho' not quite so clean. They seem to have had a very good idea of anatomy, in which they far outstrip the Egyptians; the feet and hands seem to have been their chief study and the muscles of the arms and legs are finely portrayed. A new light upon Ancient History will soon be elicited when the inscriptions with which all the monuments abound, can be read. One black granite monument contains 210 lines of cuneiform writing. In most of the bas-reliefs the king forms the most prominent object. He is in some hunting the wild bull, in others pursuing his enemies, to whom he bears the most gigantic proportions, always accompanied by the 'feronher' or sacred bird, a kind of talisman.

"The sieges are very amusing. A large battering-ram holding two warriors, one of which is discharging arrows and another shielding both, is the most prominent object. Several persons are swimming upon inflated skins. The besieged are hurling down large stones. The women are tearing their hair, a priest on the walls is offering incense. As the sea or some large expanse of water is to be seen in the distance it seems probable that the sculpture commemorates the conquest of some maritime city, most probably on the coast of Phoenicia, perhaps Tyre or Sidon, which latter town if I remember rightly was captured by

Assarhaddon, Sennacherib's third son and successor. As far as I can recollect it was something like this

"The Ethnographical rooms delighted me, the Central Saloon pleased me. The Zoological gallery gratified me, the Mammalia saloon delighted me, the Lycian, Nimroud, Phigalian, Elgin, Egyptian, Etruscan, and above all the Fossil rooms put me into ecstasies. I spent a considerable time in the Egyptian Rooms, which in point of Antiquity perhaps excel even the Assyrian. The Egyptians seem to have delighted in the colossal-enormous. Fists nearly 4 feet high must once have belonged to gigantic figures, whereas the Assyrian antiquities for the most part are diminutive, some scarce exceeding 4 feet altogether and the greatest only 7 or 8. The Egyptian antiquities again are chiefly sculpture either in granite or other hard marble, but the Assyrians excelled chiefly in bas-reliefs, there having been but one piece of sculpture

as yet discovered, viz., one from Kalah Sherquat, and this has lost its head and is much mutilated. The Elgin marbles taken or imitated from the Parthenon are very interesting. The Etruscan Room chiefly abounds in vases which are in extraordinary preservation. The Lycian room has just been added and is on a very gigantic scale. Price should have been with me to have seen the fossils—Marsilaceae, Equisetaceae, Lycopodaceae, Asphodeleae, Euphorbiacae, Ichthiosauri, Plesiosauri, &c. &c. &c. &c., would have afforded him immense gratification. But I am confining myself to one sight whereas I see a dozen per diem, but I know antiquities are more pleasing to you than the relation of Jullien's music or the fireworks at the Surrey Zoological Gardens. Oh! I've been to the Regent's Zoological Society and seen the Hipp-hip-hip-(hurrah) opotamus,—a great, fat, huge, unwieldy, ugly, grovelling pig, with eyes duller than lead, a huge mouth, enormous jaws, monstrous head, puny legs, preposterous proportions. The stuffed one in the British Museum is 5 times the size and no crushing to see it.

"Oh dear, I've been everywhere.—Going to Gravesend on the water to-morrow, wish you were as jolly, never mind it's your turn next. Hope Essey will write—she shall have the next letter, but now I must conclude. You never can read this, but it must be finished. Give my love to everybody indiscriminately. I never know how to conclude, so excuse all that, and put loves and respects and compliments and regards in their right order,—and believe me

"Your affect son
"Edw. C. B. Jones."

For the rest of his life the British Museum was a place that he turned to with devotion. After his death, a note of instructions to his son was found, directing that his most intimate book of designs should be given to the place where we may believe he first tasted the food for which his soul hungered.

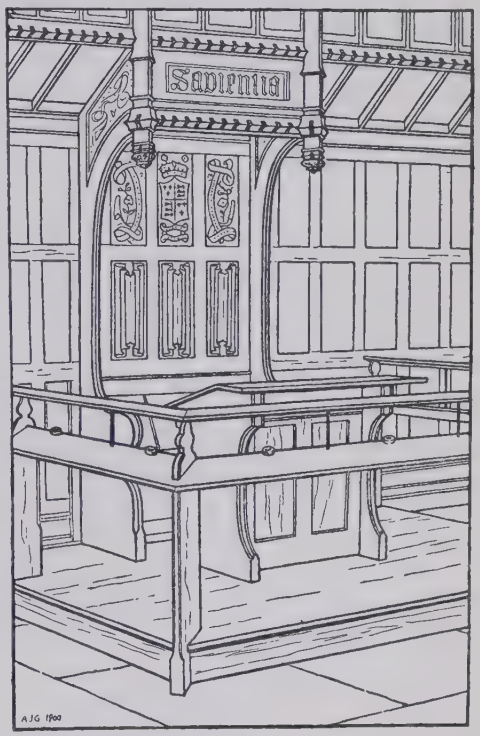
It may seem strange that his enthusiasm had not been aroused by the pictures in the National Gallery, but the very name of painting meant dreariness to him in his boyhood, associated as it was with the dark little pictures which Mr. Caswell used to bring home from sales, or with those that might happen to be sent to his father for framing in a way that would make them worthy to form part of the furniture of somebody's dining-room. "I quite hated painting when I was little," he once said; and again, "Until I saw Rossetti's work and Fra Angelico's, I never supposed that I liked painting. I hated the kind of stuff that was going on then." Words which might be used to explain the whole Pre-Raphaelite revolution, and that make it clear why, from the first moment he saw it, he understood the work of the Brotherhood.

His own drawing, though it had always been a necessity to him as a means of expression, still remained conventional in style, and with no look of enjoyment in its execution. The maps that he drew and coloured were different; he had a reputation for them at school, and freedom and enjoyment were visible in every part of them.

Again we have the help of Canon Dixon in recalling a time when he and Edward were constantly meeting.

"When we came together in the Second Class," he says, "I began to know E. B.-J. more intimately. The Second Class and the First were the two that were immediately under the Head Master himself. Much of their work was in common—that is, there were certain books which both classes took together, and on these occasions (perhaps three mornings out of the six) we used to hear the beautifully modulated voice of Dr. Gifford call 'First and Second Classes': whereupon we all sprang up and crowded round the desk of Sapientia." This was a kind of canopied throne at one end of the room where the Head Master sat. It was of dark oak, and above it was the word Sapientia, carved in old English letters. In front of it a tall standing-desk, with upper and lower ledges for books and ink, formed three sides of a long square, every part of which

was fully exposed to the eye of the master, and round this desk both classes stood during a lesson, in two rows, the boys of the Second Class diving between the elbows of those of the First in order to dip their pens into the inkstands that were sunk in the lower ledge. How many distinguished men imagination brings again as boys to take their places at that awful desk, and wonders whether any sign of the future rested on their young heads.



"The First and Second Classes," Canon Dixon goes on, "were under Dr. Gifford himself: it was far easier to go through the whole school without stop or pause than to go from the Second Class into the First. One reason for this was that there was a great difference in scholarship between the Second and the First, though some of the work was the same. We were a long time together in the Second Class."

The following is in answer to a question that I asked:

"He did not leave on me the impression that he was happy in his youth. At school he was high-spirited, boisterous or humorous: but with melancholy beneath. His temper was hot and rather fierce. He would give place to none. But with his friends he was extremely gentle. He was a hard worker and won many prizes. I remember a

story that he once, in the Commercial School, carried off an armful of prizes home, rolled them in the door-mat, and then fainted upon them."

His capacity for exhaustion was great; every muscle would relax and his pulse would fail, but again he responded so quickly to restoratives that we always likened his constitution to that of an infant, who is at death's door one day and in full activity the next. The intimate union of body and spirit was in him so marked, that pleasurable excitement when he was ill would produce the same effect upon him as stimulants and tonics. The "hot and rather fierce temper" of which Canon Dixon speaks was a subterranean fire, and as far removed from irritability as the North is from the South. It was not lightly roused either, and seldom at a first provocation. One outburst in the quiet of the school library is remembered which astonished those around and drove the object of it to a distance in surprise and alarm: the offence given, however, was unknown to the bystanders. "But playing with E. B.-J., if I may say so," adds his friend, "was rather like playing with edged tools. He could give terrible looks of anger." The note ends with these words: "His affection was strong when he bestowed it. He was a very affectionate nature, loving and seeking love."

Dixon knew something of Edward also in his own home, where, he says, "I remember envying his position, as he was evidently lord, and did as he liked, asking whom he would to visit him: which was out of the question with me" (as one of a large family). "He always used to have money and nice things about him, to schoolboy extent."

Speaking of the work done in the Second Class, Canon Dixon says further: "My incapacity for mathematics troubled me, and would have stood in my way against being admitted into the First Class, but for the leniency of Mr. Yates, the mathematical master. I think that E. B.-J. had the same incapacity, or something like (we could both do Euclid, but little besides): at any rate, he had a distaste. Now we both fell into the practice (unknown to each at

first) of absenting ourselves from school on Monday mornings. By this we avoided giving in a copy of verses and taking out another, two hours of Demosthenes along with the First Class, and two hours of mathematics at the 'mathematical desk' of Mr. Yates. In two or three weeks this became notorious, and we dropped it. But in a little time we made a compact to be absent alternately on those mornings. This went on till it in turn became notorious: so notorious that one morning Mr. Yates said, *sans lever la tête*, 'Is Dixon here?' 'No, sir,' from a dozen voices. 'Then, Jones, come up, and let me see your work.' Thenceforth we were as other boys." The wise "leniency" of the mathematical master to the two boys was justified, as we know, and his pleasant relations with them, in spite of his knowledge that they would do him as their tutor but little credit, are proved by the tone of Canon Dixon's reminiscence, and by the fact that Mr. Yates long preserved, and shewed to his friends, an elaborately drawn and painted map which Edward had made and given to him.

It was in the second "half" of 1851 that Edward followed Dixon, who had been promoted earlier in the year, into the First Class. Heeley had just left with an exhibition to Trinity College, Cambridge. At no time during their school life was there much personal intercourse between him and Edward, but quite enough sympathy and liking to prepare them for a friendly meeting in the future. Fulford, too, whom Edward scarcely knew at all, had gone up to Oxford with an exhibition a term earlier, and no one could have foreseen how closely these men would draw together within the next few years.

In both the two upper classes there was a different and a wider atmosphere than that which surrounded the lower ones: the boys were beginning to look out upon real life, religion and politics were openly discussed, and individuality came into play. Looking back upon this period of Edward's life, it seems as if the thing which had become of surpassing interest to him was religion as associated with the history of the Christian Church and with its actual

position in modern times. His imagination had been repelled by almost every visible thing around him, his power of veneration was enormous, and in the Church of which he was a member a movement was going on, having for its object the restoration of beautiful ceremonial and dignity of office. This movement naturally commanded his deepest sympathy, and the collision which it led to between ecclesiastical and state authority excited him so much that he threw himself eagerly into the strife.

Amongst the upper boys of the school great interest was felt in following the struggle as typified by the well-known "Gorham Controversy," which incidentally aroused a fury of debate through the whole country. Many of the elder boys felt seriously about the question, and ranging themselves on one side or the other—by far the greater number being with the Evangelicals—argued the subject with conviction and vehemence. Edward's strengthening religious fervour, joined perhaps to his inborn love for what seemed a losing cause, brought him forward as the leader of the minority. At the time of which we are speaking, Canon Dixon must have been on the opposite side, as he was then a Methodist. Heeley and Macdonald were also of Methodist families and attended the chapels of the sect. But Dixon and Edward both used to go together to Dr. Gifford's Sunday afternoon Greek Testament classes, where attendance was voluntary, and often, when the class was over, they prolonged the time together by walking up and down New Street, talking and arguing as they went. Edward seems to have been particularly anxious to win over his friend to his own point of view, as some of those who thought with him were boys with whom he had no other link, and whom he was reluctantly obliged to consider, as he said, "rather foolish."

There is a story of his asking Dixon to go with him to the theatre one evening, unconscious or thoughtless of the fact that Methodists did not go there. The engagement was made, and Dixon's mother, who was a woman of character and determination, and, I believe, considerable learn-

ing, regarded it as an evil thing. She was unhappy about it, and carried her anxiety for her son so far as to urge that if he went she should go also. "My dear mother wished to go with me, but did not persist," Canon Dixon gently writes. From another source I learnt that she walked with her boy to the place of meeting, in order to see what the tempter was like, and after looking at him left the two together.

The regular yearly stay at Harris Bridge ceased when his Aunt and Uncle Catherwood began to claim Edward in London for the summer holidays. But before this change came about he had one day, while staying at the farm, gone over to see the Cistercian Monastery in Charnwood Forest, some eight miles away, and nothing can exaggerate the impression that the visit made upon his mind. Though it is doubtful whether he ever saw the place again with his bodily eyes, the thought of it accompanied him through his whole life. Friends, wife, and children all knew the under-current of longing in his soul for the rest and peace which he thought he had seen there that day; he did not disguise it from them, and in his later years often spoke of the dream which had walked step by step with him ever since, of some day leaving every one and everything and entering its doors and closing them behind him.

On the subject of religious "experience" or of his religious faith, he was silent, and even shocked by what he thought to be any opinion too rigidly or confidently expressed by others. Once I heard him quote with approval the saying of a Samoan chief to a missionary who was pressing him hard as to his conceptions of a Deity: "We know that at night Some One goes by amongst the trees, but we never speak of it." This, however, was in his maturity; as a young man we have proof that he was ready to submit to the formulae of the wisdom of the Church which he venerated, and at one time almost to lay both flesh and spirit in the hands of its priests.

CHAPTER IV

PREPARATION
1851-1852

IN the autumn of 1850, at the Annual Conference of the Wesleyan Methodists, one of their ministers named George Browne Macdonald was appointed to a "Circuit" in Birmingham. He had been for the last three years at Huddersfield, and by the constitution of the Society no minister may stay longer than that time with the same congregation. This rule weighs heavily upon the families of ministers, if not upon themselves, and the list of appointments made by the Conference Stationing Committee is waited for with excitement in the households which, according to its decision, must go North, South, East, or West, whether they like it or not. In this instance the verdict of "Birmingham" gave satisfaction, because in the chances of the itinerancy the Macdonalds had once lived there before, and even though after nine years they might not return to the same circuit, still they would find old friends in the town. During their first stay in Birmingham they had lived not far from Bennett's Hill—for part of the time in a street so near as to be a continuation of it—but nothing ever brought the church-going family and the Methodist one together, and the girl-baby whom they carried away with them when they left was not more ignorant of any meeting to come in the future than the wisest of them all. This time their house was in quite another part of Birmingham, and, so far as one can see, the two families would never have known anything of each other, but that my father removed his eldest son from Wesley College, Sheffield, and brought him home in order to attend

King Edward's School. Harry was admitted there at once, and took his place in the same class with Cormell Price. This change of plan, which seemed at first sight to concern our brother only, proved to be of great importance to his sisters.

The name of Wilfred Heeley has already been mentioned as one of Edward's new acquaintance in the Classical School. His parents were amongst the old friends in Birmingham whom our father and mother had most looked forward to seeing again, and the children of both families felt an inherited liking for each other. Wilfred was often at our house, soon becoming a special friend of my brother Harry, taking also much notice of us younger children. He was a tall youth of about eighteen, and according to the fashion of the time, still in jackets: his talk was always witty and always kind, but a certain shyness and big-boy clumsiness made him occasionally the victim of the little girls to whom he was so indulgent. He could at all times express himself best in writing, and, as he found we enjoyed it, used to amuse himself and please us with writing notes at school and sending them by our brother as postman to one or other of the sisters. These notes have never been destroyed, and are still fresh and charming as when the ink was wet upon them. What he said and wrote lit up a new world for us who, as girls, in those days had small chances of education. It is true we were sent to the usual "Young Ladies' School," or a daily governess came to us, but few fresh ideas reached us in that way, whilst Wilfred's talk was different from anything we had known before, and our intelligence was stimulated by his taking it for granted that we should understand him. Our father, a born lover and student of books, and an efficient help to the studies of his sons, had not time also to direct those of his daughters, for preaching engagements carried him from home most of the week, and Sundays were occupied by services in his own chapel. His library of more than a thousand volumes travelled about with us, each book packed every three years by our mother's careful hands;

but the bulk of it, works on Divinity, was not for us. Upon early numbers of the Arminian and Methodist Magazines and of the Edinburgh Review we browsed freely; Shakespeare was forbidden; Quarles' Emblems and the Pilgrim's Progress were put into our hands; the Robin Hood Ballads we ferretted out from a bottom shelf; and a copy of Grimm's Household Stories, sent to us from outside, made us free of fairyland: but of systematic reading we knew nothing. The Bible was read aloud every day at morning prayers and we heard our father preach from the pulpit; religious instruction at home he left to our mother. Nevertheless he made us feel that he loved us, and by example deeply impressed on us the love of truth and the duty of charitable speech and judgment about others. When our sharp young tongues erred in this respect he would be uneasy, and sometimes make us aware of his disapproval by interrupting the conversation with a sudden question asked across it, such as, "What is the price of potatoes?" which we understood clearly enough. His unworldliness was great. Our mother, though always delicate in health, ruled her large family firmly and gently in his frequent absence, which left her almost as lonely as a widow in the struggles of daily life; but her difficulties were not mentioned to us, and it never occurred to me as a child to think whether we were rich or poor.

Three months after my brother entered King Edward's School, Fulford left it for Oxford. I have said that he was Heeley's friend, but as yet we had heard nothing about him, nor do I think that at this time Harry knew anything of Edward. The next year, however, found them within two places of each other in the same class.

During Edward's last years at school, and whilst he was feeling his way so eagerly in every direction, he made a new acquaintance (I think through his friends the Comptons) whose influence upon him was for a time very marked. This was Mr. J. W. Caldicott, an old Birmingham School boy, who had matriculated in 1846 at Pembroke College, Oxford. Later on he was many years Head Master of Bristol

Grammar School. At the time he and Edward first met he was an ardent Tractarian, a pleasant and able man, clear-headed, and gifted with remarkable keenness and subtlety in argument. Edward liked him very much, and for a time was quite fascinated by his skill as a disputant. It was under Mr. Caldicott's influence that even before leaving school he devoted himself heart and soul to the study of logic, whilst during the time between his matriculation and his going into residence at Oxford, Mr. Price says that he had "a perfect rage for logic and metaphysics." Philosophy and religious polemics were largely read at the same time, indeed, I have often heard him say that he did all the reading on these subjects necessary for Oxford before he went there.

Canon Dixon says that at school "his books seemed neater than others, and superior altogether. He had a way of filling them with finely written notes. He used to bring up to class a copy of the Corpus Poetarum Latinorum, and another of the Poetae Scenici Graeci, which often made me envious, for it shewed his comprehensive spirit. He had, I know, the notion of reading them all through. I had the same notion myself—that of reading all that there was to read. He had a book of English Ballads"—of which we have heard before—"with engravings which fascinated me. I rather think he made a design for one himself, the terrible demon ride, 'Tramp, tramp, across the land they speed,' etc. I asked him once if he believed in witches. He answered, 'I should like very much to do so.' That seems a characteristic saying. He once read aloud a comic or burlesque ballad called Sir Eppo (I think) in a way that I shall never forget."

The school library, says Mr. Price, was a blessed institution to the upper boys, who could not only take out volumes for home reading, but were tacitly allowed to prepare their work there too to some extent. "We used to pass into it through a door to the right of the Head Master as he sat. He never checked our withdrawal during preparation time, and I have no doubt he winked or

connived at the liberty we took, for we found quietude there (and genial warmth in winter) and books of reference. We often abused his concession by indulging in the lighter literature of the shelves as soon as we fancied we could pass muster in the lesson in hand." Canon Dixon also writes: "We spent many blissful hours there, the lessons not the only occupation." It was from this seclusion that Wilfred Heeley wrote to us children.

Amongst the books in a catalogue of the library for 1851 are many that Edward always liked. Layard's Nineveh, Catlin's Indians, Curzon's Monasteries of the Levant, and Lockhart's Scott are of the number. It is certain that he read much English poetry, and Shakespeare, Coleridge, Byron and Scott he knew early; it was from Dixon that he first heard of Keats, possibly in one of the "blissful hours." Tennyson's Poems and his In Memoriam are catalogued, and were probably read in the school copy, as I do not think Edward had them himself until Morris gave them to him at Oxford. Lane's Arabian Nights, which he did not possess, much as he loved it, till many years afterwards, is entered, and could not have been missed by him. His passion was at all times for a tale that was told rather than for the drama in any form, and in middle life I have heard him say that it was almost an impossibility for him to read a play.

Amongst novelists Scott and Dickens were his first heroes. Thackeray came later, but for stories generally Mr. Price says he was "omnivorous." Humboldt's Cosmos and Views of Nature he read, and followed with imaginative interest the vast schemes with which they deal. Astronomy had a great fascination for him—almost a terrible one. It was not at school that he met with Newman's Sermons, but, as we have seen, very probably at Hereford, where, after his own way, he had quietly absorbed them—eating and passing on in the strength of the food. How deeply they affected him may be seen from the following words written to an intimate friend at least thirty years afterwards.

"When I was fifteen or sixteen he [Newman] taught me so much I do mind—things that will never be out of me. In an age of sofas and cushions he taught me to be indifferent to comfort, and in an age of materialism he taught me to venture all on the unseen, and this so early that it was well in me when life began, and I was equipped before I went to Oxford with a real good panoply and it has never failed me. So if this world cannot tempt me with money or luxury—and it can't—or anything it has in its trumpery treasure-house, it is most of all because he said it in a way that touched me, not scolding nor forbidding, nor much leading—walking with me a step in front. So he stands to me as a great image or symbol of a man who never stooped, and who put all this world's life in one splendid venture, which he knew as well as you or I might fail, but with a glorious scorn of every thing that was not his dream."

The summer visits to London continued regularly, and with ever increasing affection between Edward and his aunt. Towards her he stood more nearly in the position of a son than any one else did in her life.

Once when staying with her he met her brother-in-law, Mr. Frederick Catherwood, who chanced to be in England at the time. Antiquary, geographer and draughtsman, he touched Edward closely on three sides at once. He had roamed much in his youth, had visited Karnak and Baalbec, and risked his life when at Jerusalem by entering the Mosque of Omar in disguise. His explorations also, in Central America, with the drawings he had made there of the ruined remains of a dead civilization, interested Edward deeply. A letter from the traveller to his sister-in-law, Mrs. James Catherwood, dated San Francisco, April, 1853, says: "Give my regards to Edward when you write to him. I felt very much obliged to him for his attention in coming to meet me at the railway station at Birmingham. I have no doubt he will distinguish himself at Oxford if he can but keep in health. If he were here he would have abundance of employment for pencil and pen with our motley

population, representing, I believe, every nation under the sun." But this promising friendship was ended on a day next year when the American steamship "Arctic" went down off Newfoundland in collision with the French "Vesta," and more than three hundred lives were lost.

Mr. Catherwood left three children, and his eldest daughter, whom Edward always regarded as a cousin, has told me of the unusual impression made upon herself and her sister by the nephew of her new aunt, Mrs. James Catherwood. "We saw very little of him," she says, "as he only came to town in the summer and we never stayed in the house together, but we were always wonderfully interested in him. We were shewn all his letters, so unlike any others we had ever seen; and how Lizzie and I looked forward to reading them every six months when we came to spend a rather awe-inspiring week in that childless home. Auntie revelled in our undisguised admiration. In one thing she was perfect, and that was her love for him." Miss Catherwood has also given me a letter that Edward wrote to her during his visit to London in 1850, addressed to the boarding school at Hornsey where she lived when her father was abroad. She had been staying with Mrs. Catherwood at North Addington Place just before he came up, and had left behind her "foure articles of luxurie"—after the fashion of visitors. In January of that year, he had signed a note "Archbishop of Canterbury elect"; now he has become "Cardinal." The letter is addressed "To her most Celestial Highness, ye Ladye Annie Catherwood," and rattles away gaily with—

"May it please your ladyshippe, having been deputed by ye Ladye Catherwood, Countesse of Addingtoune, to advise you concerning sundrie articles of wearinge apparelle, appertaining to Hornsie Universitie, your humble servante hath presumed to address this epistle, beinge dulie impressed with the responsibilitie of the tasque, the michtie honor done thereby to your humble servant, and his own insufficiencie, whereof I do most humblie crave your ladyshippe's favor and mercie, inasmuch as your ser-

vante hath hitherto confined himself to less honorable persuits than that of beinge a ladye's scribe.

"The following epistle is by the commande of our ladye addressed to you.

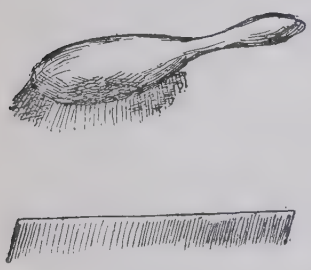
"Keturah, To oure loyalle and liege subject, Annie, greetynge.

"Forasmuch as after diligent search made throughout our domains, and all thereunto appertaininge, onlie two of the foure articles of luxurie (whereof we were by you advised) have been discovered, it hath seemed good to our royalle person, at the instance of our secretarie Edouard, Cardinal de Byrmynghame, to send you timelie warnynge thereof to the ende that summarie measures be forthwith taken by you for the reclaiming of them. Given under our hand, at our palace of Addington this 8th day of June. A. S. H. 1850."

Then follows a postscript by the Cardinal himself:

"Your highnesse seeth by this letter that no opportunitie hath beene lost by your devoted servants at this Castle in obeyinge your behests, and that our labours have but partiallie beene rewarded. The two articles of luxurie afore alluded to are

"1st. a curiouslie wrought piece of mechanism, the worke of some craftie sorcerer or other artist—the use whereof is to us unknowe. Some indeed have idlie saide it to be a trinket, brooch or other article of wearynge apparel, but it seemyth rather to be Camel-hair pencil or other implement wherewith painters do exercise theire mysteriouse arte. Its form is somewhat thus



"2ndlie a still more ingenious craftworke, if indeed it be the worke of man, howbeit some here do suppose it to be the upper jaw and teeth of ye Sea-Serpent or other monstre—but concernynge this we knowe nothynge.

"These articles shall without fail be forwarded in whatever manner shall seem most expediente by oure Ladye, perchance our trustie and right beloved friend Count Frederick [her brother] may transport them. Praying pardon for my audacitie in addressynge you,

"Your faithful, right-trustie and liege servante

"EDOUARD CARDINAL DE BYRMYNGHAM."

The extreme ease with which he wrote is evident from this long spinning of much out of little, but he himself would never allow that he had any turn for writing. In later life he disliked the mechanical act. "I naturally draw," he said, "when I've a pen in my hand," but at first it must have been different, for during the Oxford time Fulford mentions a letter of his said to have been eighteen sheets long.

There is little record left of his home life in these years. He always spoke of it with the tenderness that comes after a time is over, but not as if he would have recalled a day. Both he and his father must have been infinitely lonely at heart in spite of the love that was between them, and as he grew up, though Miss Sampson's devotion never flagged, she was puzzled by him, and jealous of his new friendships. If he brought any one home she was delighted, but if he went out to see any one she was miserable. The very simple way in which they lived prevented the possibility of set entertainments, but so far as it could go the hospitality of the house was perfect. His health remained always just short of strength, and fatigue followed every exertion: I have heard him say that he hardly knew what it was not to be tired. In spite of this, however, his spirits were often high, and his endless sense of humour blessed both him and his companions. His temper was heaven's gift of daily sweetness, though, as Canon Dixon says, he was evidently lord of the home domain.

Somewhere about the end of 1851 Mr. Jones took a house in the Bristol Road, a wide thoroughfare leading quickly into the country, and went to live there for the

sake of better air and daily exercise in walking to and from business. The upper part of the Bennett's Hill house was now let for offices, whilst he retained only his own workshop and showroom on the ground floor. No. 1, Poplar Place, Bristol Road, was a small house with a good-sized garden, and this was a great pleasure to Miss Sampson, who was by birth a country woman. But it was not really country life, only suburban, and even in order for them to have that, a portion of the little house had to be let to a "Single Gentleman," and there was no study left for Edward. He still continued to sleep in a narrow bed in his father's room. Christmas Day they always spent together, not necessarily alone, or in their own house, but together, wherever it was. A custom grew up of their joining the Prices, or being joined by them, and on Edward's birthday, also, when it was possible, the two families met.

After Christmas of this year he went to spend part of the holidays at Hereford, and a letter to Mr. Price with the date of January 24th, 1852, shews how happy he found himself there:

"Land of Caradoc,
"Banks of the Wye.

"DEAR OLD CROM,

"You scamp not to write before; here I've been expecting a long, brilliant effusion of your scribbling powers, with a fine poetic description of your peregrinations, and you favour me with the 'skinny' affair lying before me —and now I'll be revenged. If you have enjoyed yourself $\frac{1}{10,000,000}$ part as much as I have you have been in Elysium.

"The morning sun is just up as I emerge from the blankets, the hills of Wales mantled in snow lie beyond, and the meandering Wye flows between us. So soon as bound in cloth I wander by the banks of the lovely river, or round the Castle Green, get into a romantic fit, think how happy we should be together learning Welch, then bolt indoors and bolt my breakfast. This is about the third hour of the day; the next two hours are spent in

sweet converse or reading (not Thucydides) and by this time it is Cathedral time, and for an hour I am in Paradise. Oh that you could be with me then! From 12—3, I wander about the country, in the most romantic holes you can imagine, from 3—4 Cathedral, 4—8 occupied, I am sorry to say, in eating and talking, dinner and tea. Then my reading hours commence, and I never think of going to bed before 1—2 or 3, or even later. Parties are horrible things, but I have endured two—Bacchus preserve me from them: girls are such—hm—hang 'em, they do quiz so, and I make such a capital subject.

"By the bye, how have you got on with the Fasti? I haven't done a line yet, and am not going home at present.

"Perhaps on Tuesday I shall leave; passing through Malvern I shall get to Worcester by one o'clock. I have some idea of seeing the Cathedral. I would have sent you a long interesting letter if you had behaved like a gentleman to me—but as it is, goodbye.

"Yours + CANTUAR."

The name he gives to the place from which he writes, "Land of Caradoc," shows how alive the world was to him with legend. He may already have been touched by a foreshadowing of the San Graal story in that of the saint who, shortly before his death, saw two men in glittering stoles enter the church bearing a golden altar between them, on which was written, "Follow us, we have meat to eat thou knowest not of."

There is another letter from Hereford, but undated, which gives the same impression of contentment.

During the first "half" of 1852 some prizes were offered by old pupils upon the occasion of the tercentenary of the foundation of the school. One of these was for essays on the State of Literature in England in the time of Edward the Sixth, and for it Edward and Dixon, together with others, competed. The first prize was taken by Dixon, and for the second Edward was equal with a boy named Valentine. Canon Dixon's reverent mind recalls the time

with undimmed interest after many years, in these words: "That Tercentenary was a great day with us all: a great day for Birmingham." Dixon himself took this year, not for the first time, the annual prize for English verse. Between Edward and Valentine there was another "tie," where an exhibition was in question, and the decision was so long delayed—the examiners referring it to Oxford, and Oxford sending it back again to Birmingham—that when it was finally given in Valentine's favour, Edward had already matriculated, his father having determined to send him to Oxford at his own expense.

It was in the early part of this same year that Edward first came to our house, aptly situated in "Nursery" Terrace, Handsworth. The visit was to my brother, and, naturally enough, Cormell Price came also. The exact day on which this happened is forgotten, but not the visit. Edward was then in his nineteenth year, and of his full height; to me he looked a grown man because he wore a coat, but I believe there was in fact an early maturity about him. His aspect made the deepest impression upon me. Rather tall and very thin, though not especially slender, straightly built and with wide shoulders. Extremely pale he was, with the paleness that belongs to fair-haired people, and looked delicate, but not ill. His hair was perfectly straight, and of a colourless kind. His eyes were light grey (if their colour could be defined in words), and the space that their setting took up under his brow was extraordinary: the nose quite right in proportion, but very individual in outline, and a mouth large and well moulded, the lips meeting with absolute sweetness and repose. The shape of his head was domed, and noticeable for its even balance; his forehead, wide and rather high, was smooth and calm, and the line of the brow over the eyes was a fine one. From the eyes themselves power simply radiated, and as he talked and listened, if anything moved him, not only his eyes but his whole face seemed lit up from within. I learned afterwards that he had an immoveable conviction that he was hopelessly plain. His ordinary manner was

shy, but not self-conscious, for it gave the impression that he noticed everything. At that time he sat as many men do who are not very strong, sunk down rather low in his chair with an appearance of the whole spine seeking for rest.

At once his power of words struck me and his vehemence. He was easily stirred, and then his speech was as swift and clear as possible, yet well ordered and going straight to the mark. He had a beautiful voice. He seldom came to our house, and I can only clearly remember his doing so three times. The first time I have mentioned, and I think it was then that he astonished me by his demeanour to my youngest sister, a child about three years old, whom he took between his knees and looked at intently, pulling strange faces to amuse her. Evidently he was unaccustomed to children and did not know how to deal with them, for when she was frightened he was surprised.

The second time I remember his coming, my brother was not at home, nor any of the elders, and I, a child in a pinafore, received the message that he left. The last time was when he came to say good-bye to us when our three years in Birmingham were over, and we were going to London. Again I noticed his eloquence when excited. Epithets he always used wonderfully. It was at this last visit, I think, that some one mentioned the name of a certain girl and said of her that she was a "flirt." At the word his face lit up suddenly, and without raising his voice at all he said with the utmost distinctness and volubility: "A flirt's a beast, a bad beast, a vile beast, a wicked beast, a repulsive beast, an owl, a ghoul, a bat, a vampire." And as we sat amazed at the rush of words the usual placid expression returned to his mouth. To him my brother once applied in my hearing the dreadful-sounding name "Misogynist," which, when translated, filled me with admiration and awe. The "chatter" of women had evidently struck him very much, for he denounced it in one of the visits mentioned, muttering to himself under his breath:

Hear the ladies when they talk; tittle tattle, tittle tattle,
Like their pattens when they walk; pittle pattle, pittle pattle.

By this time we had come, through Wilfred Heeley, to know Fulford. We little girls liked and admired him very much, and he was very kind to us. He was the first person we had ever heard read poetry aloud, and admirably he did it, with his fine voice and fervent love of what he read. He had an endless interest in expounding the poets, and naturally found his readiest disciples amongst the girls whom he knew. Towards us he shewed a judgment for which I can never be thankful enough, for he fed us with Longfellow first of all, as the food suitable for our years, and so brought us gradually into a condition more or less fit for the revelation before introducing us to the works of his prime hero Tennyson. It seemed quite natural to us that he should write poetry himself. He loved music, also, and taught us the names and some of the works of Beethoven and Mendelssohn. He was a small man, well and strongly made, and very careful about his dress; not handsome, but when he was happy delightful expressions would pass over his face; his laugh was very taking when it came. There was, for a time, an engagement between him and one of my sisters, and we all especially appreciated the fact that it did not make him neglect the rest of us, but that he still fetched the little ones for walks, or to take tea with him in a comforting way.

He had a personal hero of his own who was not one of the Set, a man named Whitehouse, whom we had never seen. He went up to Pembroke as Senior Exhibitioner from King Edward's School the year before Fulford himself, who expected great things from him. His enthusiasm for this friend was distilled through his mind into ours, and I remember feeling sad that nothing came to justify it before the world.

There was a tradition in King Edward's School, which had distinguished itself so brilliantly at Cambridge, that the few men who chose Oxford for their University should go to Pembroke, because of its Master, Dr. Jeune, having

been head of the Birmingham School; but Edward's name was already down for Exeter, and on June 1st, 1852, he presented himself there for matriculation. His friend, Mr. Caldicott, welcomed him to Oxford, and that took away some of the strangeness of the place.

At the end of the first day's examination Edward wrote a note to his father—the image of the lonely, anxious little figure at home could not be laid without it—but the handwriting is scarcely recognizable and excitement is visible in every word. It is dated from Mr. Caldicott's rooms.

"Jesus Col: Tuesday evn.

"DR FATHER,

"I have not time to say much now—I have passed, but [undecipherable words] were plucked. Mr. Caldicott has been excessive[ly] kind to me. We have just been on the Isis—it is so jolly. But I hardly think I can come down to-morrow—think it must be Thursday first, because to-morrow I have to matriculate. This morning I was in the Schools from 9—4 and shall have to return to-morrow but don't know what time.

"Oxford is glorious!!! And the weather has been magnificent. You must excuse me writing more now as I am keeping a party from whist.

"Your affect: son

"EDWARD JONES.

"Love to Sam."

It is all clear—the kind elder host, the fulfilled dream of the place, the summer evening and the whist table, the outsider's name, too, of "Isis" for the upper Thames, marking the novice as clearly as his eager face and manner must have done. A second day in the schools and all was well over: the certificate of his matriculation, dated June 2nd, 1852, lies before me.

He had hoped to go into residence in October, but the College was so full that he was obliged to wait for the Hilary term of 1853. Thus the time between the end

of his school life and the following January became his own.

We have seen what Mr. Price says of his course of reading in these months—logic, metaphysics, philosophy, and religious polemics—but *durum et durum non facit murum*, and books of poetry, romance, and devotion were the mortar between the bricks in the rising walls of the house of his life.

Other things also occupied him, the friendships and the mirth of youth, and anxiety about ways and means. And there was a serious illness, the most acute one he ever had, which lasted some weeks.

A pleasant arrangement for the two friends was made that year, when Cormell Price, whose parents had removed to West Bromwich, came to live within a few minutes' walk of Poplar Place. He also was to enter the Church, but in order that he should be able to compete for an exhibition which would send him to college, he was obliged to remain in Birmingham, so a small house was taken for him in Upper Sun Street, and two of his sisters came there to make him a home. The evenings at their house soon became a centre of simple enjoyment. Mrs. Grove, one of the sisters, has told me about them. Fulford, Dixon, Macdonald and others used to meet there. Edward, she says, was the brightest of companions, full of fun, a wonderful imitator, and his laughter always ready. Sometimes he would laugh till he slid down from his chair to the floor and rolled there, holding himself together. He used to preach sermons exactly like various clergymen they knew (Mr. Casebow Barrett amongst the number) and destroy them with amusement. Or he and Cormell would do Grisi and Mario, Cormell being Mario, and playing the accompaniment, while Edward was Grisi, and the two would work each other up into wild fun.

Long years afterwards the same spirit came upon him occasionally as he sat painting in his studio, when he would burst into sudden recitative, and address most commonplace remarks to his daughter in a florid Italian *bravura*

style, which she, as a matter of course, would answer in an impassioned flight of song with equally dull words—and so they would go on together till both broke down with laughter. The earlier operas of Gilbert and Sullivan were naturally delightful to him when they came out, being exactly on these lines.

He recovered completely from his illness, and regained his usual health, the state of which always depended greatly upon that of his spirits. His expectations about Oxford were high, and he breathed freely in the atmosphere of enthusiasm. When the New Year came he was ready, and by the middle of January, 1853, he found himself in the city of his hopes.

CHAPTER V

1853

As in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man.

IN Oxford Edward found much that he had never expected, but not the thing for which he looked. He had believed that help and strength for the life he had chosen must await him in the University which had so lately been the centre of a great religious movement. Newman's simple and lofty exhortations had sunk into his heart, and created there such belief in the writer as to make even the secession to Rome seem an act upon which it was impossible to pass judgment, and which time alone could shew whether he himself might not feel bound to follow. He had thought to find the place still warm from the fervour of the learned and pious men who had shaken the whole land by their cry of danger within and without the Church. To him it was like a room from which some one he loved had just gone out, and where at every turn he would find traces of his friend. But when he got there the whole life seemed to him languid and indifferent, with scarcely anything left to shew the fiery time so lately past. In his disappointment he turned around, seeking his way in unlooked for loneliness of spirit, and there, shoulder to shoulder, stood his life's companion.

They had met the year before, when they were both up for matriculation, and even sat side by side in the hall of Exeter, but had not spoken to each other. Edward recognized him now, because at that time he had been struck by the appearance of his neighbour, and had noticed also that he finished a Horace paper early in the morning,

and folded it and wrote upon it the name of "William Morris."

Then they drifted apart again until the College should have room to receive them. It was still overfull, however, when they were called, so that for the first two terms they had to lodge out by day, and could only sleep in College by using the third room of men upon whom they were quartered.

There was no one at Exeter to begin with whom Edward knew, even by sight, except Morris, so that a large field for possible friendships lay before him; but in some notes made by him after his friend's death, Edward says: "One by one, for one cause or another, I dropped apart from my contemporaries there, and by a fortnight's end it seemed settled that Morris and I only would be companions. We went almost daily walks together, but gloomy and angry disappointment and disillusion were settling down upon me in this first term's experience of Oxford. It was clear we had lighted on a distasteful land in our choice of College. So at Exeter we were very isolated, and before many weeks were past there were but three or four men in the whole College whom we visited or spoke to."

There is a short paragraph before the notes from which I quote, in which Edward explains that some dates given in them may need to be corrected, for they were made without any written help to memory, and that as almost all letters had been destroyed and no kind of diary ever kept, the first years of Oxford life flowed together in his mind. Some of his own letters, however, have been preserved, which mark facts or states of feeling during that time, and these I shall use in addition to the notes, in their proper order so far as possible. The first letter I find this year is one written on the 29th January, just before going in for "Smalls."

To face the worse of two possibilities was always his instinct, as is here seen at the end of a letter of which the greater part was evidently meant only to cheer and amuse his father.

"I am compelled," he begins, "to write sooner and more briefly than I intended, for I find that I must have left the testamur of my matriculation at home, and on Tuesday Morng it will be required. The key of my writing desk is enclosed; if anywhere you will find it in the top division, a very small insignificant piece of paper, but of the greatest importance. If you hear but a very short account of me for a fortnight you must not notice it—I am in the schools, and it will be a case of Oxford or Van Dieman's Land. Tell me all you know of home affairs, about Sam, and everyone: don't give me any advice above all things: and send me a paper now and then. In return for all these I may graciously inform you of my health and estate, the former is increasing rapidly, the latter decreasing alarmingly, for Oxford is beginning to unfold *his* charms, and I to appreciate them, so you must not be surprised at some heavy calls upon your bank presently: such as the following.

E. Jones, Esq.	£	s.	d.
Horse too hours a day for six days . . .	3	4	0
Tandem an pair to Woodstock an back with leader's kney broke and trappins likeways	5	10	6
Dogcart to Abbingdon with sharves all broke reglarly to shatters	2	19	0
	11	13	6
Discount allowed for ready money			2
	11	13	4

E. C. Jones, Esqr.			
12 doz. Madeira £2 2 per doz.	25	4	
3 doz. Claret £3 per doz.	9		
2 doz. Champagne £3 10	7		
(*sic*)	31	4	

Tailors' bills and boating I've not put down, they would take up too much room.

"Oxford is a glorious place; godlike! at night I have walked round the colleges under the full moon, and thought it would be heaven to live and die here. The Dons are so terribly majestic, and the men are men, in spirit as well as name—they seem overflowing with generosity and good-nature; and their pride seldom ascends to haughtiness, or descends to vanity. I wonder how the examiners ever have the heart to pluck such men. Nevertheless I should like to see home and all there, and before this term is over, I shall long to see them. My purgatory will last three weeks or a month, if I am plucked you will see me directly, preparatory to leaving England. I assure you this is no joking, the chances are at most but equal, and if the catastrophe comes I couldn't honourably pursue my course here."

The purgatory did not last quite three weeks, as his certificate is dated February 17th.

Cormell wrote to congratulate him upon this, and received a letter in reply that must have astonished him. It is written with a half-comic assumption of age and experience, and almost all that Cormell had said is commented upon point by point, as if the writer were glad to treat of any subject rather than his own feelings; but towards the end a forecast upon which his friend had ventured, that Sewell and Gresley would one day be made bishops, produces a few stinging words that shew something of what was at work in his mind.

"Sewell and Gresley will never be made bishops," he says; "you entirely mistake the nature of an English bishop if you think that good or clever or progress men stand the least chance before the state ideal of episcopacy. I get touchy on these points since I have seen a little more of the world—a *very* little more, you will say, but enough to disenchant a good deal of my quondam notions. Ask Fulford, we talk of nothing else night and day. He slangs and I growl, and Faulkner demonstrates, and Dixon translates himself into the seventh heaven of poetry—but stay, these are University secrets.

"I shall see you in a fortnight and shall be better able

to tell you what I think of matters than by letter. I am not reading a scrap, being almost always at Pembroke, for my mind is made up to go in for a pass and leave the first hour I can. How beautifully these lines scan—Moore's metre. Ah, well, I'm wretched, Crom, miserable: stop down if you can till 1860.

"Remember me very kindly to your sisters, and old chums at school. Don't say a word to any one about my growling here—the morals of the place must be respected."

Being "almost always at Pembroke" is important. Edward speaks in his notes of a little Birmingham colony already formed at that College when he went up, which Morris and he used to join when they sought for more company than their own. The nucleus of the colony consisted of Fulford, Dixon, and Faulkner, the last hitherto unknown to Edward. His rooms on the ground floor, in a corner of the old quadrangle of Pembroke, stood invitingly ready for men to turn into, and there, about nine o'clock most evenings of the week, the friends met. In the daytime Edward and Morris generally walked together into the country or about the city.

"It was a different Oxford in those days," he says, "from anything that a visitor would now dream of. On all sides, except where it touched the railway, the city ended abruptly, as if a wall had been about it, and you came suddenly upon the meadows. There was little brick in the city, it was either grey with stone or yellow with the wash of the pebble-dash in the poorer streets. It was an endless delight to us to wander about the streets, where were still many old houses with wood carving and a little sculpture here and there. The Chapel of Merton College had been lately renovated by Butterfield, and Pollen, a former Fellow of Merton, had painted the roof of it. Many an afternoon we spent in that chapel. Indeed I think the buildings of Merton and the Cloisters of New College were our chief shrines in Oxford."

Dixon, who had been up a term already, says that he

remembers being taken by Morris "to look at the Tower of Merton."

And not only did their love for art bind Morris and Edward to each other especially, but in religious feeling also they lived a separate life, for the Pembroke set had little interest in the Church polemics which at that time so engrossed the two friends. In this matter they met with greater sympathy from a few men of their own College, with whom, having discovered a common ground, they eagerly conversed upon doctrinal points.

Faulkner, Edward's new friend, was a powerful man, physically, mentally, and morally. Unlike any of the others, his gift was for mathematics and physical science, while his remoteness from things theological was complete. There was about him a special manliness, singleness of mind, and fearless honesty. He had great natural skill of hand and sympathy with the executive side of art, but no power of design so far as I know.

In all the happiness of his first intercourse with Morris, Edward remembered the absent Cormell, and tried, so far as letters would do it, to keep him abreast with the new life in which he found himself. On May 1st he writes: "I am well pleased that our taste in poetics is concurrent. If Tennyson affords you as many hours of unmitigated happiness—I speak without affectation here—as he has to me, you will look with gratitude to any who helped you to appreciate him. When I take up the works of any other poet, save Shakespeare only, I seem to have fallen from the only guide worth following far into dreamland. There are some passages here and there so strangely accordant to that unutterable feeling which comes on one like a seizure at certain times, and which Schlegel writes of under the term 'Sighing after the Infinite,' that it is sometimes an inexpressible relief to know and be able to utter them aloud, as if the poet had, in an inspiration, hit upon some Runic words to give voice and form to what were otherwise painfully ineffable. Of these I think one song in the Princess is remarkable. 'Tears, idle tears, I know not

what they mean,' is of this kind. In some hot dreamy afternoons I have thought upon it for hours, until I have been exquisitely miserable. Our old favourite, the 'Bugle Song,' is another, and incidental passages over all the poems are of the same strange nature.

"In answer to your question I understand '(dreary) gleams' to be a substantive in apposition to 'curlews.' I know nothing of the flight of curlews, but you may take Tennyson's word for it, they 'gleam.'

"If you can get hold of a book called 'Poems by Alexander Smith,' read them by all means. He is a very promising poet indeed, and his objective writing is almost incomparable, although his aim is evidently more subjective and metaphysical. There, however, are depths only reached by one—our great Dramatist. Smith is a very young man, and strange to say his work has met with most flattering reviews in all the leading dodges—cf. Westminster especially. I bought it the other day, and so enraptured Fulford that he dashed off and got one directly. By the bye, he is in the Schools on Thursday next—pray for his success.

"Yesterday my uncle Catherwood came up to see me; so I am in for a few days lionizing.

"10 o'clock, evening. I have just been amusing myself by pouring basons of water on the crowd below from Dixon's garret, such fun, by Jove.

"Macdonald one of the lapsed!! 'Good Evans!' as —— says, can it be? Poor fellow, I pity him from the innermost recesses of my heart. Don't let him influence you, Crom. Remember, I have set my heart on our founding a Brotherhood. Learn Sir Galahad by heart. He is to be the patron of our Order. I have enlisted *one* in the project up here, heart and soul. You shall have a copy of the canons some day.

"(Signed) General of the Order of Sir Galahad."

This outburst of enthusiasm about Tennyson was not spasmodic, but represents, broadly speaking, what Edward felt first and last; for if at any time the poet ever wrote

what he valued less, the glorious gifts before received were still returned to with fresh gratitude. Some words written after the death of Tennyson in 1892 may fitly go with these of so many years before. The undertaker element of the funeral in Westminster Abbey had jarred him to the quick, and he breaks out: "O but yesterday was so flat and flattening. I'll never forgive the Queen for not coming up to it, and I wish Gladstone had. And there should have been street music, some soldiers and some trumpets, and bells muffled all over London, and rumbling drums. I did hate it so heartily, but as he sleeps by Chaucer I daresay they woke and had nice talks in the night, and I have spent much of the early dark morning making up talks for them; I suppose he'll be hurrying off to Virgil soon. I wish I hadn't gone."

The mention of a "Brotherhood" sounds as if the idea of it had been cherished for some time, but Mr. Price does not remember its being named before the Oxford days. There is no doubt that in the beginning Edward hoped to form amongst his friends a small conventual society of cleric and lay members working in the heart of London, such as that suggested in Hurrell Froude's Project for the Revival of Religion in Great Towns, and in this restricted scheme the Pembroke set never took any part. The "one" enlisted in the project was of course Morris.

This visit of Mr. Catherwood's was the last time he and Edward met. Before the end of the month that kind uncle and friend was dead.

Another letter to Mr. Price continues the subject of the curlew-verse in Locksley Hall which had been a puzzle to Cormell, but of which Edward's sense of light and shade at once made a clear picture.

"Mine is the last edition but one and reads:

> 'Tis the place and all around it, as of old the curlews call,
> Dreary gleams about the moorland, flying over Locksley Hall.

I repeat my explanations—'dreary gleams' is in apposition to 'curlews.'

. . . . . as of old the curlews call,
Dreary gleams (are they) about the moorland, etc.

Dreary, because prognosticating the coming storm—gleams, because their flight, thrown in relief by the dark background of the sky, is best expressed by that word—sometimes lost in the blackness of a cloud, and suddenly becoming visible as they strike an angle of light. On such matters cf. Ruskin, Modern Painters, vol. i., 'Clouds'—he is the most profound investigator of the objective that I know of: the whole work is evidence of a painfully careful study of nature, universally and particularly; in aesthetics he is authority. Above all things I recommend you to read him, he will do you more good in twenty chapters than all the mathematics ever written."

Further on, he answers at great length a charge brought against Tennyson, of not being always correct in his metres.

"In my opinion that unfettered element in his metre is one of the very greatest charms and characteristics in his style—it is that whereby he most of all shews his power in making words themselves a vehicle not of his descriptions only but of that very nature he describes, a kind of onomatopoeia not in isolated words but in the whole run of the poem. In external nature you never see that cloying, satiating evenness whereby you would trammel her best interpreters; 'ever-varying' is of all epithets the most common to her. What should you think of a mountain range, with every mountain of the same height, the same conical shape, or of a country with roads intersecting at right angles? Of course you would be very much disgusted. We find nature harmonious only in fragments, and as we find her we must take her. I beg of you to read again the 'Dying Swan.' In the first few lines of it you have the character of the country as clearly before you as if you had read volumes of Lincolnshire topography, as to the third part, I never saw its equal—one might write commentary after commentary and never have finished dilating upon its inexpressible truthfulness.

Read too the 'Vision of Sin' and hosts of others up and down the book, and acknowledge that to express nature faithfully we must follow her own rules of language, now in even cadences, and now in rugged outbursts. I cannot see the least objection to your example from the 'Oriana' —the whole poem is ejaculatory, wild, passionate, despairing, gasped out at intervals; it would be unnatural to insist on the right ictus everywhere. The misery is fresh upon him and he is frenzied for the time. In Locksley Hall the hero has no reproach for himself, he can look calmly at his own past, he can resolve for the future, and where is more perfect metre than in that? Metre and rhyme are only accessories, faithfulness and truth and beauty are necessaries—if they are not compatible everywhere, the former must be sacrificed, never the latter—and so Tennyson always writes.

"If you want correctness take Pope and Dryden (and a dried 'un he was) but you must take their chilliness too: read Moore, but you must swallow also his namby-pamby drawing-room young-ladyism.

"Yes, we'll read Keats and Shelley and Coleridge like one o'clock when I get back."

A Balliol man with whom Edward was acquainted did him the lasting service of introducing him to Mr. MacLaren's fencing rooms and gymnasium in Oriel Lane. In a letter to his father dated April 27th he says: "I continue my fencing lessons &c. and feel almost unutterable benefit from them; my strength grows perceptibly and MacLaren promises to send me forth a very different object to what I was when I entered."

This was not all that he found there, however, for in Mr. MacLaren he gained one of the truest friends he ever had, and one whose eyes discerned his pupil's genius from the first. Mr. Price speaks of him as having been "fascinated" by Edward and Morris. He was about a dozen years their senior, a cultivated man of the highest character and with warmth and tenderness underlying reserve of manner. His home at Summertown, then a small village separated

by a stretch of country road from Oxford, was a sanctuary seldom opened to the outer world. A low white house with its rose-covered veranda and a garden like a small Paradise shut in with white walls contained all that was dearest to him, being shared by a gifted young wife, then scarcely more than a girl. The notes say: "MacLaren interested us greatly, and we him, I suppose, for he did an almost unheard-of thing, inviting us to his home at Summertown, where we went three or four times in the term to dine with him, and his talk was admirable and his tastes inclining greatly to poetry. I think our enthusiasm was always a pleasure to him, and he aided and abetted us in all the inclinations of our hearts." It was when Edward began, as he soon did, to make studies of landscape and foliage in the country round Oxford, that MacLaren recognized his power, and the unfailing belief and encouragement that he gave in these early days were never forgotten.

The following letter to Mr. Price, written, in the character of "Cardinal de Birmingham," during the Long Vacation, shews, however, that Edward himself was not yet awake to the knowledge of his own special gift: Ecclesiasticism still comes first, though the way in which he unburdens himself to his friend of disappointment and disturbance of mind, owing to the lack of Christian unity with which he had met, shews how swiftly he was coming to conclusions for himself, and that no particular division of the Church was likely to hold him long.

"EDOUARD
"Cardinal de Birmingham
unto our trusty and beloved brother, Cormel, of the Order of St. Philip Neri elect. Health and Peace.

"In our most hearty wise we commend us unto you, dear brother, and for this same your loving epistle, howbeit it came tardily, we do thank you much. Indeed we had well nigh despaired of your courtesy in this matter, making therewithal many excuses for you of our charity.

"But now with the burden of many things upon us, we

do hold ourselves bound unto you for a season, and the more readily for because we see our brother in grievous need of our ghostly counsel and advice; the which moreover we would give in all modesty and gentleness, even as communing with ourself.

"And that our epistle come not unto you as it were a Homily full of harsh conceits of our Philosophy, we will advertise you somewhat of the estate of matters in our Province, Spiritual and Temporal, and, as far as our poor erudition in such matters, of the advancement of Literature.

"First of things Spiritual and Temporal in our jurisdiction; and briefly, for herein is such deep cause for sorrowing that we would not willingly pain you by baring it; for we be all so crammed with foul heresy, and discord, and prejudice, and bigotry, and all uncharitableness, that our very air, wherein we breathe, reeks thereof. And with all this bitterness so little of knowledge, or sympathy, or liberty, wherein this strange land doth so boast itself, that the contemplation is most pitiful. Nor this on one side only, or of one party only, but all conspire together, as it were of purpose, to choke up the only passage unto Truth in these days, even the suspense of judgment, afore all things necessary unto the attainment of τὸ ἀληθές.

"Now we beseech you look one moment at our racked diocese. The Oratorians, like Ishmael, with their hands against every man, and every man's hand against them; yet be they of all men by nature most peaceful, by education most contemplative, by discipline most philanthropic. Our dear brother of Sackville [the Rev. J. M. Neale, Warden of Sackville College, East Grinstead] will carry out his threat against the rector of St. Martin's, [the Rev. J. C. Miller] and though his cause be urgent, and the offence most palpable, yet shall he do us little good and greater harm. Our dear Latimer [the incumbent of St. Paul's, Birmingham] is away, and meantime the pulpit wherein he preached positive doctrine, most firmly and withal most gently, hath become a rostrum for negative declamation against all others; Eclectics, Syncretics, Ra-

tionalists, Pantheists, Atheists, and all names that are named in this age of 'isms.' These men not discerning that, because the time is urgent and dangers thicken, our people most chiefly desire to know what they must believe, and afterwards, when they shall be well-advised of that, also what they must avoid—not but that under an expert man the two teachings, positive and negative, may go hand in hand, but where, as is oftenest found, they be mediocre men, then the former first and by no means the latter. Therefore comes it that our preaching is unprofitable, nay absolutely ruinous to unity, and tending to Infidelity. For what shall it profit the unlearned to know arguments against eclecticism or rationalism or the rest? Granting, what is relatively impossible, that he will remember and use those same arguments aright, if he be at any time assailed by their supporters, yet will he not thereby, trusting in himself, and failing to seek counsel of his spiritual adviser, break one only remaining link between them and divorce what God did join together? And by the unlearned I mean not the poor, but the mass of men. On the other hand what shall this declamation profit the learned man? Will dogmatical condemnation of other creeds disprove them? Because one saith of Romanism that it is anti-Christ and corrupt, is it therefore so? or of Rationalism that it is senseless, is it therefore so? Nay, but they who advance both these most opposite opinions are not men to be so dealt with. Therefore they are unprofitable to the man who asks the 'why' and 'wherefore' of these things, who philosophically asks the διότι and takes not the mathematical ὅτι, the *ipse dixit* of everyone.

"But of this enough. Of Temporalities we will premise some few things, and then to more lofty converse.

"Our eccentric and most excellent friend Fulford hath been with us somewhat of late. Of a truth he is a most wild genius—here now, and far off in a moment, culling the sweetness of every flower around him. Full of wisdom, yet lacking knowledge; of the finest sense of imagination and good taste in what he lists; the only man we know

who lives to live. And the contemplation of him is an excellent study; for his carelessness of cares makes him a merry companion, a sympathetic friend, and the most charitable of all censors.

"And in truth we begin more and more to see the final futility of the cramming system of education in this day. The age is utilitarian indeed, and every public speaker feels bound to remind his hearers of it in every oration, but truly it is at the sacrifice of their hearts' blood and their children's too that men are purchasing this possession. More and more is the age losing sight of the end and aim of man's existence, and of the legitimate means thereto. It will not learn that it is wisdom and not knowledge that is to be attained, the mind and not the body that is to be considered; that that only is an education, wherein the man is cultivated, not as an instrument towards some ulterior end, but as an end unto himself alone, ἁπλῶς, absolutely as a man, not τινί, relatively as a professional man.

"But of this when we meet κατ' ὄμμα, for we must enlist you, dear brother, in this crusade and Holy Warfare against the age, 'the heartless coldness of the times.'

"Macdonald and Heeley did us the honour of a visit yesterday. We talked much of all subjects—Transcendentalism and all the host of German systems—we discussed together calmly on dangerous ground; ourself ventured on a relative defence of the Jesuits and met with no opposition whatever, to our great surprise. In the evening your sisters favoured us with a fleeting call, and the Lady Abbess of the Convent also. Our topic was celibacy, wherein ourself was exposed to all but personal violence.

"In literature we have dealt but little since your departure; nay, we crave pardon for this our presuming on the subject, because we might be better schooled of you; howbeit some few things we must say.

"Our brother, the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, has re-published his essays from the Dublin Review. They are chiefly on Taste, some few on polemics—learned and spirited. There is a remarkable one on Sacrilege and its

curse; proving statistically that Monastery and Abbey lands have never continued, in any one case of all through the length and breadth of this land, in any family for the three generations of father, son and grandson with the link unbroken. We remember Neale has a preface to one of his books to the same intent; the fact is more than curious, it is startling.

"Ruskin has published the second vol. of his 'Stones of Venice,' entitled 'Sea Stories.' His style is more wonderful than ever; the most persuasive oratory we ever read. His acme is to come. There never was such mind and soul so fused through language yet. It has the brilliancy of Jeffrey, the elegance of Macaulay, the diction of Shakespeare had he written in prose, and the fire of—Ruskin—we can find no other.

"We are less pleased with Hallam this second reading. One thing must not be forgotten, he did some little justice to the schoolmen and Middle Ages when an ignorant Literature and a profoundly ignorant people joined in one stolid senseless cry against them.

"Now dear Brother we must say farewell. On Monday, nomine + Jesu, we depart for the metropolis, whence you shall hear from us.

"+ EDOUARD
"Cardinal de Birmingham
"O. J.

"Given under our hand
"at our palace.
"Ides August, MDCCCLIII."

"Touching the matter whereof you ask our counsel and advice, hear.

"We shall give no frivolous account or explanation whatever, or enter into any disquisition as to the nature, tests, or evidence of any symptoms whatever, metaphysical, psychological, ethical or physical.

"You have as yet taken no vows, therefore you are as yet perfectly at liberty to decide your own fate.

"If your decision involve the happiness of another you know your course, follow nature, and remember the soul is above the mind, and the heart greater than the brain; for it is mind that makes man, but soul that makes man angel. Man as the seat of mind is isolated in the universe, for Angels that are above him and beasts that are below him are mindless, but it is soul that links him with higher beings and distinguishes him from the lower also. Therefore develope it to the full, and if you have one who may serve for a personification of all humanity, expend your love there, and it will orb from its centre wider and wider, like circles in water when a stone is thrown therein.

"But self-denial and self-disappointment, though I do not urge it, is even better discipline to the soul than that.

"If we lose you from the cause of celibacy, you are no traitor; only do not be hasty.

"Pax vobiscum in aeternum.

"EDOUARD."

The serious postscript to this letter throws a light upon half-jesting references to celibacy and misogyny made elsewhere. Underneath them was deep feeling, and the inner circle knew this, but to the outer world a veil of exaggeration was presented which bore the handling of those who only laughed or wondered.

About these first Oxford days there is a note of Canon Dixon's, which I will give here as a memory too intimate for comment. "I believe," he says, "that early in Oxford Edward experienced a great inward change. He said to me and Morris that he knew the time when he felt his heart burst into a blossom of love to his friends and all the men around him. I have often thought of the earnest and excited manner in which he said this. As well as I can remember that was the expression he used. Certainly at the time he began to shew a more decided and stronger character than at school; though still full of vivacity and amusement."

During his visit to "the Metropolis," alluded to by the Cardinal de Birmingham, Edward went to Walthamstow

to see Morris. It had never occurred to them to mention to each other what their homes were like, so he had no idea whether his friend lived in a large house or a small one, and when he saw it, in comparison with his own, it seemed to him magnificent. Morris's father had been dead some years, but his mother welcomed Edward kindly, and seeing his affection for her son would willingly have told many stories of his childhood; but at this Morris chafed so much that the anecdotes had to be deferred. Three happy days they spent together, talking as they wandered about the flower and high-walled kitchen gardens, or reading in the deep window seats of a landing on the big central staircase, where many books were kept.

About this time, my father's term in Birmingham came to an end, and he was appointed to go to London, at which we children were greatly excited. I have said that Edward came to bid us good-bye before we left, and how well I remember the visit. It was only through our brother that we knew him—there were no friends in common at whose houses we might have met, and we did not see him except at long intervals—yet the profound impression made by those rare meetings was never lessened by his absence, and as the train passed slowly through the tunnel of the Great Western Railway at the beginning of our journey to London, I grieved in the darkness because I was leaving the place where he lived.

On returning to Oxford in October, Edward and Morris found to their great satisfaction that they could both get rooms in College. I do not know where Edward's were, but he spoke of those that Morris had as being "pleasant ones overlooking Exeter Garden and the Schools, in a little quadrangle that was called Hell Quad. You passed under an archway called Purgatory from the great quadrangle to reach it."

The evenings at Pembroke began again, and also the correspondence with Mr. Price. Early in the term Edward writes of the joy he has in receiving news of his friends in Birmingham: "the delight one experiences here on return-

ing from Chapel and finding a letter from home is unequalled in the whole range of correspondence." He wrote constantly to his father and Miss Sampson, with a tender anxiety expressed that they should be "happy." He could not know that his absence had taken away the light of the house.

"My readings as yet have been very limited," he says, a little later, "not fit to talk about in fact. One thing I am almost ashamed to mention—viz. the spell that man Poe throws round me. His book of horrors is by me now. I know how contrary to all rules of taste are such writings, but there is something full of delicate refinement in all that hideousness. The charm is only temporary—in a day or two he will lie neglected, as such ephemeral works always are, but at present he is lord of the ascendant.

"If you meet with the volume just published with all his tales in, read particularly that in which he exemplifies his notion of analysis of and identification with another's thinking: they are, 'The Murders in the Rue Morgue,' and 'The Purloined Letter' more especially. 'The Gold Beetle' you know—it is a beautiful story. 'The Descent into the Maelstrom,' 'The Pit and the Pendulum' (especially this), and several others are marvellously startling. 'The Fall of the House of Usher' is very grand, almost my favourite. Some I think very objectionable, such as 'Mesmeric Effects,' 'The Black Cat' and one or two others."

In spite of this forecast of indifference, Edward's estimate of Poe's work always remained high, and a harsh and inaccurate memoir published after Poe's death gave him acute distress. Talking of it not many years ago he said that the day when he read it was one of the most miserable of his life. "It happened to be a wet day, and I felt unfit for any mortal thing after reading it. I went into the kitchen to try and get some comfort out of baking and the ruddy glow of the fire, but it wouldn't do—what did anything matter if one who wrote such beautiful things could behave so?" I remember his joy in 1874 on the appearance of Mr. Ingram's edition of Poe's works with a "Life" which refuted these accusations, and how he hastened to get the book.

"To pass to extremes," the letter goes on, "have you seen Archdeacon Wilberforce's last work on the Holy Eucharist? I am now engaged in reading it at meal times. It has been spoken of, and I readily assent, as the most controversial and truly theological work that has come out for ages. It makes up his series now, viz. The Incarnation, Holy Baptism, and this. It will be a book for you in after time."

The influence of Wilberforce upon both Edward and Morris was very great, and when, at the time of his secession to Rome in 1854, he published his Enquiry into the Principles of Church Authority, he all but carried them with him. From Wilberforce the letter turns again to answer something that Cormell must have said:

"Don't be afraid, Crom, of being independent in thought. It is a prerogative of man. This is the time for us to think highly of our species, to dream of development and the Divinity of mind; we shall soon wash away such fancies in the Lethe of getting our bread. Your own feelings will utter the μηκέτ' ἐσέλθῃς and you can fall back upon Faith. Oh! it is a glorious thought, that in our nature's ruin we yet possess our identity and stand isolated in revealed Creation as the Beings with Mind. It is grand to be in such peril as we are—I speak not lightly—to be born to free will; more independent than Angels, for they cannot err by reason, having all things by intuition; higher than brutes, for they are impelled by the laws of instinct, to our observance inevitable; partaking of the nature of both, and with mind for our proper own, we ought not to shame our natures as we do. What a grind, you say—nay, I mean it all."

There are two more letters written in this Michaelmas term, and both bear the same date, November 8th. One is to Cormell Price and the other to Harry Macdonald, who had remained in Birmingham in order to continue his school life there. They had started a manuscript School Magazine, a scheme which had Edward's sympathy. But the Head Master judged, perhaps rightly, that it was likely to interfere with their school work, and suppressed it after one or

two numbers. The reasons he gave for this step were considered by the boys as unsatisfactory as the act itself, and when at the same time he warned them vaguely of some influence proceeding from Oxford which he mistrusted, they were very indignant.

The letter to Price comes first, and enters on the subject at once:

"First, let me communicate with you on the suppression of the Press. It is an assault upon your liberties, which at another time might be a signal for arms. It is an act of high treason against the Great Republic of Literature, a most unwarrantable exertion of despotism, which cannot be reprehended in language half strong enough. It is inconsistent, because inquisitorial in a land that acknowledges no Inquisition—it is self-destructive, like all tyranny, because it dreads investigation, and yet invites it—it is impotent because unjust and unreasonable. But you must submit, comforting yourselves with the assurance that

> The tyrant's cruel glee
> Forces on the freer hour."

The letter ends with, "I heard Pusey on Sunday—a magnificent sermon, profound and exhaustive, on Justification. He came out now and then gloriously—full of liberality. It lasted close upon two hours."

To Macdonald he begins:

"A letter from Crom has wrought an impulse, which I do not attempt to strive against, bringing with old memories a yearning to communicate with you, and so with poor materials and no capacity for invention this morning, I purpose opening a correspondence which with your good pleasure shall not cease.

"I have written also to Crom, and expressed my sympathy with him on the suppression of the Hebdomadal,—sympathy which I would offer you too as co-editor. Whatever heresy the article in question may have inculcated, it was unfair and undignified to take such proceedings—unfair because it involved in that suppression much that

might have become beneficial, and undignified because it hinted at a fear that 'absurdity and conceit' would subvert obedience: the argument is either very lame, or the discipline of the school at a very low ebb.

"The statement that 'men who have shewn a turn of mind for general knowledge have never come to any good in the world' remains after all but a statement, not worth refutation—no one would certainly number its author in the obnoxious category—but we will hope it was simply meant for a rhetorical climax.

"We know indeed, and may deplore that individual progress now is not what it was in former times, that the cultivation of the individual is drowned and overwhelmed in the progress of the species; we know that every tyro now is acquainted with more truths than ever Aristotle mapped the way for, or Plato dreamed of; but the difference between them and us shews that 'the march of intellect' is no inseparable concomitant with the 'march of science,' that there is, in fine, no proportion between the possession of facts and the development of mind, for the latter is the fruit of profound concentration of all the soul's energies, while the former is but flower-culling. It is absolutely true, I suppose, that the gaining general knowledge in youth is not incompatible with concentration; but relatively it is not true, because not practicable. Society compels us, if we are to take any stand therein, to keep up with the time, and we are not here to grumble with the age, but adapt ourselves to it: the earth is brimming too full of humanity to allow room for asceticism and seclusion, which are necessary conditions of individual advancement. In old times men had it at command, but we have not; the times and the seasons require more of us than pedantry; and therefore I think the late act and the reasoning which led to it, to be a vast mistake. How far Oxford men deserve this suspicion of tampering with the established teaching I shall not say—none that I wot of would take the trouble, to begin with.

"The suspicious characters intended by Oxford men sug-

gest Fulford, of whom, as more especially a middle term between us, I shall speak now—and, to begin with a rhapsody, what a glorious little fellow he is! Our subjects of private communication and thought this term have been those branches of psychology treating of the affections—a subject which we have elaborated very satisfactorily, in spite of constant interruptions on the part of un-sentimentalists such as Morris and Faulkner. The name of Fulford again suggests 'table-turning,' and this, mesmerism in general. Have you seen the article thereon in the Quarterly this time? it is well worth reading, and would interest you. The Quarterly reminds me of reviews in common, with all of w^h^ I am intensely disgusted, and never purpose reading a review on any man's work, if possible, before the work itself. The vulgar criticisms poured on Ruskin's last work from all the presses are abominable. No one half understands him yet, he leaves them all behind in his star-flights, grovelling on the earth—and then they complain when he is past the cloud regions that they cannot see him or that he is obscure. By his eloquence, the vehicle wherein he travels, they are all spell-bound, as who would not be, for surely man never wrote like him yet—but though they appreciate the form more or less, they cannot reach the matter.

"In this last work he transcends himself in diction, more Saxon pure and simple than ever—in prose what Tennyson is in poetry, and what the Pre-Raphaelites are in painting, full of devotion, and love for the subject, Insular and Northern in all their affections, giving us the very ideal of Teutonic beauty.

"You have heard of course of the resignation of Maurice at King's Coll: London and the writings w^h^ led to it. It is a hard question to decide upon, but I am very sorry—for the Christian Socialists, if Maurice and Kingsley are fair examples, must be glorious fellows."

There had been a letter about this time in the Guardian from the Rev. F. D. Maurice, on the subject of the charges brought against him by the Principal of King's

College. The chief of these charges was his denial of the usual meaning of Eternal Punishment, and a few days later the Council of the College declared the two chairs he held to be vacant.

Fulford also was in correspondence with my brother at this time, and through his letters there are occasional glimpses of the Birmingham set.

"We have fallen at once into our old habits: we assemble nightly in Faulkner's room and drink tea as regularly as ever, but the Tales from Household Words or scenes from Shakespeare or imitations of the Dons have given place to the more exciting amusement of chaffing——, who during his absence of two terms from Alma Mater has nursed up his gullibility to a degree that would do honour to half a dozen freshmen, all sons of clergymen, educated privately by their fathers. He has been moving tables, books, papers (whatever he can lay his hands on) in a surprising manner since Monday, when we initiated him into the mystery, and made the table (in obedience to not-involuntary muscular motion) pronounce the most glorious things concerning him, of which the roof and crown was that he was a musical and poetical genius. No wonder he moved all sorts of things by himself after that." In the same letter Fulford tells of having been to see Heeley at Cambridge, and of the impression that Cambridge men made upon him. They appeared to be harder readers than the men he knew at Oxford. They all talked "shop," he adds, "to a fearful extent, and perfectly surprised me by their knowledge of University matters, accustomed as I am at Oxford to such utter indifference to them even in such a know-everything as Jones."

But this indifference on Edward's part arose from deep disappointment, and it was long before he could accustom himself to the reality of Oxford. The daily work for the schools, he says, speaking of himself and Morris, was uninteresting to them, and made absolutely desolate by the manner of teaching—"but little by little we fed ourselves with the food that fitted us."

The mention of table-turning reminds me that whilst we lived in Birmingham, Fulford had seen something of it at our house, for we children had heard of it and tried it, with what are still to me astonishing results. The power, whatever it might be, was discovered whilst our parents were from home, and duly reported to them on their return as treasure-trove. Our father said something like, "Well, well, my children, if it ever does it again, call me"; so one day, when he was safely within the double doors of his study, we set to work. We had no theory about it, and were only curious each time to see what would happen. The table, a large round one, did not fail us now, but seemed to awaken just as usual, turning at first with slow heaviness and then gradually quickening its pace till it spun quite easily and set us running to keep up with it. "Call Papa!" was the word, and a scout flew to the study. He was with us at once, not even waiting to lay down his long Broseley pipe. Incredulity gave place to excitement at the first glance, but, to convince us of our self-deception, he cried out, "Don't stop, children," and leapt lightly between us, pipe in hand, upon the middle of the table, thinking to stop it in a second. His weight, however, made no difference—the table turned as swiftly and easily as before, and we ran round and round with it, laughing at our amazed father.

And not only tables did we turn, but other objects also, especially a very communicative tea-urn with which we established a code of rapping. Our removal to London put an end to these *séances*, but none of us ever understood the things we saw at them.

The next trace I find of Edward is an account sent to his father of a day during the Christmas vacation, when he was with his aunt in London, and they went together to see her friend, Mr. Lewis, the well-known chess-player; but I have no clue to the gentleman whom he met there. It is curious to feel the power of Oxford over him in spite of his quarrel with the place, and the *esprit de corps* that rises when speaking of it.

"At Norwood I spent a delightful day. Mr. Lewis himself is a profoundly talented man—the greatest chess-player in Europe, they say—and I met, and argued with, an old friend of Burney, Lamb, Hazlitt, Coleridge, &c. &c.: a most glorious fellow—with eyes that have haunted me ever since, who took to me desperately, and pressed me to come and argue with himself and his son—a student at Heidelberg—in metaphysics, aesthetics, educational or theological questions. Of course I thanked him profusely, but though he was polite enough to compliment me and call himself vanquished, I should have little disposition to sully the glory of Oxford in appearing as her champion before two such knights."

This incident confirms Mr. Price's account of Edward's strong natural bent towards logic and metaphysics; and the cordiality of his antagonist, who professed himself vanquished, makes one believe that he was, as I have heard, never captious in argument and quite free from pedantry of terms, so that those who did not know at what cost of study and training he had strengthened his natural ability were astonished by his skill in disputation.

But now his great pleasure was in the society of one with whom no hour was wasted in dispute. The particular kind of help that he needed at that particular time came to him through the sympathy of Morris, and they literally talked together day and night of the things that lay near to their hearts. Their intercourse, however, was too vital to lead them hand in hand round a circle, and by the time their first year at Oxford was over, they had begun to deal with much that had previously been unquestioned.

When they met again in the New Year this is how Edward, with just confidence in the generosity of his first friend, writes to him of the second who had become so dear.

"Morris has a deal of my time. He is one of the cleverest fellows I know, and to me far more congenial in his thoughts and likings than anyone it has been my good fortune to meet with—his taste and criticism in Art and Aesthetics generally I should any day infinitely prefer to

Fulford's, who you know was my old ideal in such subjects. He is full of enthusiasm for things holy and beautiful and true, and, what is rarest, of the most exquisite perception and judgment in them. For myself, he has tinged my whole inner being with the beauty of his own, and I know not a single gift for which I owe such gratitude to Heaven as his friendship. If it were not for his boisterous mad outbursts and freaks, which break the romance he sheds around him—at least to me—he would be a perfect hero.

"How I am grinding you, poor fellow! well, briefly, come and see him and hear him, not in the smoke room or in disputations (the smoke room of intellects) but by the riverside and on the highways, as I alone have seen and heard him."

William Morris.
Æt. 23.

CHAPTER VI

1854

When shall I arise and the night be gone?

THE year 1854 was a marked one in Edward's life, for the passing away of old things and the coming of new moved him profoundly.

As a rule, ordinary matters only were treated of in the letters home, which were written with fair regularity once a week; but there is a letter at the end of January in which the barriers of difference in age and of close relationship give way before a passion of enthusiasm, and like a child throwing himself into his father's arms, he breaks out with this midwinter ecstasy:

"I have just come in from my terminal pilgrimage to Godstowe ruins and the burial place of Fair Rosamond. The day has gone down magnificently; all by the river's side I came back in a delirium of joy, the land was so enchanted with bright colours, blue and purple in the sky, shot over with a dust of golden shower, and in the water, a mirror'd counterpart, ruffled by a light west wind—and in my mind pictures of the old days, the abbey, and long processions of the faithful, banners of the cross, copes and crosiers, gay knights and ladies by the river bank, hawking-parties and all the pageantry of the golden age—it made me feel so wild and mad I had to throw stones into the water to break the dream. I never remember having such an unutterable ecstasy, it was quite painful with intensity, as if my forehead would burst. I get frightened of indulging now in dreams, so vivid that they seem recollections rather than imaginations, but they seldom last more than

half-an-hour; and the sound of earthly bells in the distance, and presently the wreathing of steam upon the trees where the railway runs, called me back to the years I cannot convince myself of living in."

A different side of his nature appears in a letter written shortly after this, where some questions from Cormell about University matters are answered in detail with the same practical judgment that helped many another friend in later life.

"As to scholarships generally, I should think there are little grounds for argument anyway, either for chance or probability or anything. They depend entirely upon the men who present themselves for candidates, subject to a certain standard only, and of course fluctuate continually. The idea of the stiffness of University scholarships has very likely deterred many from trying, and so the competition has been less; otherwise I have not heard that the last two or three have been shady. The scholarships at Queen's are good, but this College is now the Brasenose of old times, very fast indeed. And 'Demyship' is a name peculiar to Magdalen, leading finally I believe to a fellowship; most counties in England have one or two there.

"The chief points will be the Latin writing and accuracy of translation. In both, the first aim must be to render the meaning of a passage as plainly and perspicuously as possible: then ornament of diction, periods, antitheses, &c. may come in, but above all let the first attention be given to the matter, not the form of either.

"Terseness is the characteristic of Latin, and terseness therefore is desirable for Oxford Latin. Tacitus is better than Cicero if it were possible to follow him. In translation from Greek look well to the particles; they are here supposed to be connecting links between sentences &c. not meaningless nonsense for filling up, to be translated at random by 'forsooth,' 'but,' 'indeed' &c. I should imagine these two are the chief things to be observed."

Later on he writes that it has been a rambling term with him altogether, but certainly the happiest he has yet spent,

that every hour has been full of some employment or another, and that he has "fallen back upon drawing and intends to cultivate it to some extent." Macdonald, who went up to matriculate in March, found him busy making designs from the Lady of Shalott.

The custom, which lasted all their lives, of Morris reading aloud to Edward, had already begun, and the Notes tell how in this way they both came to know Ruskin's Edinburgh Lectures soon after they were printed.

"I was working in my room when Morris ran in one morning bringing the newly published book with him: so everything was put aside until he read it all through to me. And there we first saw about the Pre-Raphaelites, and there I first saw the name of Rossetti. So for many a day after that we talked of little else but paintings which we had never seen, and saddened the lives of our Pembroke friends."

Presently, however, to their joy, Millais's "Return of the Dove to the Ark" came down to Oxford and was to be seen at Mr. Wyatt's shop in the High Street, "and then," Edward said, "we knew." But still they knew nothing about Van Eyck or Giotto and the Italian painters, and nothing also of the art of painting. A little longer and all this would come to them, for now days counted for weeks and weeks for months.

Early in the year, he had spoken of being happy—he was "beginning to forgive Oxford, and the fidgets of rebellion were over"; but deep reflection followed, and the ground on which he had hitherto stood so firmly began to fail. Mr. Price speaks of the religious perplexity that Edward went through this year as being nothing less than agony. At one time in his distress he was all but ready to silence questioning and accept the tenets of the elder Church *en bloc*; at another he went for counsel to Newman's old friend and disciple, Charles Marriott, the learned and saintly Vicar of St. Mary's. This interview gave some relief, but the wholehearted, enthusiastic and unenquiring days were gone.

During part of the Long Vacation, as if to give Edward

breathing space for communion with his own soul, Morris was abroad and Cormell away from Birmingham, so that after he had paid his usual visit to his aunt in London, he found himself alone in the quiet of his father's house.

A letter written thence shews that he had already begun a scheme of work which was the first step in his artistic life: it was a series of pen-and-ink designs made at the suggestion of his friend Mr. MacLaren.

These drawings were intended for illustrations to a volume of Ballads upon the Fairy Mythology of Europe, which MacLaren had written with the intention of publishing immediately; and no greater proof of confidence could have been given than his determination to put off the appearance of his book until it could be illustrated throughout by the experiments of an unknown man. He had evidently asked Edward to come and visit him at Summertown, and the answer is: "Thank you a thousand times for your kind invitation. I almost fear it would unsettle me to leave home again, and I am quiet now: already I have refused three similar invitations, one to Cambridge, one to Leicester, and one to Hereford; but if I had accepted any it would have been yours, from priority of engagement, and sympathy in our common work." Unfortunately the last sheet only of this letter can be found. In it he gives an account of a visit to the Royal Academy Exhibition, which was made memorable that year by Holman Hunt's pictures of "The Awakened Conscience" and "The Light of the World." The fragment that remains begins thus:

"Landseer has drivelled his time away on another group of the royal family in Highland costume—will he ever learn that the subject is not remarkable for conception, or capable of a counterbalancing beauty of execution, that it should be repeated every year? Maclise has managed to cover an acre of canvas with mangled bodies, and a host of meaningless faces in steel helmets,—and all to illustrate a fact in history about which the less said the better. [The Marriage of Strongbow and Eva.] There is a pleasing picture of Bertrand de Born the warrior-troubadour of the

XIII century singing to his harp by moonlight—he was a demon in real life, why should he be canonized by the painter? Altogether, what with silly unmeaning subjects, and those of more questionable character, devoted to the hero-worship of traitors and robbers, or the prettiness and romance of a heartless religion, I saw that the Pre-Raphaelites had indeed come at a time when there was need for them, and resolved after my little ability to defend and claim a patient hearing for them.

"I had only time to visit Sydenham once. From the fuss and nonsense I had heard in conversation about it, as if the world had been ripening and developing to one end, to wit, the Crystal Palace of 1854, I was prepared to be thoroughly disgusted, but no,—many things pleased me, and I could pardon others, but as an entirety we must boast little of it, or future generations will say, 'Was this their great palace they talked so much about, poor fools!' When they have built themselves an architecture in the enduring stone worthy of their time, and covered it with carving and bright colour, they will indeed have cause to laugh at the large hot-houses of our day we poetically call Crystal Palaces. As I looked at it in its gigantic wearisomeness, in its length of cheerless monotony, iron and glass, glass and iron, I grew more and more convinced of the powerlessness of such material to effect an Architecture. Its only claim to our admiration consists in its size, not in those elements in which lies the true principle of appreciation, form and colour: its form is necessarily rigid and mechanical, its colour simple transparency and a painfully dazzling reflection: it is a fit apartment for fragrant shrubs, trickling fountains, muslin-de-laines, eau-de-Cologne, Grecian statues, strawberry ices and brass bands—but give me 'The Light of the World' and the apse of Westminster."

This mention of Grecian statues together with eau-de-Cologne recalls to me the fact that it was not till many years after the date of this letter that he turned seriously to the study of Greek art.

Then follow a few simple words to his friend explaining

why he had not written before. "One thing that prevented me writing was the heart-aches and love-troubles I have been getting into. It will not do to write about them, but I could tell you anything: this ought to have been stated as my real excuse, for no rheumatisms in the head would really have prevented me writing. You will know how to make excuses for this, you will remember how life and the things of life dwindle and fade away at the time, but I am quite awake now, anxiously expecting your next letter with advice about the great design. I shall have made some progress before you write which shall be duly notified in reply."

In October also, just before they were to meet at Oxford, there is a letter to Cormell acknowledging one from him, and saying, "You wrote at a time when I was suffering greater mental troubles than I ever remember. I am bound to say this much, that you may know it was not from inattention or carelessness that you have not heard from me before, but only from having no heart to write a merry letter and too much friendship to pour my sorrows into your ear."

The unknown troubler of his heart moves across this mirror of the past and disappears; nor was the destruction of the celibate ideal involved in the experience, for in the letter just quoted he continues: "The Monastery, Crom, stands a fairer chance than ever of being founded—I know that it will be some day."

Never at any time in his life did his ordinary manner betray to others the sadness to which, in common with all sensitive natures, he was subject. This was, I believe, owing partly to a principle which I find formulated in one of his late letters: "I hold it a point of honour with every gentleman to conceal himself, and make a fair show before people, to ease life for everyone,"—and partly to the cheering effect that companionship always had upon him. Thus, in the same letter which hints at his trouble, he writes the following bright account of his relations with Cormell's family.

"I think it was this day week that Miss Sampson, Ful-

ford and I spent an evening at Spon Lane, very pleasantly indeed, as the little man observed. By the bye, Crom, you'd better mind and ask his intentions. Monk as I am and unlettered in the world's etiquette, it seemed very improper of him presenting a rose to F. There is a language of flowers, I hear, and you had better make it out and see what he means—but this is digressing. So very pleasantly passed the time that my father was quite enchanted with the bare relation of the visit. So on Sunday I again stormed Spon Lane with him, whereupon another very pleasant evening followed, to the entire oblivion of our visit's object, so the next day I had to go over again."

Yet I know that it is an allegorical portrait of himself which exists in an early drawing that I will try to describe. It shews the figure of a man seated in mournful dejection before a desk where lies an unfinished drawing of an angel. A small broken statue of an angel also lies at his feet. The man's eyes are closed, and his head rests wearily upon one hand, while in the other he holds an hour-glass from which but few of the sands have run. The background is of heavy rain falling into a dark sea, and underneath it is written, "When shall I arise and the night be gone?"

Before the Long Vacation was over, the quiet of home had done its office, and he was eager to be gone again. The postponement of term for a week made him angry, and he wrote to Cormell saying how ardently he longed to be back "with Morris and his glorious little company of martyrs."

Morris had written on his return from France, full of enthusiasm about the churches he had seen—Beauvais, Amiens and Chartres; he had a new world to tell of.

By good fortune at the beginning of the October term the friends were able to get fresh rooms in College next door to each other. "All day long I have been hurrying about," Edward writes to Miss Sampson, "seeing after the removal of my property, so that I might not lose half of it. My new rooms are a great improvement upon the old ones—you must contrive this term to come up and see

them." They were in the part of Exeter known as the "Old Buildings," long since taken down. "Tumbly old buildings, gable-roofed and pebble-dashed, little dark passages led from the staircase to the sitting rooms, a couple of steps to go down, a pace or two, and then three steps to go up—your face was banged by the door, and then, inside the rooms, a couple of steps up to a seat in the window, and a couple of steps down into the bedroom—the which was bliss," say the Notes.

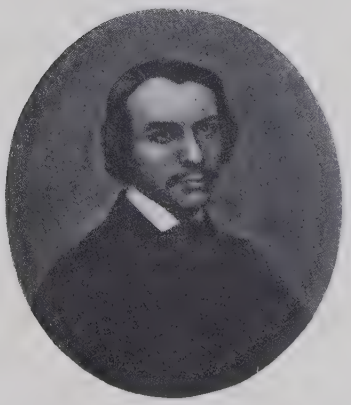
Here, when they were alone together in the evenings, the friends read Chaucer, and in the daytime they went often to look at the painted books in the Bodleian. Old chronicles too they devoured, and anything of any kind written about the Middle Ages, yet somehow missed for a little longer the two great books that afterwards filled so much of their lives—the Morte d'Arthur and the Tale of the Niblungs.

There was another atmosphere about the evenings in Faulkner's rooms at Pembroke. All the men there met, as Canon Dixon says, "on the common ground of poetry and indefinite artistic and literary aspiration," and they all had the idea of doing something for the world in their generation, but it was "with larger, other eyes" than the rest that the two Exeter men regarded the beauty of the visible world.

It would have been unnatural and impossible for half-a-dozen friends who saw each other daily to keep their intercourse for ever at high-water mark, and no studied seriousness was added to that which each felt in his own way as he looked forward to life. They had their jokes, their bear-fights, and their arguments, they chaffed and talked slang, and many an evening passed in laughter.

With the appearance of Cormell Price at Brasenose in October (Harry Macdonald had gone up six months before with a Corpus scholarship), the Birmingham set, to which Morris now definitely belonged, was complete.

The welcome given to Cormell by Morris delighted Edward: "Morris loved him from the first," he says, "and



Cormell Price.
Æt. 22.

was always fond of him and tender about him, as we all were." They carried him to the gymnasium and introduced him to MacLaren, but Edward's own attendance there was not very regular at this time, owing to the great fatigue that he began to feel after exercising. His power of walking also failed, and he complained of headache, brought on, as he supposed, "by over excitement." Writing home, he exclaims that Morris still continues the most clever, glorious fellow in or out of Oxford, and says that they are more together this term than ever.

But how can a woman hope to describe the life of men at college, since she can never have seen it as it really is? The thing is impossible. Nevertheless that life has always been a centre for many thoughts and imaginings of women, who make for themselves pictures of it according to the degree of their respect or admiration for the men they know. Those of whom I write were eagerly followed by the hearts of mothers and sisters and friends, and it is from the point of view of some of these that I must speak, if I am to make the time alive to any one.

In the first place I will notice that though each member of the "set" was as different from another as possible, they all made upon us the impression of being gifted, interesting, and amusing beyond words. That we thought them good, goes without saying. Some of us chose Fulford, some Edward, some Cormell Price for lode-star. I did not know Dixon and Faulkner sufficiently well at that time to see their reflection in the eyes that followed them. My brother had several very dear women and girl friends besides his mother and sisters, nor do I doubt that each one of the Brotherhood was blessed in the thoughts of some heart, known or unknown to himself.

They had no conquering airs with women, but were either frank and pleased in their society or shy and humble. I am confident that the mystery which shrouds men and women from each other in youth was sacred to each one of them.

To me that group will never grow old; still I see them

in my mind as I did then, the thought of one bringing up that of the others, all ardent, all filled with enthusiasm about something or some one.

Fulford alone seemed occasionally to stand outside, looking at himself and the others, and would talk or write of it, never so happy as when analyzing his own or a friend's character. In early Oxford days he used to write long letters to my brother, who was still at school, giving him descriptions of University life in a rather prepensely *blasé* style, though sometimes enlivened by humour and an interest that he could not disguise. Once he took the pains to send Harry a long dramatic account of an evening at Pembroke, in which some "chopping-block" from the outside, whose name (X.) I do not recognize, is made to draw out the peculiarities of different members of the set by a string of questions so wide of any mark and yet so fishing for second-hand information about books he was supposed to be reading up for himself, that Fulford rises to an ecstasy of delight in his own story. Dixon, Edward, Fulford, Faulkner, and the unknown one are represented cosily drinking tea by firelight when the scene opens, and the buzzing talk of X. rouses the others one by one from their quiet comfort. At first Edward and Dixon play into each other's hands by seriously answering all his questions in the most abstruse and technical terms, while Fulford seems to hop round the three, egging them on, and Faulkner keeps a long-suffering silence, but when X.—bewildered by a solemn explanation which he has brought upon himself from Dixon of the term "Intellectual Transcendentalism"—says, "Would you mind saying it over again? I didn't quite catch it," Faulkner springs up with a bitter cry of "No! No! Don't. You shan't!", and engages in a bear-fight with Edward. The bore triumphs, however, by going on with the conversation when the bear-fight is over, and finally leaves with an apology for deserting them so soon.

To this may be added Edward's own recollection of evenings at a later date. "We chatted about life, such as we knew it, and about ghosts, which Dixon believed in

Charles J. Faulkner.
Æt. 24.

religiously but Faulkner despised, and many an evening we wound up with a bear-fight, and so at 11, home to Exeter and bed." "Exit *he* to Exet*er*" was remembered as his form of farewell one night.

Intercourse with Heeley was kept up by letters to and from one or other of the Oxford set, and by the exchange of flying visits. It was a great disappointment to him that none of his most intimate friends at King Edward's School joined him at Cambridge, and when Macdonald got a scholarship at Oxford he expressed himself warmly about it to Price: "I would have given almost anything to have had Macdonald up here. No fellow has ever had more influence on me: at least on certain parts of the 'Me,' and no fellow's influence has been more advantageous." In this same letter he speaks to Cormell of his "ill success in starting a correspondence with Jones, whose loved idea (cf. Abelard & Heloisa) lies mixt with yours in my mind," and desires that when next Cormell sees Edward, he will touch him up on the subject "as with the touch of a gnat."

Between Fulford and Heeley, who both really enjoyed writing, there was a voluminous correspondence, and in one of his easy-going letters to my brother, Wilfred scribbles away, "When we are all great men, I think of publishing a volume or two of letters between yourself, Fulford, Dixon, Valentine and myself. Fancy. Early records and correspondence of Mr. Justice Macdonald, Mr. Valentine, Editor of the Meteorosophist, R. W. Dixon, Esq. Poet Laureate, Sir William Fulford, Bart., M.A., M.P., and the Rev. W. L. Heeley, Domestic Chaplain to Baron Skinflint." But he was wrong in every case.

To the families of the different men news of the set was distilled by letter, by anecdote, by rumour, and in vacation by glimpses of themselves, always memorable to the home-dwellers. The following extract from a diary of 1854, kept by a young sister of Cormell's, is too innocent in its extravagance to be laughed at, and is worth something as shewing Edward's early certainty of a great future for Morris, as well as the hero-worship for himself that had grown up

in a household where there was no glamour of strangeness about him, and he was a kind of adopted brother.

"Sep: 18th. Jones came to tea. He is the most clever and the nicest fellow I ever knew. He says he thinks Fulford will be a 'star' and he is sure Morris will be, and I am sure Jones will be, in drawing—he draws splendidly and is inexpressibly splendid." Morris was as yet only a name to her.

The tension of mind and feeling in which this year passed is not visible in any of Edward's home letters, which arrive as often as usual, and seem eager for news in return.

In one of them there is a tender message to an invalid sister of Cormell's: "Remember me very kindly to her," he writes, "and say that I often talk with her brother about home, and that with all our excitement among things new and old up here we find many a quiet hour to think of those who think often of us." His widowed aunt, too, in her lonely London house was often in his mind. "Whatever time I may have beyond my home duties," he says to his father, "must be devoted to her. She must at times be very lonely—reduced to amuse herself by reading my old letters over and over again."

The anxiety and self-searching that underlay this smooth surface of affection and sympathy for others were too deep to be spoken of even with Morris. "Slowly, and almost insensibly," he says, "without ever talking about it, I think we were both settling in our minds that the clerical life was not for us, and art was growing more and more dominant daily." No wonder if at times during such a crisis all things seemed dark to him and physical health failed; but this slow, wide-eyed discovery of where his place and duty in the world lay was the beginning of dawn.

CHAPTER VII

1855

Lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone.

"YESTERDAY I went such a beautiful walk with Morris and Smith—he is another who is to join our brotherhood," wrote Edward in November, 1854; but in May, 1855, Mr. Price says: "Our Monastery will come to nought I'm afraid; Smith has changed his views to extreme latitudinarianism, Morris has become questionable in doctrinal points, and Ted is too Catholic to be ordained. He and Morris diverge more and more in views though not in friendship."

The words "too Catholic to be ordained" we may presume to mean that Edward was no longer loyal to the Church of England, but they do not suggest what was the fact, namely, that another inmost religion was gradually taking the place of every form that had gone before it.

"Divergence in views but not in friendship" exactly expresses what happened and was bound to happen from time to time between two such men as Morris and Edward; but divergence of aim, never. With the abandonment of the clerical ideal went also the first proposed scheme of a brotherhood, but from the ashes of the old the new was born. Before this, however, there was a time when in the deep unrest of his spirit Edward would gladly have cut his way out of the *impasse* in which he found himself at Oxford by accepting one of the commissions offered by Government to the University during the Crimean War. "I wanted to go and get killed," he said, but he was rejected

on the score of health, and deliverance was accomplished otherwise.

At the end of May Edward ran up to London to see the Royal Academy Exhibition, carrying Mr. Price with him to his aunt's house. For the lonely little lady this was great happiness, and thenceforth Cormell became one of her chief favourites. When they left her she writes to him, "My dear Edward seems very desirous that I should make a 'pet' of you, and to tell you the truth I do not think I should find much difficulty in so doing. You have no idea how much I miss you both; after you were gone I went into your room and it looked so desolate that I could almost have shed tears!" And Morris came up to town also, for the Notes say: "When I was in London visiting my aunt, Morris and I went across to Tottenham to the house of a Mr. Windus, who was said to have some pictures of the Pre-Raphaelites, where we spent a happy morning. It was there that we first saw a picture by Madox Brown, called 'The Last of England,' and a beautiful little picture of a lady in black by Millais which I have never seen since, and some drawings by Millais; and we came away strengthened and confirmed. It must have been at the end of the summer term of this year that we got permission to look at the Pre-Raphaelite pictures in the house of Mr. Combe, the head of the Clarendon Press at Oxford, and there we saw two pictures by Holman Hunt, 'The Christian Missionary wounded in the Fisherman's Hut' and a portrait of some surpliced friend of the Combes in Oxford, with part of the Cloisters of New College for a background. But our greatest wonder and delight was reserved for a water-colour of Rossetti's, of Dante drawing the head of Beatrice and disturbed by people of importance. We had already fallen in with a copy of the Germ, containing Rossetti's poem of the Blessed Damozel, and at once he seemed to us the chief figure in the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood."

For the Long Vacation they made a happy plan of going to North France to see the churches of which Morris had brought word the year before; but first, as soon as term

was over, they agreed to accept an invitation from Heeley and go to see him and Cambridge.

"There was nothing much in this journey," Edward says; "but for some reason I remember every moment of it, from my hunting long in the shops in the Strand and elsewhere to find some portrait or other of Tennyson, whom I had never seen and whose aspect was unknown to me, and getting a bad little print which had to content me. And then I met Morris at the Railway. Our talk was of old French Chronicles, and I remember everything on the journey. That first evening in Cambridge we went before any other place to see the little round Church [St. Sepulchre's]; and there Heeley showed us the first edition of Tennyson's poems with the Hesperides in it, and the earlier Mariana in the South, to our great delight and content. Three or four very happy days we passed."

Soon after this Cambridge visit my own recollection of Morris begins. At the Royal Academy, where Wilfred Heeley had taken me, we saw him standing before Millais's picture of "The Rescue," examining it closely: as he turned to go away, Heeley said "That's Morris," and introduced us to each other; but he looked as if he scarcely saw me. He was very handsome, of an unusual type—the statues of mediaeval kings often remind me of him—and at that time he wore no moustache, so that the drawing of his mouth, which was his most expressive feature, could be clearly seen. His eyes always seemed to me to take in rather than to give out. His hair waved and curled triumphantly.

By this time his reputation as a poet had been established amongst his friends at Oxford by some verses, the first he had ever written, of new and singular beauty. The way in which he answered the enthusiasm with which they were hailed tells more about him than any description could. "Well, if this is poetry," he said, "it is very easy to write." And though for some time he continued to produce a fresh poem almost every day, he did not give up any other work that he was about, but simply added poetry as the blossom of it all.

"Topsy is writing such a beautiful story," says Edward in a letter home, "so glorious you cannot think; when it is finished you shall see it." The name of "Topsy" was given to Morris by Edward, and finding favour in the intimate circle, it soon became much more closely identified with him than his own proper one of William, which no one at Oxford ever used. Edward, on the other hand, was a man whom friends readily called by his familiar Christian name, Ted, or, in later years, Ned.

The tour in France was intended to be a walking one, for the sake of economy necessary for Edward, and Fulford and Price were both asked to join it, but finally Cormell was unable to come.

On July 18th, the day before they started, Edward called at our house in Chelsea, when I was out. Returning home I missed him so narrowly that I distinctly saw him walking away down the street as I reached my own door. "Jones and Morris and Fulford were going to France to-morrow," I was told; "Jones had just been to call." I knew it.

Faulkner and Heeley and Macdonald spent the evening with Edward and Fulford, who were to meet Morris at the train next morning, and then the two travellers went for the night to a small hotel near the railway station. Fulford had brought a volume of Keats with him and read some of it aloud before they slept.

They crossed by Folkestone and Boulogne, going straight on to Abbeville, where they arrived late in the evening; but after a short night Morris called the others early to wander about the town till breakfast. In the afternoon they left again, having seen streets, houses and churches all beautiful in fresh and foreign ways, and, from the tower of St. Wolfram's, such a panorama of the high-pitched roofs and irregular streets of the town and the low hills and bright fields of the country round as made them loth to come away. Short as their time was, however, Edward managed to make a drawing in one of the streets.

Amiens was reached and an hour spent in the Cathedral

before dinner, the pilgrims returning to it afterwards. "Morris surveyed it with calm joy," writes Fulford, "and Jones was speechless with admiration. It did not awe me until it got quite dark, for we stayed till after nine, but it was so solemn, so human and divine in its beauty, that love cast out fear."

Fulford's attitude of vigilance to mark his own sensations, and his interest in the enthusiasm of the other two, are preserved in letters which he wrote during the tour. Morris wrote to Cormell, and in his Notes Edward has completed a picture of the time.

The walking part of the tour soon came to an end, for Morris was uncomfortably shod and fell lame at Amiens, "filling the streets with imprecations on all bootmakers." He bought a pair of gay carpet slippers to try if those would be easier, and in them gallantly continued the journey for ten miles, but at Beauvais, as he was quite footsore, they gave up all further idea of walking.

On Sunday morning the 22nd July they attended High Mass in Beauvais Cathedral, and the impression made upon Edward by the service may be seen from the following passage in a letter written more than a generation afterwards:

"Do you know Beauvais, which is the most beautiful church in the world? I must see it again some day—one day I must. It is thirty-seven years since I saw it and I remember it all—and the processions—and the trombones—and the ancient singing—more beautiful than anything I had ever heard and I think I have never heard the like since. And the great organ that made the air tremble—and the greater organ that pealed out suddenly, and I thought the Day of Judgment had come—and the roof, and the long lights that are the most graceful things man has ever made.

"What a day it was, and how alive I was, and young—and a blue dragon-fly stood still in the air so long that I could have painted him. Oh me, what fun it was to be young. Yes, if I took account of my life and the days in

it that most went to make me, the Sunday at Beauvais would be the first day of creation."

Morris in his wonderful way knew everything about every place they went to, and the thought of the mischief that was being done in Paris to Notre-Dame, and how miserable it would be to see, made him urge his companions to go straight from Beauvais to Chartres, missing Paris entirely. "But I wanted to see the pictures in the Louvre," says Edward, "and Fulford wanted to see Paris, and after all there was the Hotel Cluny with which to pacify Morris"; so, after attending Vespers at Beauvais, to Paris they went, and the next day Fulford says that they worked hard at sight-seeing for sixteen hours. At the Beaux Arts they found to their delight no less than seven Pre-Raphaelite pictures, and stayed looking at little beside them for half the day.

In the evening, by Edward's particular desire, they went to the Opera, for he had never seen one, and heard Alboni in Le Prophète. "Jones was perfectly enraptured, but Morris seemed a good deal bored," reports Fulford.

They found the sculptures of Notre-Dame, as Morris had foretold, half taken down and lying in careless wreck under the porches, and "for the first time saw some of the secrets of restoration."

In the Louvre Morris made Edward shut his eyes and so led him up to Angelico's picture of "The Coronation of the Virgin" before he allowed him to look, and then he was transported with delight. But "Morris was fidgetty" all the time they were in Paris, so after three days they hurried away and went straight to Chartres.

"There we were for two days, spending all our time in the Church, and thence made northwards for Rouen, travelling gently and stopping at every Church we could find. Rouen was still a beautiful mediaeval city, and we stayed awhile and had our hearts filled. From there we walked to Caudebec, then by diligence to Havre, on our way to the churches of the Calvados: and it was while walking on the quay at Havre at night that we resolved definitely that

we would begin a life of art, and put off our decision no longer—he should be an architect and I a painter. It was a resolve only needing final conclusion; we were bent on that road for the whole past year, and after that night's talk we never hesitated more. That was the most memorable night of my life."

What need for us to follow the journey further, now they have reached its goal?

Soon after their return to England Morris went down to stay with Edward in Birmingham, and the little house in the Bristol Road shone with joy at their presence. Most of the Oxford set, together with Wilfred Heeley, were then living within a few miles of each other, and the men met every day.

A diary of the time, kept by Mr. Price, fortunately remains, through which one can see them all in the far distance, beginning with Sunday, August 26th, when Cormell went up to the Bristol Road to see Edward and found Morris there, "wild and jolly as ever," and they had "much talk about Maud." They seem to have held one long conversation, only interrupted by the night's sleep.

The Prices were now living altogether at Spon Lane, West Bromwich, but distance did not prevent the friends from making their house a frequent trysting-place where the eager interest and gay spirit of the girls kept everything at its brightest. A great deal of reading aloud was done there, chiefly by Fulford. The Palace of Art, Vision of Sin, and Oenone are all mentioned as being read by him in one evening. The young people used to gather round a small oak table to listen, and there was a world of conversation afterwards about what they had heard.

But when the men were alone, much of their talk was of a scheme that for some time past had been taking the place of the first proposed brotherhood and whose details they now threshed out and sifted. It was an idea, suggested by Dixon, of their all joining together to start a magazine, which would be at once a medium for the expression of their principles and enthusiasms and also an assured place

for the publication of original work. The whole set welcomed the plan, and Heeley promised help from Cambridge, but innumerable spoken words had to precede the written ones.

What preparation of the heart of man could have been better than this, recorded by Mr. Price after one of their conversations: "It is unanimously agreed that there shall be no shewing off, no quips, no sneers, no lampooning in our Magazine"? Politics, they resolved, were to be almost eschewed, and the contents of the magazine were to be "mainly Tales, Poetry, friendly critiques and social articles."

They went long walks, talking as they went. One gloriously fine day it was to the Lickey Hills; "Art the chief subject going out, Keats coming back," says the diary. Then, for a change, next day, Edward and Morris carried Mr. Jones and Miss Sampson to Spon Lane, and the evening passed merrily, "talking of trifles." A meeting at Heeley's house is mentioned, where conversation fell chiefly upon Carlyle and Tennyson,—Past and Present and the French Revolution were in their hands that Autumn—and again, before Morris' visit came to an end, we see them at Spon Lane, where with prophetic interest Morris and Cormell talked long together of "the organization of labour." Then there were quiet times when Edward and Morris were alone and communed with each other in their own world of imagination. About this world which never failed him Edward once said, "Of course imagining doesn't end with my work: I go on always in that strange land that is more true than real." He had lately found a treasure belonging to that land over which he and his friend now rejoiced together.

It was Southey's reprint of Malory's Morte d'Arthur: and sometimes I think that the book never can have been loved as it was by those two men. With Edward it became literally a part of himself. Its strength and beauty, its mystical religion and noble chivalry of action, the world of lost history and romance in the names of people and places—it was his own birthright upon which he entered.

"I remember I could not buy the precious book," he writes thirty-five years afterwards. "I used to read it in a bookseller's shop day after day, and bought cheap books to pacify the owner, but Morris got it at once and we feasted on it long." After nearly three weeks together in Birmingham Morris went on to Worcester, and Edward started for a long-delayed visit to Harris Bridge, but "the precious book" seems to have been left with him, for when he was back again at home Mr. Price's journal says, "over to Birmingham, round and round the garden with Ted, reading the Morte d'Arthur, the chapters about the death of Percival's sister and the Shalott lady." Then the talks began again, though Morris was not there, except by letters, which he sent often. In one of these letters he evidently spoke about leaving Oxford before taking his degree, for on September 28th Cormell puts succinctly in his diary, "Wrote to Morris two sheets abusing him roundly for thinking of leaving Oxford"—to which Morris answers in his own direct way, "Thank you very much for taking so much interest in me, but make your mind easy about my coming back next term, I am certainly coming back, though I should not have done so if it had not been for my Mother." Dixon too was writing frequently, so that absence was bridged over and the little constellation moved steadily along in its appointed course. Occasionally the evenings were varied by going to the theatre, but generally their own company sufficed them.

One night they are at Fulford's home, talking about dreams and ghosts, and Fulford reads them a story he has written for the yet unnamed magazine. Then the talk swings round to "health in mediaeval times compared with modern."

On October 6th the same post brings letters from both Morris and Dixon, "both sick of aimless, theoretical lives," and by the 13th the whole set, more truly a Brotherhood than ever before, meet in Oxford for what proved to be their last term together. Fulford, who was hesitating about taking orders, had tried the experiment of being a master

in a boys' school at Wimbledon, but came back to "coach" Morris for his degree, and Heeley, who had left Cambridge and passed the East India Civil Service examination with distinction, was a great deal with them.

Dixon was living out of College at this time and his rooms were now the usual place of meeting. Dr. Birkbeck Hill, then in his second term at Pembroke, has written sympathetically of evenings that he remembers there; recalling "a little front parlour in a small lodging house in Pembroke Street" as the background of a group of eager young men who were discussing the forthcoming first number of the Oxford and Cambridge Magazine. "It was a new world into which I was brought," he says. "The subjects I had always heard discussed were never discussed here, while matters on which I had never heard anyone speak formed here the staple of the talk."

I cannot help lingering over these days, so affecting in the mingled light of the past and present. Let us take up the story at the first day of term.

"Topsy met me at the station," says Mr. Price: "drove to Dixon's, where were Fulford, Ted, Mac, Hatch, and James Price. Talked about the grind and all topics."

The following day was Sunday, and after Morning Service the men adjourned to Morris' rooms, where "John Oakley came in." This was a man well known and loved through his life for his powerful and genial nature, and remembered by a world larger than the circle of his personal friends as President of the Union at Oxford, hardworking clergyman in the East End of London, and afterwards Dean of Carlisle and of Manchester.

In the evening they met again at Dixon's, where they "talked on a myriad subjects and Ted read some 'Yeast.'" Alton Locke, Hypatia, and Westward Ho! had all been welcomed gladly by the set. Hood too was well known and valued. One night, after Fulford had read Miss Kilmansegg aloud, they all agreed that Hood was underrated. "More humour than wit this night: the fun became rampagious" suggests practical jokes with Edward

in the foreground. "Most of the set in a very stupid humour" is another frank verdict. "Ted thinks of leaving Oxford and beginning painting at once," is an entry before the term was a week old, and some words from a home letter of Edward's about the same time may be taken with it: "All the fellows here are quite well; I meet them every day in the evening and sometimes oftener. Altogether the evenings pass pleasantly, but many of us are sadly tired of Oxford I think."

After the night at Havre, Edward and Morris had been of one mind in wishing to leave Oxford directly and go, the one into an architect's office and the other to his painting; but clear as their knowledge was of the way they meant to take, they could not follow it so ruthlessly. Their parents had to be reckoned with—not as mere obstructions, for they loved them—and we have seen the conclusion to which Morris came. There is no account of how Mr. Jones received the news that his son was to be an artist instead of a clergyman, but it is certain he would not long oppose anything which that son desired. Edward carried his difficulty to his firm friend outside the set at Oxford. "I dine at MacLaren's to-day," he writes, "to talk over future prospects and my profession. I want to get the matter settled if possible soon, for it is so wearing not to have a clear object before one." By the end of the term his final declared intention is, "I shall take my degree next June, and commence at once to get a living."

To Edward I believe the most important thing that happened this term was his meeting with Rossetti's illustration to The Maids of Elfenmere, just published in Allingham's Day and Night Songs. For him it cleared up the question of what a modern drawing could be made to express and with how much beauty, and at the sight his own imagination burned within him and he became bold to use it. From what he said at the time about this design he never swerved: "It is I think the most beautiful drawing for an illustration that I have ever seen; the weirdness of the Maids of Elfenmere, the musical timed movement of their

arms together as they sing, the face of the man, above all, are such as only a great artist could conceive."

I hesitate to speak about the technicalities of art or about pictures which are their own expounders, but the spirit of Edward's work was a part of himself and my knowledge of him helped me to understand it, so that I feel it is possible to lay one's finger on his earliest work and say: "This was done before and this after he had seen The Maids of Elfenmere."

The designs which were made for Mr. MacLaren's book remain in the possession of his family and are of the most curious interest. The scheme included a frontispiece, title-page, illustrations and ornamental letters. They were begun early in 1854 and carried on for about two years and a half, and in the series may be traced his development from the time that he first went into the Wytham woods to draw leaves and branches until the day when he discovered that the human form was the alphabet of the language he was henceforth to use.

Mr. MacLaren's daughter has repeated to me a story about Edward while he was engaged on this work, which she often heard her father tell. One early morning he was awakened by gravel being thrown at his bedroom window, and looking out saw Edward standing in the garden below with a haggard face. "What 's the matter? what do you want?" "Mac, you must come down—I've been up all night over it, and this drawing won't come right—you must come down and look at it and see if you can say where it 's wrong." MacLaren went down, and with eyes freshly brought to bear upon the drawing saw something that he was able to suggest before his friend turned again to walk back to Oxford.

The visit to Harris Bridge in September had been a pleasant one to Edward, especially in renewing friendship with his cousin Maria Choyce. After his return he writes to her:

"It was a very happy week I spent with you, and I often recall it, day by day, as it went by so tranquilly, so differ-

ILLUSTRATION TO THE FAIRY FAMILY BY ARCHIBALD MACLAREN.

Illustration to the Fairy Family by Archibald MacLaren.

ently from the ordinary course of my life: and among many plans and hopes for future months, not the least in pleasurable forethought is the purpose of again seeing you at Harris Bridge, and carrying on our old conversations that were so soon broken, with better store of knowledge and deeper sympathies."

He intended to begin a regular correspondence with her again, but writing dwindled before painting, and the intention came to nothing. In one of the letters he did accomplish he speaks of his present position and changed views for the future. "And I am to be, Heaven knows what, a painter I hope, if that is possible—if not, why anything so it be not a parson. Save me from that, for I have looked behind the veil." These words recall others occasionally heard from him in later life, about the "material" of which clergymen were made as he saw it in Oxford. The kind of artist he looked forward to being was "probably a poor and nameless one—very probably indeed." An account he gives to her of the Magazine fortunately carries on its history from the point already reached.

"Shall I tell you about our Magazine, as you are so good as to take an interest in it? In the enclosed envelope I have sent you a prospectus. It appeared in nearly all the magazines of the month, and will be in the Quarterly reviews of January and in the Times. We have thoroughly set ourselves to the work now, banded ourselves into an exclusive Brotherhood of seven. Mr. Morris is proprietor. The expenses will fall very heavily upon him, I fear, for it cannot be published under £500 per annum, exclusive of engravings which we shall sometimes give: he hopes not to lose more than £300, but even that is a great deal. Not one Magazine in a hundred pays, but we are full of hope. We have such a deal to tell people, such a deal of scolding to administer, so many fights to wage and opposition to encounter that our spirits are quite rising with the emergency. We shall restrict ourselves to our present contributors, and not receive any indiscriminate contributions, for we wish to keep before us one aim and end throughout

the Magazine, and I question if we should find many to join us in all the undertaking, and answer for all our opinions.

"Two of the most able young writers of Cambridge have joined us, and for three of our Oxford contributors I should look long up and down the world before I could name their peers. Our first number will contain:

Sir Philip Sidney — to be continued through six months . . .	by Mr. Heeley.
Alfred Tennyson & his Poems—through 3 numbers	by Fulford.
The Cousins, a Tale	by me.
Story of the Unknown Church . .	by Morris.
The Rivals, a Tale	by Dixon.
Notice of the Song of Hiawatha . .	by Macdonald.
Essay on The Newcomes . . .	by me.
Notice of Kingsley's Sermons . .	by Heeley.
Winter Weather, a Poem . . .	by Morris.

"I have not gone on with the tale I began at Harris Bridge: that must be in reserve for a long time. In the next number we shall have:

Continuation of Sir Philip Sidney.	
„ „ Tennyson.	
A Northern Tale	by me.
Essay on French Churches . . .	by Morris.
The War	by Dixon.
Review of Macaulay	by Heeley.
Essay on Carlyle	by Vernon Lushington.

and something else undecided—and I hope an engraving. Of course I am established as permanent artist to the Brotherhood. As the months go on we hope to treat about everything, to have articles on all the great men living or dead. In the March number I shall introduce Ruskin and in the April Fouqué. We have bound ourselves to continue it for one year, and then if it does not turn out such a very

great failure we have no limits to its continuance. It will go on till we are all dead, I hope, and perhaps afterwards. I will send you the first number and then you shall please yourself about taking it in. You will find a deal of it very dry sometimes, but you will not mind that. For my part I have not much esteem for things done without labour.

"Watch carefully all that Morris writes. You will find one of the very purest and most beautiful minds on earth breathing through all he touches. Sometimes I even regret that he is my friend, for I am open to the charge of partiality by praising him so, and if he were a stranger I know I should detect him in a heap of others' writings, and watch for something very great from him, as I do now. Fulford also—in all he writes you may place every belief, he is a hard and deep thinker with a perfectly magnetic influence over truth, drawing it to him, and selecting it where others would constantly miss it. He does not write so poetically nor beautifully, or rather pictorially, as Morris, but in argument he is triumphant, you will soon detect him.

"Dixon is another fine fellow, a most interesting man, as ladies would say—dark-haired and pale-faced, with a beautiful brow and a deep, melancholy voice. He is a poet also. I should be sorry to dash the romance of his character, but truth compels me to say he is an inveterate smoker.

"Heeley is an awful fellow—knows everything, so as to have taken the place of the proverb 'The deuce knows,' and invested it with his own personality, 'Heeley knows.' Huge moustachios, not handsome, very awkward, covered with honours at Cambridge.

"Macdonald is at present only a complement. When we have filled our staff to completion he will retire, and two giants come in his place, Faulkner, on whose youthful brows hang the heaviest laurels Oxford has given for years, and a great Cambridge man named Lushington, to whom I have not yet been introduced. He is already an author and I hear a very very fine fellow.

"Such is our little Brotherhood. We may do a world of good, for we start from new principles and those of the

strongest kind, and are as full of enthusiasm as the first crusaders, and we may perish in a year as others have done before. Well, if we are wanted I suppose we shall remain, and if not, what have we to want? Nothing, I know, for I can safely affirm for all that no mean and contemptible desire for a little contemporary fame, no mere purpose of writing for writing's sake has prompted one amongst us, but a sole and only wish to teach others principles and truths which they may not know and which have made us happy."

At Rouen Edward and Morris had found the Tauchnitz edition of Thackeray's latest book, The Newcomes, and the enthusiasm with which they read it resulted in the essay which Edward marks in this letter as one of his own contributions to the first number of the Magazine.

In after years he was very sensitive about these early writings, and if it had been possible would have wiped out every word, but the literary power which he disclaimed was proved at Oxford by the frequent "posting" of his name on the gate of his College for English Essays and was shewn always in private correspondence. After he became a painter he seemed to feel a kind of jealousy at the employment of any other means of expression than painting, and deliberately curbed the use of words in public, so that nothing would have induced him to make a speech or write an article.

His Essay on The Newcomes need not be discussed here, but some words in it so clearly put this point of the language of art that I will quote them. "When shall we learn to read a picture as we do a poem, to find some story from it, some little atom of human interest that may feed our hearts withal, lest the outer influences of the day crush them from good thoughts? When will men look for these things and the artist satisfy them?" And in another place, speaking especially of illustrations to books, he writes: "An artist should be no faint echo of other men's thoughts, but a voice concurrent or prophetical, full of meaning."

As to the story of The Cousins, Canon Dixon's me-

mory brings back the scene of its being first read before the Set, and shews us for a moment the whole group. He says: "The first notion I had of E. B.-J.'s literary power was at the time of the starting of the first number of the Oxford and Cambridge Magazine. I had written my tale of 'The Rivals,' and read it one evening to the assembled Brotherhood in my room in Pembroke Street, and it had been received in a manner of which I need here say nothing. Morris had written his 'Story of an Unknown Church': and it had been read, and received in a way of which I remember nothing but my own admiration: but when it was read I cannot recall. A few days afterwards I met Fulford, who said, 'He has written such a gorgeous tale, that man.' He meant E. B.-J. In the evening of the same day (I think) we met in Fulford's room and E. B.-J. read 'The Cousins.' We were all as if dumb at the end of it. I felt the commanding beauty and delicate phrasing, and also the goodness of heart that the writing shewed. I had no notion before that E. B.-J. was gifted so highly for literature. His reading of it was very fine. As soon as he could, he rushed out and left us.

"He afterwards wrote for the Magazine a northern story. I think it was called 'A Story of the North.' My opinion of this was not quite so favourable. It seemed to me too fierce (in style) for the matter; and more laboured than 'The Cousins.'"

There is a frank entry about this time in Mr. Price's diary: "It is observable that less sentiment is uttered than aforetime by us—reserved, I suppose, for paper." Faulkner's double first in Greats, just taken, explains the "laurels" mentioned in Edward's description of him.

The Vernon Lushington spoken of, since well known as Judge Lushington, is so pleasantly drawn in the following description of him by Heeley when they were undergraduates together, that one sees why the Oxford Set must have welcomed him gladly as a contributor.

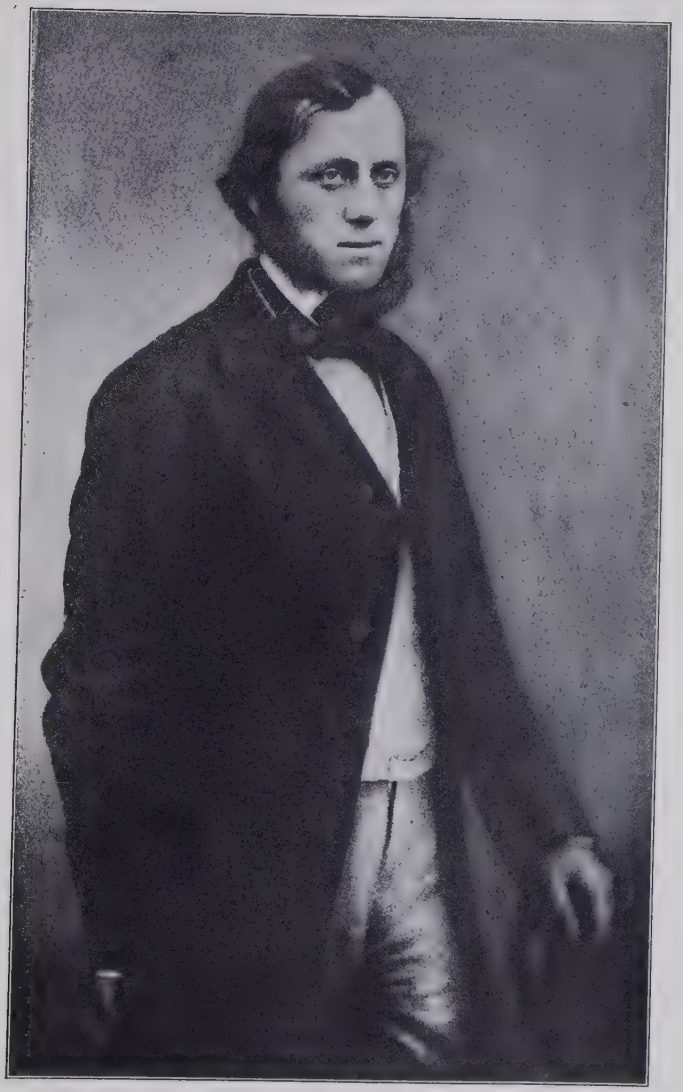
"One of the jolliest men I know in Trinity is Lushington, son of Dr. Lushington (a great man in the Ecclesiastical

Courts). The young Lushington has been a middy for three years, cruising about the Indian Ocean, having *rencontres* with Arabs &c., then he comes to Cambridge and takes up arms against a sea of troubles, classical and mathematical. He is thoroughly frank, open and sailorlike, earnest and enthusiastic, extremely Radical, but not wildly, taking a great deal of interest in all questions of political economy and moral philosophy, an ardent admirer of Plato, Wordsworth, and especially Ruskin."

But in spite of such companionship at Trinity, Heeley kept a longing eye on the life of his old schoolfellows at Oxford. "I wish," he wrote to one of them, "I had fallen into a set as you have, but I know many men and few well. I wish more than ever that I had something in common with other men beyond common fondness for literature and such things."

Morris took a pass degree, and after that began at once to make arrangements for entering the office of Mr. Street the architect, who was then living in Oxford. This was all settled by the beginning of December, to Cormell Price's great comfort, for Edward did not intend to keep residence next term, and life at Oxford without both his chief friends was not to be calmly contemplated.

So far as I can gather, Edward's plan was to go up to London at the beginning of the new year for a visit to his aunt, and then to return to Birmingham and pass the next two or three months quietly at home, reading for honours. It was unknown to him when he came down to spend Christmas with his father that he had in reality left Oxford.



VERNON LUSHINGTON.
Æt. 26.

CHAPTER VIII

ANNUS MIRABILIS
1856

ONE wet morning in January, 1856, Edward found his way to Walpole Street, Chelsea, where the Macdonalds then lived. Whether he intended the call for my brother or whether it had occurred to him that he would see how we all were, I do not know, but that which had been ordained was accomplished and we met again. He was then staying with Mrs. Catherwood, and it is curious to think of all that happened to him during this visit to London having for background her sober little Camberwell house. To its door the post brought the first letter Edward ever received from Ruskin—in answer, I believe, to one that had gone to him with the January number of the Magazine—and the excitement of this event is preserved in some words written to Cormell Price.

"I'm not Ted any longer, I'm not E. C. B. Jones now —I've dropped my personality—I'm a correspondent with RUSKIN, and my future title is 'the man who wrote to Ruskin and got an answer by return.' I can better draw my feelings than describe them, and better symbolise them than either." Beneath is a drawing of himself prostrate on the ground before an aureoled and nimbused presence intended for Ruskin.

On January 9th Miss Price's diary says very simply and truly: "Morris does not like being Editor of the O. and C. Magazine, so gives Fulford £100 a year to be Editor." This arrangement brought Fulford to live in London, where he and Heeley took a lodging together at 20, Montpelier Square, Brompton, that at once became a meeting-place

for any of the Set who might be in town; it is referred to when, soon after his arrival in London, Edward writes to Cormell: "On Tuesday I dined at Brompton; Topsy and Macdonald were there, five of us altogether, like old times." About an article that Cormell was writing for the Magazine he goes on to say: "It is safe to be jolly, for you have worked well at it, and are in love with the subject, which is half the battle."

The same feeling that had impelled him to hunt for a portrait of Tennyson now made him eager to know what the man looked like who had drawn the Maids of Elfenmere and written the Blessed Damozel, and he cast about to find how he might be able to see the face of Rossetti. He has himself described so fully the way in which this was accomplished, that though the story has appeared elsewhere it must be repeated here. The quest also brought him and Vernon Lushington together for the first time. "I had no dream," he says, "of ever knowing Rossetti, but I wanted to look at him, and as I had heard that he taught in the Working Men's College in Great Ormond Street, a little University set up by Denison Maurice, where men skilled in science or history gave lectures and their services of evenings, I went to the College one day to find out how it would be possible that I should set eyes upon him. I was told that there was to be a monthly meeting that very evening in a room connected with the College, and that, for a modest payment, anyone could get admittance, including tea, and hear the addresses on the condition of the College and the advancement of studies which were delivered by the different professors—so without fail I was there, and sat at a table and had thick bread and butter, but knowing no one. But good fellowship was the rule there, that was clear, and a man sitting opposite to me spoke at once to me, introducing himself by the name of Furnivall, and I gave my name and college and my reason for coming. He reached across the table to a kindly-looking man whom he introduced to me as Vernon Lushington, to whom I repeated my reason for coming, and begged him

to tell me when Rossetti entered the room. It seemed that it was doubtful if he would appear at all, that he was constant in his work of teaching drawing at the College, but had no great taste for the nights of addresses and speeches, and as I must have looked downcast at this, Lushington, with a kindness never to be forgotten by me, invited me to go to his rooms in Doctors Commons a few nights afterwards, where Rossetti had promised to come. So I waited a good hour, or more, listening to speeches about the progress of the College, and Maurice, who was president, spoke of Macaulay's new volume, just out, blaming much the attack on George Fox in a true Carlylese spirit, which was very pleasing—and then Lushington whispered to me that Rossetti had come in, and so I saw him for the first time, his face satisfying all my worship, and I listened to addresses no more, but had my fill of looking, only I would not be introduced to him. You may be sure I sent a long letter about all this to Morris at Walthamstow, and on the night appointed, about ten o'clock, I went to Lushington's rooms where was a company of men, some of whom have been friends ever since. I remember Saffi was there, and Rossetti's brother William, and by and bye Rossetti came, and I was taken up to him and had my first fearful talk with him. Browning's 'Men and Women' had just been published a few days before, and someone speaking disrespectfully of that book was rent in pieces at once for his pains, and was dumb for the rest of the evening—so that I saw my hero could be a tyrant and I thought it sat finely upon him. Also another unwary man professed an interest in metaphysics; he also was dealt with firmly.

"Before I left that night Rossetti bade me come to his studio the next day. It was in the last house by Blackfriars Bridge at the North West corner of the bridge, long ago pulled down to make way for the Embankment; and I found him painting at a water colour of a monk copying a mouse in an illumination. The picture was called 'Fra Pace' afterwards.

"He received me very courteously, and asked much

about Morris, one or two of whose poems he knew already, and I think that was our principal subject of talk, for he seemed much interested about him. He shewed me many designs for pictures: they tossed about everywhere in the room; the floor at one end was covered with them, and with books. No books were on the shelves, and I remember long afterwards he once said that books were no use to a painter except to prop up models in difficult positions, and that then they might be very useful. No one seemed to be in attendance upon him. I stayed long and watched him at work, not knowing till many a day afterwards that this was a thing he greatly hated—and when for shame I could stay no longer, I went away, having carefully concealed from him the desire I had to be a painter."

The passage in Edward's Essay on The Newcomes about the Maids of Elfenmere, the Blessed Damozel, and the Story of Chiaro was already known to Rossetti. In a letter to Allingham written shortly after this visit, he says: "That notice in the Oxford and Cambridge Magazine was the most gratifying thing by far that ever happened to me—being unmistakeably genuine. I thought it must be by your old acquaintance Fryer, of Cambridge, he having called on me once about those same things. But it turns out to be by a certain youthful Jones, who was in London the other day, and whom (being known to some of the Working Men's Coll: Council) I have now met. One of the nicest young fellows in—Dreamland. For there most of the writers in that miraculous piece of literature seem to be. Surely this cometh in some wise of the Germ, with which it might bind up." How the writers' hearts would have burned within them had they heard these words.

Edward remained in London till the second week in February, and then on his way home could do nothing less than stop for four or five days with his friends at Oxford. Mr. Price's diary says that on the evening he arrived, the whole set gathered at Morris' rooms in St. Giles's and there was a "delightful Babel." The next morning, Sunday, they all walked together to Summertown, and Edward and Morris

called on MacLaren: a "glorious evening" at Dixon's, then a breakfast "gay, not to say noisy," and one night "Oakley and an Oriel man entranced us by music." Indeed they scarcely separated until, after missing one train, Edward was finally seen off for Birmingham by Cormell between ten and eleven in the evening of St. Valentine's Day. In the midst of all this it is not wonderful that poor little Mrs. Catherwood went short of her accustomed letter, and the national revenue was swelled by one more note of needless woman's anxiety which she posted to Cormell, enquiring whether Edward was ill.

The Easter term found him in Oxford again as he had intended, but the place had done all that it could for him, and he was now so restless that within the first week he gave up the idea of going in for honours and soon afterwards came to the conclusion that it was no use to think of taking even a pass degree until the October term. This decision arrived at, what was there to keep him away from London? His aunt's house was always open to him, and by the 6th of May he was there again. The Royal Academy that year had a wonderful show of pictures: five by Millais, Holman Hunt's "Scapegoat," Wallis' "Chatterton," Arthur Hughes' "April Love," and "Burd Helen," by Windus of Liverpool. Cormell was sent for to come up and see it as soon as possible, and was met by Edward at Paddington Station and rapt away to meet Morris at the Academy before going on to Camberwell. This was the last time that Edward and Cormell stayed there together; for though their affection for the mistress of the house was sincere, it was not possible for them any longer to breathe freely in its atmosphere of small restrictions, where to write a letter on Sunday was a marked thing, to sit on one chair rather than another was to arouse the anxiety of its owner, and Beresford Chapel was always in the background. So in the gentlest manner possible Edward slipped his neck out of the yoke and was very soon settled in rooms of his own.

Morris had been greatly delighted by the picture of

"April Love" and after brooding upon the subject for a few days made up his mind to possess it if possible, but as by that time he had gone back to his work at Oxford, he wrote up to Edward, asking him to see about its purchase. His note is dated Oxford, May 17th: "Will you do me a great favour, viz. go and nobble that picture called 'April Love,' as soon as possible lest anybody else should buy it." This reached Edward on a Saturday evening, and by half past nine on Monday morning he was off to the Academy, fortunately in time to "nobble" the picture, and make Morris happy with the news.

A letter from Edward to his father gives his new London address, 13, Sloane Terrace, Sloane Street, Chelsea, with great clearness, but for the date, May 18th, we are indebted to historical research. After the address the letter runs on: "That's where I live my dear little Pa! and where you'll please to write to me at least once a week. After Crom left I had to go every day to Chelsea to look after lodgings. We wandered, Fulford and I, over Brompton and Chelsea, calling at more houses than I should like to number, through countless, endless streets, and it was not till yesterday about two o'clock that we finally settled to come here. Our requirements were partly against us: first we wanted, and must have, two sitting-rooms, and should prefer two bedrooms—now, out of the 2845 houses we called at, 2374 had only one sitting-room, and of the remainder, 240 only one bedroom; and of the remaining 136 which had two bedrooms and two sitting-rooms, 130 had such dreadful landladies that we positively dared not go—such viragos some of them were, I didn't think womankind really was so appalling. Our present lodgings will do I fancy very well, they are not expensive and not beautiful, but my stay altogether in London will be such a torture as far as care for beautiful objects is concerned, that I am not very particular. Fulford does not join me just at present—he is away from London until to-morrow, and then I expect he leaves for Oxford for about 3 weeks: so I shall be all alone."

The figures, so readily given about the rooms looked at,

remind me that an audacious computation of numbers recklessly random and so fluently written or spoken as at first almost to deceive the elect, grew into a joke well known to Edward's intimate friends, but sometimes startling to others. This was brought home to us the only time I remember Mr. Gladstone coming to the Grange, when Edward told him, as they walked in the garden, that in the branches of a fine old hawthorn growing there, 801,926 birds nightly roosted, and was checked by the interest this statement aroused in his hearer, who courteously enquired, "How many birds did you say?"

To one so accustomed to live in constant exchange of friendly sympathy, solitude was irksome, and in Fulford's absence Edward complained of loneliness: "This is Sunday, and I have not yet seen a face I know, but a little desolation will be the making of one after being accustomed to the contrary for so long." Our door was within half a mile of him, but he never came to see us on Sundays, nor did we as a rule go anywhere on that day except to chapel: I remember thinking it a very bold measure when my brother in vacation time took a walk in the afternoon. This Sunday, May 18th, was probably the only one, however, that Edward spent by himself, for Morris began a pleasant custom of running up from Oxford on Saturdays, bringing with him whatever poems he had made during the week. Often on these Saturday evenings both the friends would go to some play or other with Rossetti, under whose guidance Edward had definitely placed himself and whom he now saw constantly. "But," Edward says, "this embarrassment sometimes happened; that Rossetti would grow sick of the play if it was a silly one, and propose that we should leave at once, which through worship of him we always assented to obediently, though much wanting to know how the story ended. And sometimes we roamed the streets, and sometimes went back to Blackfriars to Gabriel's rooms, and sat till three or four in the morning, reading and talking. Our Sundays were very peaceful days in Sloane Terrace, often spent by Morris in reading aloud the Morte d'Arthur

while I worked, and often Rossetti would join us in the afternoon, and it became clear that he cared to be with us. Then by the first train to Oxford on the Monday morning Morris would go back, so as to reach the office by 10, and I would walk with him through the Park to Paddington."

The house in Sloane Terrace where Edward lodged was almost exactly opposite the chapel of which my father was a minister, and sometimes after service, as the congregation filed out, the eyes of a girl amongst the slowly moving crowd were lifted and saw for a moment his face watching at a window.

One day early in June my mother called me into her room and told me that Edward had been to see my father and herself; and then she went on with what seemed to me to have been written from the beginning of the world, and ended by saying that they left the answer they should give him entirely to my decision. There was no difficulty in her seeing what that was, and we knelt down together to ask for the blessing of God upon it. I was not quite sixteen then. Looking back I feel the deepest respect for my parents because they never discussed with me the "prospects" of my marriage; my father asked Edward no questions about his "position," but, so far as my judgment goes, acted as a minister of the Christian religion should do, seeking nothing but character and leaving the question of fortune altogether on one side. Neither he nor my mother had at this time any idea of Edward's genius, but they liked him very much and trusted him completely; by the young people of the house he was recognized more clearly, and the advent of "Mr. Edward," as the children called him, was of infinite importance to more than one of them. His sweetness of temper endeared him to them at once, and as they came to know him better his endless fun, and the treasures of knowledge that he was ready to share with them in ways proportioned to their understanding, made them adore him. One of the children, a girl of ten when he first entered the family, was very specially beloved by him in return, and to her he talked and wrote in a way

Georgiana Macdonald.
Æt. 16.
From a photograph.

that the difference in their age would have seemed to make impossible.

Morris came up from Oxford to see Edward at this crisis, and in his usual generous way of accepting what a friend had done, called to see me. He brought Turner's Rivers of France in his hand, and I thanked him and he wrote my name in it, but we were not much the nearer for this meeting. The poet who wrote the poem of Guendolen seemed one person and the man I saw before me another—my eyes were holden that I could not yet see.

Mr. MacLaren also, who had waited vainly all through this year of surprises for the completion of the illustrations to his book, gave a fresh proof of friendship for Edward, by coming to our house with kindest messages from his wife and an opal ring for me as a sign that I was to be adopted into the friendship. Seldom, however, has the ring been worn, for superstition, which touched Edward here and there, made him think opals unlucky.

The drawings for the Fairy Family were never finished, but MacLaren's forbearance and generosity about the whole matter never gave way. For a long time Edward persuaded himself and promised his friend that he could go on with the designs, and then he would find it impossible, and disappoint both himself and MacLaren, while in another way the delay was harassing a business firm who were not particularly anxious to publish the illustrations at all, till at last a crisis came in which with dignified regret not untinged by rebuke MacLaren wrote to Edward saying that he had broken off the pending negotiations with Mr. Longman, and felt "simply grateful at being released from a transaction that was becoming altogether intolerable. The MS. is to be revised and returned," he adds, "as much of it was written with a view to pictorial designs accompanying the text, and the drawings I have collected in a portfolio and hold them at your disposal." A glance at these drawings explains everything, for they are the work of two separate people and nothing could have made

them homogeneous. No harm, however, came to friendship from this failure of cherished plans, for MacLaren's frankness proved the truth of

> I was angry with my friend,
> I told my wrath, my wrath did end.

To the shrine of Rossetti at Blackfriars I was led for a short awestruck visit, of which I remember little except that he went on painting while we were there, and that I noticed the sensitive look of his hand as well as the beautiful olive colour of his skin, so different from that of a dark Englishman.

There was no more talk of Edward's going back to Oxford for his degree: Rossetti's encouragement and advice had decided him to give his whole life to Art. He was now close upon twenty-three years of age, a time when painters should have mastered the mechanical part of their craft, and he was only at its beginning: but Rossetti knew with whom he had to deal when he urged him against the Hill Difficulty, and Edward faced it with as few words as possible. His working materials henceforth seemed to become a part of himself, and my instinctive remembrance of him at this time is always with a drawing portfolio under his arm.

Meanwhile Rossetti set about finding some employment for him by which he might be able to live. The first idea that suggested itself was to get for him a commission to draw the wood block for an engraving that was to be made from Windus' picture of "Burd Helen," but before the plan was settled Morris one day shewed Gabriel some of Edward's own original designs, and he then refused to let him copy "Burd Helen." The drawings were probably some of those done for Mr. MacLaren, and were shewn without Edward's knowledge and in his absence, so that when he re-entered the room he was overwhelmed by Gabriel coming up to him and saying as he put his arm round his shoulder, "There are not three men in England, Ned, that could have done these things." Talking about

Rossetti, many a long year after this time, Edward said, "Towards other men's ideas he was decidedly the most generous man I ever knew. No one so threw himself into what other men did—it was part of his enormous imagination. The praises he at first lavished on me, if I had not had a few grains of inborn modesty, would have been enough to turn my head altogether."

Shortly after our engagement he went home to see his father instead of writing to tell him about it, and on a summer evening, at the side of his mother's grave, he opened his own heart and comforted that of the lonely man before bringing him up to see us all. I feel now the injustice which made me regard Mr. Jones at the age of fifty-four as an old man, but that was the impression I received. He was very different in appearance from his son. Edward was, as I have already mentioned, of ample size both in height and breadth, his head large and powerful, his complexion very fair, and his eyes light in colour. His father was short and slight, with a head small even in proportion to his figure, a dark skin, and hair and eyes both black. Still, between the two a subtle likeness in feature and expression occasionally showed itself, and in Edward Richard Jones there were hints of certain qualities which took larger form in his son. There was a romance in his nature which set him quite apart from most of his contemporaries, and an uncommonness that struck all who knew him, and made some dislike him because they saw nothing to excuse it; a kind of innocence, too, which kept him incapable of believing in the mass of the world's wickedness, together with hot prejudices for and against particular things and people. He was one whom no years could ever make really old, and the very last material for a successful tradesman. His disposition was affectionate, but his temper, I have heard, could be quick and fiery—to me he was always gentle. There was much of the old world in his extreme courtesy to women as a rule, but his horror of them if they were overfat or at all masculine was almost ludicrous. As Edward reached maturity his father seemed to abdicate his own

position and to look up to his son in all things; which one of his grandchildren instantly fathomed when she saw a meeting between the two, saying afterwards, "I didn't know which was which, for papa said, 'Well, little chap, how are you?' and grandpapa said, 'Well, old boy!'" Imagination was strong in the father without any artistic power to use it, and both he and his sister, Mrs. Catherwood, were of the highly nervous physical organization which Edward inherited to the full. It must have been from his mother that he received a suavity of nature which laid to rest the irritability generally accompanying this temperament.

I was taken to make Mrs. Catherwood's acquaintance at a kind of half-way house between hers and ours, in the shape of a confectioner's somewhere near Trafalgar Square, where people went to lunch after seeing the Royal Academy—Farrance, I think, was the name—but the part of the meeting I liked best was the walk there through Eaton Square and St. James' Park with Edward, for though she was kind to me such times are always well over. At her own house afterwards I learnt to love her. In August of this year our term at Chelsea ended, but our father's new station was at no greater distance than Marylebone, whither we removed in time for him to be in the pulpit of Hinde Street Chapel on the first Sunday in September. The house prepared for us was No. 17, Beaumont Street, and dark and ugly it was, within and without: yet, as I remember it, I take hope in looking at such dwellings from the thought that they may perhaps shelter young hearts as ardent as ours were then. In August also Mr. Street came up to live in London, accompanied by Morris as his pupil, and his senior clerk, afterwards the architect Philip Webb, with whom Morris had already formed a close friendship. Of course Edward and Morris arranged to live together, and by the time we came to Marylebone they had found rooms at No. 1, Upper Gordon Street, and we all settled down more or less contentedly in our dingy surroundings. A ray of light fell on 17, Beaumont Street, when we found

it was nearly *dos à dos* with a house in Devonshire Place where the Brownings stayed when in London. There Edward was taken by Rossetti one evening to see them, and met also Mr. Charles Eliot Norton of Harvard University, whose friendship was to mean so much for us in future years. A very small flagged backyard was the only playground belonging to our house, and there the youngest children pulled up one of the flags, and with the help of a little earth bought from a florist laboured the black soil until an occasional seed would germinate. The "Beast Gardens" in Regent's Park were within a mile or so from us, but we could not often go to them, and they chiefly remained a centre of imagined marvel, surrounded by the outer ring within whose palings was our country walk.

Edward now went to a Life Class (Lee's in Newman Street) on the evenings that he did not come to us, but he still continued to see a great deal of Rossetti at any hour of the day or night, and everything he saw increased his admiration. "I was sensitive enough," he once said, speaking of this time, "to have suffered a shock to my worship if any jar had come, but I heard and saw none, and felt him perfect."

A letter to his father describes his first seeing Holman Hunt. "A glorious day it has been—a glorious day," he exclaims, "one to be remembered by the side of the most notable ones in my life: for whilst I was painting and Topsy was making drawings in Rossetti's studio, there entered the greatest genius that is on earth alive, William Holman Hunt—such a grand-looking fellow, such a splendour of a man, with a great wiry golden beard, and faithful violet eyes—oh, such a man. And Rossetti sat by him and played with his golden beard passing his paint-brush through the hair of it. And all evening through Rossetti talked most gloriously, such talk as I do not believe any man could talk beside him."

And now Edward began the series of designs and pictures which never ceased as long as he lived. I shall not criticize what he did—I am not the right person to do

that—but it is and always was impossible to think of him separately from the work, which was part of him.

The first design that I remember is the pen-and-ink drawing of "The Waxen Image," which he used to work at on the evenings that he came to our house. It was followed by "The Wise and Foolish Virgins," "Sir Galahad," "Kings' Daughters," "The Marriage of Buondelmonte," "Going to the Battle," and others. These are not named in order of time, but as I see them rise up in memory. He used to spin them out of his mind with unfailing certainty and swiftness, and with such apparent ease that at first I did not know how astonishing it was. Sometimes he would ask one of us to sit or stand to him for a few minutes, and if it was my sister Agnes, there were sure to be passages of fun between them. For a joke had grown up that she, whose features were certainly the most symmetrical in the family, was the plain, homely daughter who needed a little encouragement from time to time to keep her from being quite overwhelmed by a sense of her own deficiencies; and the task of reconciling this view with a request that she would just let him draw her profile, or please take such and such an action for a minute, was only to be achieved by the use of many words. It was a happy moment for us all when he begged her one evening to be good enough to sit for the Witch who tolls the bell in the second scene of "The Waxen Image," and her willingness to do it completed the jest. In those early years he worked constantly thus, in public, and looking back I cannot understand how it was possible, except by the power which I have noticed before as being so marked in him, that of withdrawing into the fastnesses of his own mind and there carrying on a second life. He never had a studio to himself until 1859, and even then he was still interrupted continually by friends whom it was impossible for him to do anything but welcome; indeed it was very long before the absolute necessity of being alone with his work forced itself upon him. In later years we used to know he was often really absent from us whilst pleasantly smiling and answer-

ing our questions, and when occasionally this was proved beyond all doubt by his gently uttering quite wrong words, we would tax him with it and laugh together as he confessed. He had told us of the word "Camels"; with us a passing jest furnished a convention of "The Tower of Babel" for the same purpose. An intelligent and favourite studio servant once brought home to his master a consciousness of this inattention to visible things by saying sympathetically, "Mind elsewhere, sir"—as indeed it often needed to be.

Every book by Ruskin that Edward possessed was brought round to me before breakfast the morning after we were engaged—a royal gift. That morning was the 10th June, 1856, so that the day which had meant so much to us had been the 9th—Dante's own day—and when we remembered this we said we would keep it for our own too, and however long it might be before we were married, our wedding-day should be the 9th of June—which came to pass.

On the eleventh birthday of the little sister of whom I have spoken, Edward took her, as a treat she could quite understand, to see Rossetti, who was very kind to her—talking with her and giving her a proof of Holman Hunt's beautiful etching for the first number of The Germ, with the date of her birth and his name and hers together written underneath it. Morris, too, came to love the child very much, and she used to spend whole days with him and Edward in their studio, furnished by them with pencils and paints, working after her own fashion and eagerly drinking in all they said to her and to each other. Edward in his encouraging way helped her to make two pen-and-ink drawings which he insisted on calling hers; one was of Christ receiving little children and one of the Prince waking the Sleeping Beauty: the figure of the Sleeping Princess is the same type that he used in 1890.

The first book that Edward gave me, even before our engagement, was Fouqué's Minstrel Love, and the next a translation of Rio's Poetry of Christian Art. There is

a pencil list in his own handwriting, made since the death of Morris, where he has put down the names of a few amongst the books and stories that the Set especially liked when they were together—and it is this: "Heir of Redclyffe, Sintram, all Fouqué's books, Dickens, Ruskin, Kingsley (Alton Locke and Hypatia), Carlyle towards the last, and two stories in 'Household Words,' Alice and the Angel and Colonel Quagg's Conversion."

To Morris, soon after we knew him, we owed the priceless treasure of Lane's Arabian Nights, for he gave the one-volume edition of it to my sister Agnes, putting on the fly-leaf: "I write your name in pencil, in case you think it loathly." On the contrary, it entranced her and all of us, so that even the youngest sister would sit by the fireside on her little stool, reading it as long as ever she was allowed, whilst the outer world passed away and her sisters were looked at with dim eyes and addressed as "O daughters of my father." Ruskin's Lectures had reached us from Oxford through my brother Harry. The Seven Lamps was the next wonderful experience, and then on to The Stones of Venice and Modern Painters—much I fear that the common round and daily task were neglected by me in those days through the indulgence of my mother and elder sister.

While we lived in Chelsea I was sent to learn drawing at the Government School of Design, then carried on at Gore House, Kensington, for I had a certain deftness of hand, but I did not learn anything vital. Often on the way back Edward met me with flowers and we walked home together. I had no precise idea of what the profession of an artist meant, but felt that it was well to be amongst those who painted pictures and wrote poetry.

Edward went home for his birthday as usual this year, and whilst there found time to write to my little sister a letter of which this is part.

"Ah, Louie, my little pupil, best and dearest, I was so very glad you wrote to me, it would not have been quite my birthday without some memorial of you: even

upon other days I can't get along so very well without you, and yesterday I should have been less happy certainly. By the bye, Louie, I am only twenty-three—a shocking old fellow I grant you, but not so hopelessly grey-haired as you thought me—no, I hope to be a very different kind of fellow when I am twenty-four, better and cleverer, and in every thing advanced beyond this present: up till now I seem not to have done anybody any good, but when I work hard and paint visions and dreams and symbols for the understanding of people, I shall hold my head up better.

"It is so strange, dear, that this time last year I did not know you. I spent the day with Topsy and Fulford, and I remember we laughed and enjoyed ourselves as well as possible, making all manner of fun out of everything and nothing, as occasion served: and all the time I never dreamed that the circling of another year would alter all my destinies so much: now I love you all more than life.

"I think it very kind of you to have begun Dante, you will not understand him fully yet—at least I cannot—but by and bye we will all learn Italian together, and follow him into the strange lands he visited as well as we may: he is the central poet of Art: for the most part I hate all translations, but I make one exception for Dante—no man dreams so fearfully and beautifully, or loves more intensely. I do so look forward, dear, to the years afterwards, when we shall learn things together (you and Georgie and I)—so much about Art there is to learn and live for. I want to teach you so many things at once—so much history, that your sympathy may grow continually wider, and you may be able to feel and realize past generations of men just as you do the present, sorrowing for them when they failed, and triumphing with them when they prevailed; for I find this one conviction never changing with me but always increasing, that one cannot live a life manfully or truthfully without a very wide world of sympathy and love to exercise it in. So long, I know, as I had no heroes, but all times and generations of the past and

present years were as one dead level of interest or indifference, I then knew nothing truly, nor enjoyed deeply, nor loved strongly, but now that I have set aside my heroes for peculiar reverence—all such as have been highly blessed with Imagination, and have laboured nobly, and fought valiantly, hundreds of them up and down the great centuries—since then I have seen things more truly than ever before."

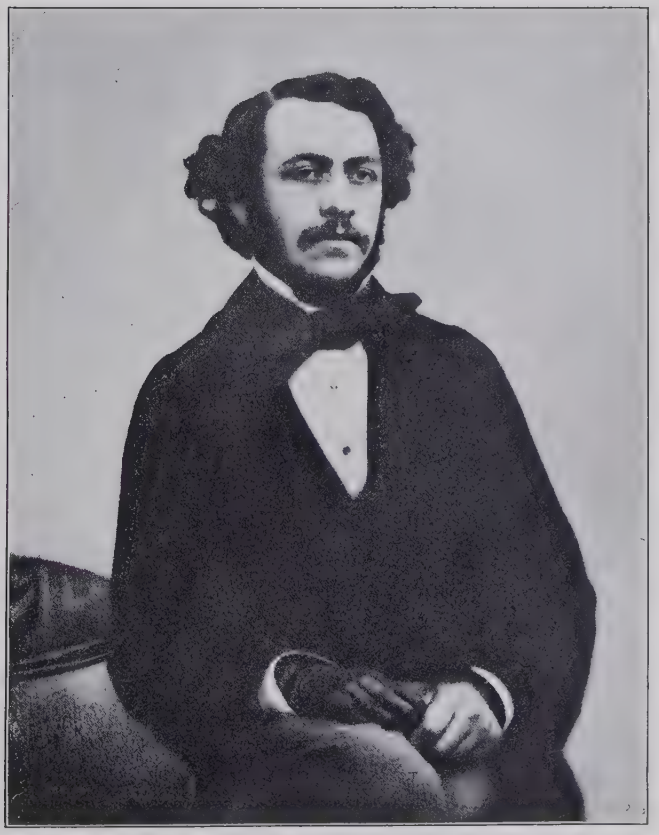
This same happy year Faulkner gained another distinction at Oxford, and the note that took the news to his widowed mother is so true a portrait of himself in its simplicity and modesty that it will tell more of our friend than anything I could hope to say. June 10, 1856, is its date.

"Contrary quite to my expectation, I have obtained a Fellowship at University College. I do not know anything about its value and so on yet; nor can I tell whether I shall be able to come home to-morrow now. Thank God I have succeeded at last. I cannot stay to write any more and methinks these few words are almost enough for a letter."

In October, when he entered his new College, he reviews the time when the Set used to be all together, and comments on it to his mother with affectionate regret: "The number of my old friends begins sadly to diminish up here, each succeeding term, and it does not seem as if I should meet with others of like character. They were men quite unlike the usual kind of University men. I shall never, I hope, lose their friendship."

At the end of the Long Vacation Heeley was married and went out to India. His wife lived in Birmingham and the wedding was made a rallying point for as many of his friends as possible; Edward, Morris, Fulford, Faulkner and Vernon Lushington all met there. Cormell was away, but a letter to him from his own home gives us a moment's glimpse of Morris, Edward and Fulford together again at Spon Lane, as they had been the year before.

"We spent a very happy day on Thursday," says Miss



WILFRED HEELEY.

Margaret Price, "but we always do when your friends are here. I had not seen Morris before; for I was out when he came down last year—I think he is the most splendid fellow! I don't at all wonder at your all loving him so, and his face is really beautiful. Fan thinks he has improved in looks very much lately. I never saw anything like his hair, it is much *greater* than ever it was before, in fact a mass of curls and waves that will soon sweep his shoulders. Edward doesn't look at all well, he is so thin and pale. Fulford was in the most noisy, quizzical humour imaginable, no one could get a word in edgeways for him, and whenever Topsy wanted to say anything he sprang into the middle of the room and flourished his fists till Fulford was silenced. Fulford talked for quite three hours without stopping excepting for Morris' flourishes."

A vision comes back to me now of the last time we saw Wilfred as quite a young man; a cab stopping at the door in Beaumont Street, with him and his bride in it and a mountain of luggage on the top, and all of us who were at home, including Edward, running out into the street to bid them good-bye and Godspeed. Then they drove straight to London Bridge, and so went on to India, and the Mutiny, and a life of happy marriage which lasted six years and then ended in a day with her death from cholera.

The close union of mind between Edward and Morris made Rossetti at this time equally a hero to them both, and their devotion, which was worth having, gave him pleasure. "Morris and Jones have now been some time settled in London," he writes to Allingham, "and are both, I find, wonders after their kind." Edward, at all events, was with him constantly; Morris had to spend part of each day in Mr. Street's office, but before long Gabriel persuaded him to give up architecture and take to painting, saying that if any man had poetry in him he should paint it, that the course of poetry had almost been run, but painting was still an unknown art in England, and that the next Keats ought to be a painter.

He knew that, in comparison with himself and Edward,

Morris was a rich man, and so had no scruples in urging him to take to what might be for some years an unprofitable profession; but for Edward, whose health was delicate and whose means were small, he felt responsibility, and with the true common sense of genius advised him to give up living in furnished rooms, an expensive form of bachelor life, and to seek for unfurnished ones as soon as possible.

He said that he thought some rooms at 17, Red Lion Square, in which he had lived with Walter Deverell in early P. R. B. times, were to be had; so next day they all went to look at them, and before evening they were taken. Gabriel wrote to Allingham that he had been to look at his old quarters and found them all dusty and unused, with an address that either he or Deverell had written on the wall of a bedroom still there after five years, the only sign of life left in the place, "so pale and watery had been all subsequent inmates, not a trace of whom remained." Red Lion Square was dark and dirty, but much more interesting than Upper Gordon Street, where the houses were so exactly like each other that Edward once entered the wrong door without noticing it, and had shouted for dinner and got halfway upstairs before finding his mistake. Morris and Edward had the first floor, on which there were three rooms; a large one in front with the middle window cut up to the ceiling for a painting light, a medium-size room behind this, which Edward had, and a further and smaller one, which was Morris'. Some French people named Fauconnier, who were feather-dressers, were the tenants of the house, and carried on their business below. Here Gabriel often came, and his influence with the two friends constantly increased. A trace of the removal to Red Lion Square at the end of November is found in a letter to a lady whom Edward had met at Heeley's wedding—Miss Charlotte Salt, of Birmingham. Her friendship, extended to me also, has been without shadow of turning from that time to this. He writes: "You see we have removed from Gordon Street—such a hideous nuisance this has been, for my notions of all domestic arrangements are of the most

limited description. I think to see me in the midst of a removal is to behold the most abjectly pitiable sight in nature; books, boxes, boots, bedding, baskets, coats, pictures, armour, hats, easels—tumble and rumble and jumble. After all one must confess there is an unideal side to a painter's life—a remark which has received weight in the fact that the exceedingly respectable housekeeper we got has just turned in upon us in the most unequivocal state of intoxication." And the next day the story goes on in a letter to Miss Sampson: "We are quite settled here now. The rooms are so comfortable, not very furnished at present but they will be soon; when I have time I will make a rough drawing of the place and send it down. Topsy has had some furniture (chairs and table) made after his own design; they are as beautiful as mediaeval work, and when we have painted designs of knights and ladies upon them they will be perfect marvels."

In this same letter he says, "To-day we are to go and see Ruskin," and after their return, "Just come back from being with our hero for four hours—so happy we've been: he is so kind to us, calls us his dear boys and makes us feel like such old old friends. To-night he comes down to our rooms to carry off my drawing and shew it to lots of people; to-morrow night he comes again, and every Thursday night the same—isn't that like a dream? think of knowing Ruskin like an equal and being called his dear boys. Oh! he is so good and kind—better than his books, which are the best books in the world."

This strong personal feeling for Ruskin always lasted: I remember Edward's joy when some one said there was a likeness between them: and surely there must have been at that time, for when first Ruskin called at Red Lion Square he was shewn straight into the room where Edward was with no more introduction than "Your father, sir."

His promise to make a rough drawing of the place was fulfilled, and the half-sheet of notepaper on which it was done has survived the chances of destruction for these forty-eight years. It is a faithful record of the general aspect of

the room, with Edward himself, in caricature likeness, looking with devouring interest at a picture with which Rossetti had glorified one of the chairs that Morris designed. And not only chairs did Gabriel glorify for them, but everything else; for they first knew him when his splendid power was undimmed, so that he raised a lasting standard for them. As long as Edward lived he said that he never did anything without wondering what Gabriel would have thought of it, "whether he would approve it and be pleased with it, or whether he'd say it was rubbish."

All the actual study of painting that Edward did with Rossetti was a few mornings' work in his studio, but what he learnt from him was far more than painting. "He taught me to have no fear or shame of my own ideas, to design perpetually, to seek no popularity, to be altogether myself—and this not in any words I can remember, but in the tenor of his conversation always and in the spirit of everything he said. I remember that he discouraged me from study of the antique—the classical antique—giving as his reason that such study came too early in a man's life and was apt to crush out his individuality; adding that when a man had once found his own style and was much older and could front the fear of being crushed, a year or so given to such study would be an excellent thing. So what I chiefly gained from him was not to be afraid of myself, but to do the thing I liked most: but in those first years I never wanted to think but as he thought, and all he did and said fitted me through and through. He never harangued or persuaded, but had a gift of saying things authoritatively and not as the Scribes, such as I have never heard in any man. And mingled with this a humour that lightened his words of all heaviness so that I went from him cheerful and solemn. As I walked with him in the streets I wondered what the crowd were so busy about that it could not stop to look at him. In the miserable ending years I never forgot this image of him in his prime, and upbraided any fate that could change him." At another time Edward said: "I never knew anything

that could encourage the superstition that some people have, that the gods are jealous of the possible achievements of great men, as much as in Rossetti's case. Everything was ready for the making of a glorious creature—the perfect hunger for romance that was spread abroad in the world at the time when he came into it, the mingling of blood in him, his own admiration and discrimination for all that was splendid; his surroundings and the things he was brought up among; the people of all sorts of cultivation that he must have known from his earliest days—never was anyone so started, so ready for a great career."

From this society, however, Edward and Morris used to tear themselves away sometimes on a Saturday afternoon, and run down to Oxford to spend a few hours with their friends, "carrying with them the banner of Art and Revolt." They found the diminished Brotherhood hard at work reading for the Schools, but did not scruple to disturb them by urging them all to become painters, and for a short time Dixon, especially after he had seen Rossetti, declared that he was going to be one.

Mr. Price's diary of Saturday, October 25th, mentions one of these visits. "Ted and Topsy up. To Maclaren's; singlestick with Top. With them before and after hall at Dixon's—then on to Adams' who gave us music. What a difference their coming makes!"

At an early date in his friendship with them Gabriel took Morris and Edward to see Madox Brown, who then lived at 13, Fortess Terrace, Kentish Town, and they were much impressed by him; he, on his side, received them kindly, and his friendship was a great addition to their lives in those first years.

Morris took to wood-carving at intervals, and I can still see in my mind's eye the long, folded white evening tie which he nailed in loops against his bedroom wall in order to hold his tools. He and Edward were well settled in their new home by Christmas, but Edward went down to Birmingham then, according to faithful custom, and dined with his father at Spon Lane on Christmas Day. This is

Miss Price's verdict about his appearance: "Edward is much altered. He wears his hair so long and is not so neat as he used to be. He looks an artist."

The domestic troubles of Red Lion Square, mentioned to Miss Salt, disappeared together with the exceedingly respectable housekeeper who caused them. She was replaced by one who was known always amongst us as "Red Lion Mary."

The year of 1856 that looks so fair in memory seemed equally beautiful to us in reality. Recalling it long after youth was past, Edward deliberately wrote: "There was a year in which I think it never rained nor clouded, but was blue summer from Christmas to Christmas, and London streets glittered, and it was always morning, and the air sweet and full of bells."

CHAPTER IX

NEW LOVE, NEW LIFE
1857-1858

THE prelude year was over, but still Edward began the next one under his father's roof. Whilst there he wrote to my younger sisters a letter which has in it some of the lambent fun that brightened everyday life for all who had to do with him.

"I am sure you will both of you be very shocked and grieved to hear that the state of my health will compel me to leave home for a change of air almost immediately: I am recommended to try London, and accordingly on Tuesday I leave the bosom of my family. If I find London agree with me it is very probable that I shall stay some time there, in which case I shall most certainly do myself the pleasure of calling upon you, at least once during my stay. I understand the neighbourhood of Mary-le-bone is suitable to invalids in my condition; so on Wednesday morning you may expect me in a very emaciated state.

"Thank you for those two dear little letters you wrote me. One of them certainly wasn't sent, but then it was purposed, and we mustn't be hard upon each other, must we? I'm sure Heaven is paved in mosaics of good actions and good intentions together like serpentine and porphyry, and that the other place—unnameable in our company—has nothing whatever in the world to do with it. So, Agnes dear, I feel very thankful that you even intended to write to me."

In March Edward received his first commission, and a letter to Miss Salt soon afterwards says that it is for two

pictures and gives a description of what he intended them to be.

"I have chosen The Blessed Damozel for my year's work. In the first picture I shall make a man walking in the street of a great city, full of all kinds of happy life; children, such as he will never have, and lovers walking, and ladies leaning from windows all down great lengths of street leading to the city walls; and there the gates are wide open, letting in a space of green field and cornfield in harvest; and all round his head a great rain of swirling Autumn leaves blowing from a little walled graveyard.

"And in the other picture I shall make lovely Heaven, where the lady stands at the edge of the garden and leans over, trying to count a thick flight of little souls in bright flames, and the garden of Heaven full of all flowers on every side of her and of lovers who have met again. Oh dear, I daresay it will turn out something awful."

He describes Browning's poetry to her also. "You won't at first like him much perhaps, he is too different from anyone else to be liked at first sight by most, but he is the deepest and intensest of all poets—writes lower down in the dark heart of things—rises up to the seemingly clear surface less often. Oh, how ten lines of him help one. 'Paracelsus' and 'The Soul's Tragedy,' and 'King Victor' and the 'Unknown Painter,' and the fifty men and women that follow, all sung out as if old Browning sat continually at the roots of human life and saw all things."

In this same letter there is a remarkable expression of self-confidence, where, after mentioning Ruskin with enthusiasm and saying "his noble words used to make me shake and tremble," he suddenly adds: "One seems to want no guide now, but to flow down with the course of great spirits new and old and understand them without an interpreter."

Of the two designs from the Blessed Damozel I know nothing further than that Edward was studying apple-blossom for one of them in the spring of this year and the next. Mr. Plint, a Leeds manufacturer, was the gentleman

who had commissioned them, and he was kind and patient, always ready to agree that an artist should choose his own subject and carry it out in his own way, and, as far as possible, at his own time. "Please let me hear if you have any subjects in your mind and heart," he writes, "and what would be your ideas as to terms, and I will meet your views if possible. I have a fancy for a Scripture Subject, but you must have one you can delight in yourself. Let me have your best work and thoughts and the subject I leave to you." He was a business man, but had an unexpected habit of wishing to pay for pictures before they were begun, and sometimes used to send his payments in a way that hopelessly bewildered Edward—who had no banking account—namely by handing on to him numbers of small cheques for odd sums that he himself had received from various people, and in one instance I find that Edward returned them in despair: for his only idea of money was coin of the realm, and his notion of keeping it safely was to "put it into a box and sit upon it."

Rossetti had introduced Edward to Mr. Plint, who was one of his own not too numerous patrons. Madox Brown records an action of the same kind done to himself by Gabriel in the previous year: "Never," he says, "did fellow, I think, so bestir himself for a rival before." Besides pictures Edward now began making cartoons for stained glass, and has himself written down the names of five that he coloured and finished in 1857. Many designs too he made that were not carried out, and some pictures were begun that he never completed, but the habit of constant designing was formed and the quantity of work produced, finished and unfinished, was large.

A day of April in this year is fixed in memory by his taking me to Millais' studio in Langham Place to see the picture of "Sir Isumbras," and by an unexpected vision we had there of the painter himself. He was not supposed to be at home, but for some reason or other looked into the room—perhaps in search of a friend—and for a moment we saw his head at the door. His glance did not seem to re-

cognize any one, but while it passed quickly over the people who were there I noticed the gleam of his clear eyes beneath a white forehead, his crest of curling hair, and the noble cast of his features.

Directly after this came two happy months when Edward went with my elder sister and me to Birmingham, where we stayed chiefly with our friends the Salts and he spent as much of the time as he could at his father's house, working on various designs.

The apple-blossom for the background of his picture of "The Blessed Damozel" he sought for in Warwickshire and Worcestershire orchards, but when found, the bitter wind of an English May blew it all to the ground before it could be painted.

He took us to his own home, where I made the acquaintance of Miss Sampson, and dimly perceived what became clearer to me afterwards, that an angel from heaven would have been unworthy in her eyes to occupy the position I then did. Her devotion to Edward, however, and the spirit of hospitality that reigned in the little house, controlled the flames of jealousy. In those days he used to make a little ceremony of always getting up from table to pour out the water that I drank, pretending that it must be done from a height so as to sparkle in the glass and be drunk with the foam on it. This was almost more than Miss Sampson could bear, and one day I heard "My patience!" ejaculated under her breath, as if the end of all things was at hand should such folly continue.

I recollect how destitute the house was of any visible thing that could appeal to imagination; chairs, carpets, tables and table furniture each duller and more commonplace than the other. The only objects I saw within those walls that had a touch of humanity in them were some framed pieces of needlework that looked like windows into another world, because it seemed as if some one had been interested and amused in their making. Amongst them were two animals—one a lion with a face like a man, with a handsome aquiline nose—the other, I believe, a tiger: also a

smaller and finer piece, of a girl mourning at a tomb, with a pendant which I forget. Over the mantelpiece and above a hard-featured square clock was a picture of the church and churchyard of Snaith in Yorkshire which bristled with gravestones as if it had been a city cemetery. Miss Sampson told us that these were the tombs of her relatives, represented there as all together in order that the drawing might be kept within reasonable dimensions. Some pieces of old blue china, and the remnants of a Worcester dinner service copied from an Oriental pattern, together with a Sheffield-plated teapot and cream-jug of elegant design, were the only articles of household use that I remember as not actually ugly. Mr. Jones himself seemed to care nothing for outside things unless they were connected in some way with his "dear girl," as he named the wife who never grew old.

At breakfast, the first morning we were there, the door opened and Tom the cat came in; but, alas, his prime was over, for though he opened his mouth wide with the intention of mewing a salutation, there came no sound at all until it had almost closed again, and then merely a croak. Still, he lived on for some years more, and it was a sad day when news came to us that a strange dog had leapt over the fence and killed poor Tom when quietly walking in his own kitchen-garden.

I was taken to see the Caswells, but have only a dim recollection of a small house with a large garden and a kind little old lady's welcome; of Mr. Caswell nothing lingers in my mind. I learnt afterwards that he was deeply disappointed with Edward's view of art, had looked for him to be "a great historical painter," considered the influence of Ruskin fatal, and gave up all hope when he saw "The Merciful Knight."

It was arranged that on our way back from Birmingham to London we should stop at Oxford and pay a short visit to the MacLarens. We fixed our first anniversary of the 9th of June as the day on which we would go, and Edward should take us first to see "The Light of the World" at

Mr. Combe's house. Miss Charlotte Salt and her sister were persuaded to accompany us for the day, and Edward insisted at the last moment on kidnapping his father, who had met us at the railway station to say good-bye, so that the band of pilgrims counted six when they stood before the picture.

We found Morris painting a tree in MacLaren's beautiful garden with such energy that it was long before the grass grew again on the spot where his chair had stood. Most of the Set were in Oxford, but in spite of good company and summer weather on the river and fields Edward returned to his work in town, and our brother brought us up to London at the end of term.

This was the year of the beautiful little exhibition of Pre-Raphaelite pictures in Russell Place, Fitzroy Square, during the month of June, and to it Edward took me as soon as possible. The illustrated Tennyson was an excitement, but a very mixed pleasure, for he hated some of the pictures in it as much as he loved others, and the whole appearance of the book was far removed from his desire. One day in 1896, when talking of wood-engraving with reference to the Kelmscott Chaucer, he took out our old copy of the Tennyson and turned it about and mused over it. "As a book," he said, "it 's nothing. There was no command over the type and printing such as Mr. Morris has, and there were so many hands engaged on the pictures as to make it impossible as a book." When he came to Millais' "St. Agnes" he stopped, all his old admiration unchanged. "Look at her little breath," he said, "the snow and everything—that 's Millais at his best."

He told us what Rossetti suffered over the cutting of his designs, and the rage he fell into when a block about a sixteenth of an inch too short was sent him for his drawing of "St. Cecilia," in the Palace of Art, and how when some one who was by asked, could such a little space as that matter, he cried out, "Good God! what do you mean by that? I could get a whole city in there!"

Edward was now deep in his Paradise picture: "I have

been so busy all the week," he writes, "starting at half-past eight every morning, going ten miles, and painting till evening, when I get back so awfully knocked up." It was a cherry-tree in Mrs. Morris' garden at Leyton that he was painting.

Lilies for his picture he found much nearer home, namely, in the garden of Red Lion Square, wonderful as that sounds. These lilies are mentioned in a letter to Rossetti written at the end of June, where he also refers to an intended visit of Rossetti to Oxford, a visit that altered the disposition of Edward's time for months to come and that of Morris' whole life.

"I'm awfully sorry not to be able to go with you to-morrow to Oxford—on Sunday last I felt quite sure I should be able to leave town, but I could not now for two or three reasons. 1° Topsy comes from there to-morrow and I want to see him. 2° I have a friend staying with me, just arrived, and I can't well leave him. 3° I'm painting some lilies which are going, and keep me from doing the same, so I feel sure I ought not to go this week. I am very sorry, for it would have been most jolly—I could manage it well in a fortnight if that is not too late for you."

It was not Edward, however, but Morris who was at Oxford with Gabriel on the eventful visit when he conceived the idea of painting the walls of the Union. The Notes say: "When Rossetti and Morris came back they were full of a scheme, and I was to put everything aside and help it. Woodward had just built a new debating room for the University, and there were large bays above the gallery that ran round the room, hungry to be filled with pictures—Gabriel equally hungry to fill them, and the pictures were to be from the Morte d'Arthur, so willed our master."

This meant for Edward the putting aside of his picture of "The Blessed Damozel" and the giving up of an intended visit to the Art Treasures Exhibition at Manchester.

In the course of the Long Vacation, Rossetti enlisted also Arthur Hughes, Hungerford Pollen, Spencer Stan-

hope, Valentine Prinsep, and Alexander Munro the sculptor, to join in the scheme, and the time they all spent together was one never to be forgotten.

Mr. Prinsep clearly recalls the day that Gabriel came out to Little Holland House, and by the power of his personality made him promise to "join him and some other fellows in decorating the Union at Oxford." The young artist of course felt flattered by the invitation, but he says: "I had not studied with Watts without being well aware of my own deficiencies in drawing—so I told Rossetti that I did not feel strong enough to undertake such work. 'Nonsense,' answered Rossetti confidently, 'there 's a man I know who has never painted anything—his name is Morris—he has undertaken one of the panels and he will do something very good you may depend—so you had better come!' Rossetti was so friendly and confident that I consented and joined the band at Oxford."

In a letter written home one Sunday in July, Edward says how much he should have liked to be with his father at Spon Lane that day, "but instead of that I am going with Rossetti to be introduced to a lot of swells who'll frighten me to death and make me keep close to his side all the time." Long afterwards, in one of his moods of reminiscence, he wrote about this, his first visit to Little Holland House, and how Rossetti prepared him for it and for the sight of Watts, who then lived with the Prinseps.

"One day Gabriel took me out in a cab—it was a day he was rich and so we went in a hansom, and we drove and drove until I thought we should arrive at the setting sun—and he said, 'You must know these people, Ned; they are remarkable people: you will see a painter there, he paints a queer sort of pictures about God and Creation.' So it was he took me to Little Holland House."

Mr. Prinsep also remembers their visit and says: "This time Rossetti was accompanied by a younger man, who he declared was the greatest genius of the age—a shy, fair young man, with mild grey-blue eyes and straight light hair which was apt to straggle over his well-developed

forehead—who spoke in an earnest impressive manner when he did speak, which was not often. On this, his first visit to my father's house, he did not impress me much; but then, as I said, he was almost painfully shy and my mind was filled with Rossetti. It was Burne-Jones, or as Rossetti and all of us called him, 'Ned Jones.'"

Edward never forgot the reception of Mrs. Prinsep, who, perceiving that he was in a strange world, both sheltered and took notice of him. Before he had seen her many times she was "Aunt Sara" to him, Mr. Prinsep, senior, was "Uncle Thoby," and he fell under the spell of the house as many another did.

By the middle of August the work at the Union was well begun, and the painters then hoped that it would be finished in about six weeks—that is, by the end of the Long Vacation—but it lasted till the spring of the following year. The difficulties they found were great, for the preparation of the surface to be decorated had not been considered, and each bay also was pierced by two windows which dazzled the sight and made anything painted on the wall-space between them almost invisible. The building is described in the Notes as being so new that the mortar was hardly dry, and the rough brickwork was only white-washed over. "The walls were not quite flat and had a ridge in them over which we had to train a face, if a face happened to come there; but we began with enthusiasm, and repented, if we repented, afterwards. At any rate we had no misgivings, and when Gabriel willed a thing it had to be done."

At first Rossetti, Edward and Morris were alone, and they lodged together at 87, High Street, a pleasant old house opposite Queen's College, but later on, when the October term began, they moved to another house in George Street.

All the artists had promised to give their work, but the members of the Union were to pay the cost of their lodging and the materials used, both sides to this bargain being quite ignorant what this cost was likely to be; "and I am

afraid," says Edward, "that as the task lasted so long, our gift did not turn out to be such a generous one as we meant: indeed natural complainings were made, and our gift underwent public criticism in the debating room, but Bowen was then Treasurer, and stood up for us and saved us from all inconvenience. He was much beloved by us—a courteous and delightful fellow and always regarded in the University as a man of exceptional promise—whom Rossetti loved at once.

"Morris began his picture first and finished it first, and then, his hands being free, he set to work upon the roof, making in a day a design for it which was a wonder to us for its originality and fitness, for he had never before designed anything of the kind, nor, I suppose, seen any ancient work to guide him. Indeed, all his life, he hated the copying of ancient work as unfair to the old and stupid for the present, only good for inspiration and hope. All the autumn through he worked upon the roof high above our heads, and Faulkner, in afternoons, when his work was over at University, would come to help, having always clever hands for drawing."

On Mr. Prinsep's first arrival at Oxford, there is a legend that he said to his cabman, "Drive me to the Union," and found himself quickly at the doors of the workhouse. His account of dining with Rossetti that first evening is very vivid.

"I was, of course, proud to accept the invitation," he says, "so at the hour mentioned I was punctually at the house. There I found Rossetti in a plum-coloured frock-coat, and a short square man with spectacles and a vast mop of dark hair. I was cordially received. 'Top,' cried Rossetti, 'let me introduce Val Prinsep.'

"'Glad, I'm sure,' answered the man in spectacles, nodding his head, and then he resumed his reading of a large quarto. This was William Morris. Soon after, the door opened, and before it was half opened in glided Burne-Jones. 'Ned,' said Rossetti, who had been absently humming to himself, 'I think you know Prinsep.' The shy

figure darted forward, the shy face lit up, and I was received with the kindly effusion which was natural to him.

"When dinner was over, Rossetti, humming to himself as was his wont, rose from the table and proceeded to curl himself up on the sofa. 'Top,' he said, 'read us one of your grinds.' 'No, Gabriel,' answered Morris, 'you have heard them all.' 'Never mind,' said Rossetti, 'here's Prinsep who has never heard them, and besides, they are devilish good.' 'Very well, old chap,' growled Morris, and having got his book he began to read in a sing-song chant some of the poems afterwards published in his first volume. All the time, he was jiggling about nervously with his watch chain. I was then a very young man and my experience of life was therefore limited, but the effect produced on my mind was so strong that to this day, forty years after, I can still recall the scene: Rossetti on the sofa with large melancholy eyes fixed on Morris, the poet at the table reading and ever fidgetting with his watch chain, and Burne-Jones working at a pen-and-ink drawing.

> Gold on her head, and gold on her feet,
> And gold where the hems of her kirtle meet,
> And a golden girdle round my sweet;
> *Ah! qu'elle est belle La Marguerite.*

still seems to haunt me, and this other stanza:

> Swerve to the left, son Roger, he said,
> When you catch his eyes through the helmet slit,
> Swerve to the left, then out at his head,
> And the Lord God give you joy of it!

I confess I returned to the Mitre with my brain in a whirl."

Mr. Prinsep says that the windows in the spaces they were painting were whitened in order to tone the light, and that the whitened glass was covered all over with sketches, chiefly of wombats. "Do you know the wombat at the Zoo?" asked Rossetti; "a delightful creature—the most comical little beast." He was drawn by Edward in endless different positions and situations, and Rossetti's

admiration led him years afterwards to buy a live one and try to make it happy at Cheyne Walk.

"What fun we had in that Union! What jokes! What roars of laughter!" writes Mr. Prinsep. His own splendid health and spirits contributed to this. Here is a portrait of him by a man who first saw him at that time: "Six foot one, 15 stone, not fat, well built—hair like finest wire, short, soft, fluffy, curly and seamless—age only 19." His strength was wonderful; Edward always liked to remember being picked up by him and quickly carried under one arm up a ladder to the gallery where they painted.

Round the artists who lived in the George Street house gathered what remained of the old set of 1855, as well as other men who had since joined it. Birkbeck Hill was one of these, and "Swinburne of Balliol," as Mr. Price's Diary calls him, having been introduced by Mr. Hatch, soon became such a devoted friend, and so worshipping a disciple of Rossetti's, that Edward says, "Now we were four in company and not three."

Gabriel's picture was "Launcelot's Dream of the San Graal," Edward's was "Nimuë luring Merlin," and Morris chose "Sir Palomides watching Tristram and Iseult." "If we needed models we sat to each other," say the Notes, "and Morris had a head always fit for Lancelot or Tristram." Gabriel drew the figure of the sleeping Launcelot from Edward. The picture was never completed, but the part that he did finish Edward always thought represented

the highest character of Rossetti's work. Who else in the world could have designed the Guenevere who stands in the branches of the Tree of Temptation with the apple in her hand, hiding the vision of the Graal from her lover?

Rossetti had often to go back to London for a few days at a time because of the pressure of other work, and was also much distracted in mind owing to the illness of Miss Siddal, to whom he had long been engaged, so that his picture could not move quickly, but whilst he remained in Oxford he was the leader and inspirer of all his company. "Rossetti was the planet round which we revolved," says Mr. Prinsep; "we copied his very way of speaking. All beautiful women were 'stunners' with us. Wombats were the most delightful of God's creatures. Mediaevalism was our *beau idéal* and we sank our own individuality in the strong personality of our adored Gabriel." There is a letter of Edward's written at this time which distinctly reflects Gabriel's handwriting, but no one could reproduce the peculiar charm of his voice with its sonorous roll and beautiful cadences.

Mr. Spencer Stanhope, whose friendship with Edward says dates from these days, writes: "As time went on I found myself more and more attracted to Ned; the spaces we were decorating were next to each other, and this brought me closely into contact with him. In spite of his high spirits and fun he devoted himself more thoroughly to his work than any of the others with the exception of Morris; he appeared unable to leave his picture as long as he thought he could improve it, and as I was behindhand with mine we had the place all to ourselves for some weeks after the rest had gone. Another thing I noted about him was that, in spite of his love of fun and frolic, he seemed absolutely indifferent to everything in the way of athletic games or exercises."

A bear-fight was the nearest approach Edward ever made to these, and it was surprising how much muscular strength he shewed when it came to a steady, pushing, silent wrestle with a brother bear: practical jokes too never

LANCELOT'S DREAM OF THE SAN GRAAL.

Sketch by D. G. Rossetti for a portion of his design for the decoration of the Oxford Union.

lost their charm for him, and they and their swift retribution made much of the day's fun. "Rossetti and Ned were for ever drawing caricatures of Morris, who most good-naturedly joined in the laugh," says Mr. Prinsep, and some of these caricatures found their way to us girls in London.

"The little tracings I have enclosed," Edward writes to my sister Agnes, "are accurately copied from designs which have created the greatest sensation in our limited circle. Others exist of the same subject variously treated, but of too colossal a size to trace comfortably and send you, but these I think you will enjoy (you will see them better if you lay them on white paper). The Topsy Cartoons. No. 1. Portrait of Topsy in usual attitude and expression. He is in the act of requesting Davis to put more size in the colour—his dearest friends alone can tell how truly this represents the forcible and energetic manner which characterises that unnaturally and unnecessarily curly being. The subject is broadly handled, especially about the chief figure—there is a world of satire about the sunflowers at the back. Davis is exact.

"No. 2. Topsy at the age of 24, in the act of suddenly noticing of his own accord what has long been patent to surrounding humanity, that he is growing fat—stout—corpulent. This design is called 'The Discovery' after the sentiment it expresses—your attention is drawn to the hands.

"No. 3 is the triumphant reply of the Great Master to the fallacious assertion on the part of Topsy that the sole resemblance of these and similar cartoons to himself lay in the hair—and that he would go to-morrow and get it cut. No. 3 is the answer. It represents Topsy in his usual action with watch-chain, and closely shorn. The other night Rossetti made a magnificent group—Ruskin, himself, Top and me, oh so exact—I screamed with delight."

In the same letter there is also the following description of a scene which makes one feel how young they all were together.

"I have from now till breakfast to write to you in, and I have no idea what *now* is, for after the most elaborate directions for being called early, which were strictly attended to, I turned over and dozed away like a pig, and now I expect every moment my usual morning tormentors, Rossetti and Pollen, who come at about 8 o'clock to insult me —laugh at me, my dear—point the finger of scorn at me, address me by opprobrious names and finally tear blankets and counterpanes and mattresses and all the other things that cover me, from my enfeebled grasp, and so leave me, to do the same to Topsy. I've done them this time; when they come in presently with no knocking at the door, they will see Virtue asserted in the form of a bold and upright figure at the dressing-table, who will slowly turn upon them a look of calm but significant defiance with one eye, while with the other he expresses similar feelings by a contumelious wink."

An occasional drawback to the happiness of the painters in this improvised Bohemia was the recognition of their presence in Oxford by various polite invitations to dinner, for after their day's work at the Union the men wanted nothing so much as to meet again at George Street in the evening, where they could smoke, talk altogether or not at all, read aloud or play whist, just as they chose.

Mr. Prinsep tells a story of an evening when they were honoured by an invitation to dine at Christ Church, which Edward, "being shy," declined, but Rossetti, Morris and Prinsep accepted. "The preparation for the dinner created some bustle. Morris found he had no dress clothes with him, at which Rossetti was indignant. 'You should always have dress clothes with you,' he said, 'Top, it 's disgraceful of you.' However, Hughes had some, and although he was taller than Morris and rather thin, it was agreed that the clothes must do. But Morris was so long dressing that Rossetti having attired himself and having waited some time in his top coat declared he would wait no longer, and off we started. Before we reached Christ Church we heard the sound of Morris' footsteps and he overtook us.

"'What do you mean turning up like that?' cried Rossetti furiously, 'look at your hair!' There sure enough, on Morris' dark mop was a dab of blue paint, the relic of his day's work. 'Well, Gabriel,' answered Morris meekly, 'I'll go to Charley Faulkner's and get it off.' And so he did.

"When we arrived at Christ Church and took off our overcoats, I was amused to find that Gabriel, though he had been so particular about evening dress, had finished his own attire by absently putting on the old plum-coloured frock-coat he wore daily, which was itself not free from paint. I, however, discreetly said nothing, nor do I think he ever found out his mistake or I fancy we should have heard of it."

Edward's recollection of these disturbed evenings was not less vivid than Mr. Prinsep's:

"When we were happily together at meals a message would often come, and one of us was summoned, as if the lot of Death had fallen upon him, and he had to wash and dress and go to that house of Fate. If we had warning that such a thing was to be, we were all suddenly ill. Sometimes we had no warning, and we went—one or other of us—full of silent lamentation. One autumn evening Gabriel and I were alone, and our dinner was coming in and we were chatting together—and he to me was as Pope and Emperor—it was so nice, for when he loved man or woman they knew it and it was happy; and it was just then that a note came from —— to say that he would come in a few minutes to fetch us to dine to meet this and that.

"We never met this and that; we never dined at all that night; for an idea had come to Gabriel, and he rang the bell and asked the man when the next train started for London, and a cab was got and we were in the train for Euston when —— came. It was ten o'clock when we got to Euston Hotel, and we had tea or something and went to bed, and were called again at six, and were back in Oxford by nine and at work again—and it was all his idea, and I thought, 'this man could lead armies and destroy empires if he liked; how good it is to be with him.'"

Other interruptions the workers had of a more welcome kind, when Ruskin or Madox Brown came down from London to look at what they were doing. There is a reflection of Ruskin's visit in a letter of mine written to Miss Charlotte Salt at the beginning of November, where it says, "Edward is still at Oxford, painting away busily," and adds that Ruskin had been down there the week before and pronounced Rossetti's picture to be "the finest piece of colour in the world." Then—under seal of secrecy—I whisper that "he chooses Edward's next to Rossetti's." About ten days later another letter breathes in awe-stricken distress the fact that Miss Siddal is "ill again." The news had reached me through Edward, who had never even seen her, but so lived in Gabriel's life at that time as not only to share any trouble that Gabriel had, but also to impress real sadness for it upon another.

In Mr. Price's diary of November 14th, there is the following entry: "Rossetti unhappily called away through Miss Siddal's illness at Matlock"; and that was the end of the Oxford companionship, for he did not return.

By this date Morris had completed his work on the roof of the Union as well as his picture on the wall; "having," as the Notes say, "from first to last the faculty of carrying on his work and pushing it through, working his best and trying for no better than he could do at the time, leaving advance for the next work."

It was in the last days of the Long Vacation that Morris first saw Miss Jane Burden, who afterwards became his wife. She had been born and brought up in Oxford, and her beauty was of so rare and distinguished a type that one would have thought it impossible for Morris to have missed seeing her face during the time he was at College: but fate reserved the meeting until now, when, as it is said, "by chance" being at the theatre with Gabriel, Edward, and Hughes one evening, he saw her in a box above them, and so the story began. A pen-and-ink drawing of her by Rossetti (the one now in the Dublin National Gallery) was brought by Edward to Beaumont Street for us to marvel

Miss Jane Burden.

at, and future acquaintance with the original proved to us that it was a faithful portrait as well as a beautiful work of art. Morris' portrait of her also in his poem of Beata Mea Domina was equally true.

I wish it were possible to explain the impression made upon me as a young girl whose experience so far had been quite remote from art, by sudden and close intercourse with those to whom it was the breath of life. The only approach I can make to describing it is by saying that I felt in the presence of a new religion. Their love of beauty did not seem to me unbalanced, but as if it included the whole world and raised the point from which they regarded everything. Human beauty especially was in a way sacred to them, I thought; and of this I received confirmation quite lately from a lady whom I had not seen for many years, and who had been in her youth an object of wild enthusiasm and admiration to Rossetti, Morris and Edward. She and I sat and talked for an hour about them and the days when we were all young, and I found that she kept the same feeling that I do about that time—that the men were as good as they were gifted, and unlike any others that we knew. She had lost sight of them long ago and lived abroad and seen many people since then, but her regard for the young artists she remembered was still fresh and she loved to dwell on their memory. "I never saw such men," she said; "it was being in a new world to be with them. I sat to them and was there with them, and they were different to everyone else I ever saw. And I was a holy thing to them—I was a holy thing to them."

The life in Red Lion Square was a very happy one in its freedom. Red Lion Mary's originality all but equalled that of the young men, and she understood them and their ways thoroughly. Their rough and ready hospitality was seconded by her with unfailing good temper; she cheerfully spread mattresses on the floor for friends who stayed there, and when the mattresses came to an end it was said that she built up beds with boots and portmanteaus. Cleanliness, beyond the limits of the tub, was impossible in Red Lion

Square, and hers was not a nature to dash itself against impossibilities, so the subject was pretty much ignored, but she was ready to fulfil any mission or do anything for them at a moment's notice, which was much more important. Never did she dishonour their bills. "Mary!" cried Edward one evening when ordering breakfast overnight for Rossetti, who was staying with them, "let us have quarts of hot coffee, pyramids of toast, and multitudinous quantities of milk"; which to her meant all he intended. "Dear Mary," wrote Rossetti, "please go and smash a brute in Red Lion Passage to-morrow. He had to send a big book, a scrapbook, to Master Crabb, 34, Westbourne Place, Eaton Square, and he hasn't done it. I don't know his name but his shop is dirty and full of account books. This book was ordered ten days ago, and was to have been sent home the next day AND WAS PAID FOR—so sit on him hard to-morrow and dig a fork into his eye, as I can't come that way to murder him myself." From these hints she knew exactly what to say.

Her memory was excellent and sense of humour keen, so that some of the commissions on which she was sent gave her great enjoyment—as one day when Edward told her to take a cab and go to Mr. Watts at Little Holland House, and ask him for the loan of "whatever draperies and any other old things he could spare," and Mr. Watts, amused at the form of the request, sent her back with a parcel of draperies and an old pair of brown trousers, bidding her tell Mr. Jones those were the only "old things" he could spare. This delighted Edward, and he detained Mary while he took down his Vasari and read to her of the old Italian painter who had his breeches made of leather because they wore out so quickly; and then he professed to be grateful for Mr. Watts' gift, and said he would have the brown trousers made to fit him.

Mary wrote a good hand and spelled well, and would sit down and write with gravity such a note as the following dictated to her by Edward. "Mr. Bogie Jones compts: to Mr. Price and begs to inform him he expects to be down for

Commemoration and that he hopes to meet him, clean, well shaved, and with a contrite heart." Morris' quick temper annoyed her, but she once prettily said, "though he was so short-tempered, I seemed so necessary to him at all times, and felt myself his man Friday." There was a never-forgotten trick that she played him one day when relations were strained between them, which vastly amused Rossetti, Edward and Madox Brown, all present at the time. Morris was going to Oxford and had asked her before he did so to wind up his watch and set it right, on which the wily Mary put it forward nearly an hour, and he "remembered to mention it to her" on his return.

She could be trusted also like a good woman to shew kindness to another woman whose goodness was in abeyance, and could understand the honest kindness of a young man to such a one, and help him to feed and clothe her and get her back to her own people.

She was an excellent needlewoman and made models' draperies very cleverly—nay, would also have stood as model in them, had she been tall enough—for one day when Edward said to her, "Why were you made so short? I could do all I require while you are fetching Miss Joliffe, if you were only taller;" she, with pathetic goodwill, asked whether she "would be of any use if she stood on a stool?" When Gabriel heard of this he was so touched by it that he said "Mary shall go into a picture," and so she did, as one of the ladies accompanying Beatrice in the "Meeting of Dante and Beatrice in Florence." He also made a careful pencil drawing of her head and gave it to her upon her marriage.

Morris taught her to embroider his designs for hangings, and being in a fever to see how they looked, often made her bring her embroidery frame into the studio so that she might work under his direction—and many a funny conversation took place as she plied her needle and they painted. One day she being in the room, perfectly quiet, neither moving nor speaking, Morris, whose work presumably was going awry, said to her fiercely, "Mary, be quiet

—don't make that insufferable noise," and she answered, "No, sir; I won't, sir." Another day Gabriel, who was for ever humming a tune or crooning over lines of poetry, was haunted by a verse which had greatly amused him in a translation made by Mr. Thoby Prinsep from some Oriental legend, and as he painted he kept on chanting to himself in every intonation he could think of,

> Shall the hide of a fierce lion
> Be stretched on frame of wood
> For a daughter's foot to lie on,
> Stained with her father's blood?

Mary's coming into the room for something did not disturb him, but in his rich voice he trolled forth the words again, this time as a question addressed to her personally.

> Mary!—Shall the hide of a fierce lion
> Be stretched on frame of wood
> For a daughter's foot to lie on,
> Stained with her father's blood?

and she said briskly, "It shall if you like, sir." "That's a most remarkable girl, Ned," said Rossetti afterwards: "not one woman in ten would have given an intelligent answer like that to a question." Gabriel's humour was quite inimitable—pervading all he said, touched with the melancholy of his nature, and haughtily careless as to whether it was taken seriously or not.

Another office that Mary held was that of reader to Edward on Sunday mornings when he was alone, for then he generally worked till lunch time and enjoyed listening the while to her extracts from Reynolds' Newspaper. Also she took care of the key of a small Swiss musical box that he had, which played two tunes (one of them I remember was called on the label "the *Stelly* night") and wound it up and put it under his pillow. Some of the street organs too he liked very much. They were different in those days from the present ones—more mellow in tone, and with long-sustained notes, too, instead of staccato brilliance; their tunes varied of course, just as they do now, some of

them being vulgar and some pathetic, but Edward never at any time joined in the cry against them. Only a few years ago, when one came and played outside the Garden Studio where he was working, he listened to it silently for some time and then said, "Pretty tunes those are; they quite melt my heart"; and turning to his friend Mr. Rooke, who was with him, "don't they melt your heart, little Rookie, and take the obduracy out of it? They soften my heart and make it less stubborn. Don't they soften yours?"

Edward's work at the Union lasted until the end of February, 1858, because he had to leave it occasionally, going home for Christmas and afterwards to London. "Rossetti is in London," he writes to his father on one of the first days of the New Year, "and it is so jolly looking at him again. My picture at Oxford is not quite finished yet, but very nearly—I shall not go on with it just at present, but work here." And then he proceeds to cheer up his father's spirits about the life he had chosen. "Did you see the notice in the Times the other day [of the Union painting]? There was one in the Times, one in the Saturday Review, one in the Morning Chronicle, one in the French Government paper the Moniteur, one in the Builder, and several more—I'm a famous man now!"

To Miss Sampson he writes about the same time: "To-day I have finished the Cartoon of Peter I began at home and have very greatly improved it. Hunt I have seen, who complimented me tremendously on my picture at Oxford—so I am getting on slowly, and a million times better than could ever have been expected: perhaps I shall be almost rich some day; that is, rich for me."

Edward took the opportunity of being away from London to let his beard and moustache grow, which altered his appearance considerably. Of course whilst his beard was growing he went through the usual misery of the process, and used to send caricatures in his letters of its appearance from the earliest stage, which he described in words as being "like the outside of the inside of a musical box."

By various unlucky accidents all the photographs of him taken before this change have been lost.

On the 2nd of January he had received a very welcome letter from Mr. Plint enclosing the balance of payment for the two "Blessed Damozel" pictures, and saying that he wished to have another of a more important size. Edward writes: "I am afraid he will stare at the price Rossetti says I must ask—I'm quite frightened to ask it, but I will, for I work hard enough. Isn't he a brick when I haven't done the first commission, indeed scarcely begun it?"

Mr. Plint's practice of paying beforehand for work was in one way very convenient and helpful, but in others not so good, for it was a cause of great anxiety unless both patron and painter lived and prospered. If Edward was well he had no doubt of being able to complete such commissions, but he felt burdened and depressed by the debt when his health broke down, as it did this year. Enthusiasm gave him strength until the end of his work at Oxford, and made him report himself during that time as "tremendously well," but it was clear to others that this was not the case. His lifelong tendency was to exhaustion from over-fatigue, followed by chills varying in their course from ordinary colds to serious illness, a constitution which made him peculiarly susceptible to every kind of malarial influence.

After his return to London the fictitious strength that had supported him through two years of mental and bodily strain suddenly failed, and, scarcely knowing how it had happened, he became so weak that for a few days he was unable to raise his hand to his head. A note written to Mr. Price just before he fell ill shews the dejection he felt at the end of the merry days and happy work at Oxford. "It is very dull. Oh, horribly dull—such a jolly time seems to have gone away so completely. I wake up miserably every morning." Then, a little later, "I've been very seedy and am only just up for a few minutes—tomorrow I am going to Camberwell to stay with our little Aunt till I get straight. Is Topsy in Oxford? love to him

and everyone—tell him not to come up yet till I've done more to the wardrobe." Morris was staying on at Oxford almost permanently now, working at a picture of Tristram and Iseult for which Mr. Plint had given him a commission; so that, although the friends often met at the week's end, Edward was living a good deal alone in Red Lion Square. The wardrobe he speaks of was one painted with the story of Chaucer's Prioress' Tale, and the design was practically the same that, with another background, he used for the highly finished picture which was his last exhibited water-colour in the New Gallery forty years later.

Before March was over Edward proclaimed himself quite well, but we who had seen him laid so low were careful in receiving the assertion. However, he was out and about again on the 21st of the month, for he took me then to see Ruskin for the first time. We paid our visit to him in the basement of the National Gallery, where he was working at the classification and preservation of the Turner bequest of drawings. He received us very kindly, setting us to amuse ourselves as we liked with the drawings that lay about while he worked and then talked, or pointed out any special thing. He shewed us, too, some old pictures lately brought back from Italy by Sir Charles Eastlake, but not yet hung, and he praised Edward's work to me in the most unqualified terms—it was a golden hour. One more attempt was made to paint apple-blossom this spring when Edward carried his picture down to Maidstone, where Arthur Hughes was staying, but again the cold winds prevented it. A couple of letters to Madox Brown written at this time shew Edward's affectionate relations with him, and have reference also to a nebulous plan which pleased some of the friends—an idea of taking a large house where all the families should live together. "De-e-ear old Brown," he says, "have a card to see a house—20 rooms—2 acres ground—rent Gs: 100!!! Situation Kensington, close by Kensington Square—what do you think? Could you go and see it? Hughes would be ready to join any time." A

postscript adds: "Little Huse sends his love, t'aint worth having, but as he is looking over me I must send it."

The place described here was, I believe, Cedar Villa, over whose fine old garden blocks of flats are now built. In the other letter he says: "By the bye, I must tell Gabriel about our plan, for he has been very pressing for me to join him at Blackfriars, and I cannot refuse except for the actual reason—all this when I return. I shall rush up to see you the moment I get back."

Madox Brown's kindness to me in these early days is one of the delightful recollections belonging to them which nothing can dim, and it is in allusion to his actually having allowed me to come and try whether I could handle a paint brush in his studio that Edward's letter goes on with a sudden outburst of gratitude: "God bless you, old fellow, how good you are to my Stunner—she does little else but talk about it. There never was any one in all this blessed world half so unselfish as you."

It makes one smile in the midst of the ghosts of this time to realize the standard of age by which we then measured each other, for in a letter that I wrote to my friend Charlotte Salt are these words, referring to the painters that I knew: "Have I ever mentioned Brown to you? He is the father of them all, a married man of, I should think, nearly forty." In reality he was just thirty-seven. "Rossetti," I tell her, "is still out of town, I saw him last at Christmas —did I tell you of it?—where I saw Hughes also, one of the most beautiful men in the world."

Where I saw them was at a party given by Morris and Edward in Red Lion Square, an invitation to which festivity, lightly scribbled to his "dear Bruno" by Edward, has found its way into my hands after all these years.

"Come to-night and see the chair, there 's a dear old fellow—such a chair!!!!!! Gabriel and Top hook it to-morrow, so do come. Hughes will come, and a Stunner or two to make melody. Come soon, there 's a nice old chap—victuals and squalor at all hours, but come at 6."

One part of the "melody" of the evening I remember

to have been some old French songs from Wekerlin's beautiful collection, *Echos du Temps Passé*, sung to a piano, itself a guest of the evening, which must have gone away next day with strange thoughts about "the chair" if, as I believe, it was the large one with a box overhead in which Gabriel suggested owls might be kept with advantage.

CHAPTER X

AD FONTES AQUARUM
1858-1859

WITHIN a short time after his return from Maidstone Edward was again alarming us by his condition of health. The early summer was intensely hot, and Red Lion Square was no fitting place for him when the thermometer stood at 90 in the shade, so one day Mrs. Prinsep in the kindness of her heart drove down there and took possession of him bodily, carrying him off with her to Little Holland House and putting him under the care of a fresh doctor. A letter of my mother's to my brother Harry at Oxford says: "We have had considerable anxiety lately about Edward, who is in a very delicate state of health. He is forbidden for the present to touch or smell oil paint, he is living quite by rule, and is as weak as you can imagine a man to be who is not confined to his room. Dr. Bright told Mrs. Prinsep that if he had gone on much longer working and paying no attention to himself, it would have been too late to do anything for him."

Besides ill-health and the anxiety he felt at the delay it caused in his work, Edward was troubled this year about his father's affairs. "Haven't heard from home for long," he writes to Mr. Price. "My father in business trouble a good deal—going to give up Poplar Place. Beastly being poor, isn't it, Crommie? I want to see you so badly—I would have come down to Oxford any Sunday if I could afford it, but till Sunday last I hadn't known £2 in my pockets together for months."

It was a bad time for several of the little circle. Miss Siddal continued wretchedly out of health, and a long ill-

Miss Siddal.

ness of Mrs. Madox Brown's was weighing heavily on her husband. Edward writes to him: "I am so grieved to hear that your wife is so ill still—write me better news as soon as you can, I am very anxious for you. I don't go out yet —but I won't bother you about my little trouble when you are so unhappy. Wouldn't it be better to give up that little Academy for the present—it must jar on you." These last words refer to Madox Brown's incredible kindness in allowing me and Miss Seddon, sister to his dead friend Thomas Seddon the artist, to come and try to paint from a model in his studio. I remember how proud and pleased I was at the confidence Madox Brown placed in me when, during his wife's illness, he gave me leave to take his little three-year-old boy, "Nolly," back to my father's house with me for a few days.

Nolly was an enchanting child, and in his own home so bold and manly as he roved about in a rough pinafore, that I was unprepared for the infantine vision in white embroidered cambric which he presented when dressed for our journey: his manliness had been doffed with his holland overall, and as I lifted him in and out of the omnibus by which we travelled I felt an alarming sense of responsibility.

I shall linger a while with the memory of this child, whose death in earliest manhood frustrated the hope and expectation of his friends; for the things that he did and said whilst he was with us left a lasting image of him in our hearts.

The embroidered outdoor coat once got rid of, he became again the Nolly of Fortess Terrace, and justified all that I had said of him to my family. I remember that on one of his small fingers we found a neglected cut, which, though reckoned by himself as unworthy of notice, he courteously allowed us for our own satisfaction to have dressed and bound up at the chemist's, where his courage during the operation moved the chemist to fill a virgin pill-box with acid drops and present it to him afterwards. The acid drops were all given to dogs on his way home.

He was quite happy in the gloomy back-yard of our

house, where my little sisters kept a bad-tempered guinea-pig. Nolly feared neither tooth nor claw of any animal yet known to him, and had put his hand into the cage and been sharply bitten before there was time to say Don't. "O Nolly, has it hurt you?" some one cried. "No, dear," he answered gently, and a moment afterwards, with a benevolence that set all parties at their ease, he added thoughtfully, "It 's a very nice little pig."

Once, while he was with us, his father came to see him, and the interview astonished us all; for he did not kiss or caress the little fellow, but only perched him solemnly upon his knee and conversed with him for a minute or two before bidding him good-bye again. It was not possible to be angry with Nolly. He might plant his boot in the middle of a pie that was set in the window to cool, yet the cook bore him no grudge—or jump over the footboard into the middle of a new-made feather bed, and running up it sit grinning from the height of its downy pillows, but no one could do more than laugh. He tried to strike matches on the granulated tip of a dog's nose, and the dog itself did not mind, and he filled the eyes of a water-colour portrait of himself with drops of water, because "they were his own eyes, so he might do what he liked with them," without his father being seriously angry: the days of his childhood were happy ones. A flaxen-polled sister next above him in age was his home companion, with whom he played or fought as occasion prompted. Their antics seemed to perturb their father without his quite knowing what was the matter, and one used to see remonstrance slowly waking up in him long before it came to the utterance. Their mother was too amiable and indulgent to be any sort of terror to them, and Madox Brown's forehead would pucker helplessly at them all while he went on talking in his measured, serious way with friend or visitor. I have seen him carry on conversation for some time whilst one of the children wriggled backwards and forwards underneath the bars of the chair on which he sat. And now, farewell to the child Nolly—of whom we too soon lost sight.

By the middle of June Edward was well enough to take my sister and me to Summertown, where we had been invited for Commemoration by Mr. and Mrs. MacLaren, and he remained a week at Oxford before returning to Little Holland House. Even there, however, he soon flagged again, and presently rejoined us. We stayed together at Summertown until the pure air and country life helped him to gain strength, so that he was in good spirits and protested that he was perfectly well; but as one day he was found quietly fainting on the sofa in a room where he had been left alone, we judged him by that rather than by his protestations. An evening comes back to my mind when after a very hot day we had a terrific storm, and it was revealed to us for the first time that our host was afraid of thunder and lightning. He went upstairs, and taking his little Mabel out of her bed wrapped her in a blanket, and brought her down to the drawing-room, where, as he sat with her in his arms, his anxious face put an end to all talk. Our young spirits, awestruck though we were by the violence of the storm, objected to this ceremony of alarm, and Mr. Price good-naturedly took upon himself the task of reviving conversation. He always had a turn for statistics, and this time thought to cheer the company by announcing in a pleasant voice that it was a well-established fact that one ill-kept pig-sty did more harm than twenty thunder storms; but, as a cannonade of thunder saluted the statement, MacLaren angrily exclaimed: "Price, you should be ashamed of yourself to speak so!" and the well-meant effort failed. Most of our stay was in beautiful weather, however. Edward read aloud to us a great deal from the Morte d'Arthur, and we had singing of old French and English songs, and we ate innumerable cherries, and told each other tales, and laughed a great deal with "Peggy" Talboys, a sister of Mrs. MacLaren's, whom we all loved. Edward, of course, had brought work with him, and the design he was then busy upon was the pen-and-ink drawing of "Sir Galahad." "I can't look at Galahad yet to finish it," he wrote afterwards; "every stroke in it reminds one of

some dear little word or incident that happened as the pen was marking." He often spoke of these involuntary pictures within a picture which existed for him in all that he did.

Kind Mrs. Prinsep claimed him again on his return to London, and he had the pleasure of finding that Tennyson was then staying at Little Holland House. A reminiscence of Edward's about this meeting has been preserved. "It was there I got to know Tennyson first. It was in the days when he was fiercely attacked and reviled by people: afterwards when he wrote the Idylls of the King and gave them what they wanted, they were pleased and praised him—but in the days of the Poems and of Maud he was much abused by the English. Unfortunately he minded being abused and was very sensitive about it, and one evening at dinner he was in real distress about an anonymous letter he had received—which began "Abhorred Sir," and ended "Yours in aversion"—and one by one he took the guests apart and said "What would you do if you got a letter like this?" Lord Tennyson's Memoir of his father refers to this visit, and says, "here my father began 'The Fair Maid of Astolat.'"

Vivien had been written two years before, but was then called by its author Nimuë—the name of the Damsel of the Lake with whom, as she is represented in Malory's Morte d'Arthur, Edward's imagination had been dealing so closely in his Oxford picture—and Mr. Prinsep recalls his pained face and eager expostulation when he found that the poet in his Idyll had modernized and altered the character while preserving the ancient name. "Tennyson," says Mr. Prinsep, "good-naturedly changed it to 'Vivien.'" Ruskin also was to be seen at Little Holland House, and Lord Tennyson and Mr. Prinsep both relate a story which pleased and amused us so much at the time—of his being heard one day to exclaim, after looking at a design of Edward's, "Jones, you are gigantic!" This alliteration delighted the ear of Tennyson and was not allowed to drop, so that "Gigantic Jones" became a nickname until his friends tired of it.

Both Morris and Rossetti looked with some suspicion upon Edward's long stay at Little Holland House. Gabriel thought its situation too low, and was anxious as to its effect on one already so delicate, and Morris had, generally speaking, a defiant tone towards the fashionable life which existed there side by side with the literary and artistic. Edward, conscious of all this, certain of himself, yet eagerly breathing the new atmosphere, found in it as much excitement as rest; but rest was never the only thing he needed. I could not realize then as I do now what this visit to Little Holland House must have been to him. There, for the first time, he found himself surrounded without any effort of his own by beauty in ordinary life, and no day passed without awakening some admiration or enthusiasm. He had never gone short of love and loving care, but for visible beauty he had literally starved through all his early years. The lovely garden that surrounded the house was an enchanted circle separating it from other places: there in the summertime, and especially on Sundays, came most people of note in the different circles that made up the "world" of England—old and young, rich and poor, each welcome for some reason recognized by the hostess. Part of the great lawn was given up to croquet—the chief outdoor game of the time—and another to bowls, whilst elsewhere encampments could be seen of those who did not play; and all seemed happy. The very strawberries that stood in little crimson hills upon the tables were larger and riper than others. This was rather before the days in which Mrs. Prinsep's elder sister Mrs. Cameron was there with her photography, which became the mingled terror and delight of her friends. Her incalculable ways, brilliant words and kind actions had their fascination for everybody, but her lens, when levelled at them, was merciless. One story there was of Browning, the fiery and restless, brought to bay by her in the garden, and beguiled into sitting as she would have him, draped in strange wise, and left by her helpless in the folds of the drapery, forgotten for the time as she flew on some other quest.

Val Prinsep, who was living at home in his father's house during Edward's visit, was like a younger brother to him, and used his great strength tenderly for his help, sometimes carrying him upstairs in his arms when he saw him overwhelmed with fatigue, or if he were sleepless and light-headed through sheer weakness, as occasionally happened, bringing a companion mattress and spreading it on the floor by his friend's side, "to drive away the bogies." Sometimes there was pain as well as exhaustion, and Edward must have mentioned this to Rossetti, from whom I find an undated fragment of a letter that says he is "miserable" to hear it. "To think of you suffering so much and in such an unaccountable way! Of course I shall come to-morrow as early as I can—would come to-night also if possible but fear I cannot manage that. I know how much better cared-for you are at Kensington than elsewhere, but still cannot help fearing that the air may have to do with your illness as I know it is far from agreeing with everyone. You really *must* try something else immediately if you are not better in a few days—much as you will lose by sacrificing Mrs. Prinsep's care. There is nothing in the world I care for more than for your health, dear old fellow—hardly anything nearly so much. I know I must be fonder of you than you can possibly be of me—at any rate there is no man I love so well by half or who loves me so well. However, this letter begins to read rather flabby."

In the midst of the brilliance of Little Holland House Edward continued anxious about his father's affairs, and was looking forward to the time when he could go down to Birmingham. He writes to Miss Sampson: "I suppose you have been very busy removing and getting things straight. I want to know everything about you—how you are and my father, write and tell me, for he never tells me how he is. Do you like the new house better than the old one—does pussy like it better—is puss well? Are the Spozzis in town yet—write and tell me everything." And a little later, looking forward to his birthday: "We shall

very soon meet now, in about 10 or 12 days I shall be down with you both, and stay a happy little fortnight. I shall bring my work down with me and be very snug and happy, shan't I?"

Poor Miss Sampson seems to have sent one letter to Edward this year which moved him to an unusually serious answer, for generally he wrote to her with a light pen and tried to make her smile.

"Cheer up," he begins, "don't be down-hearted—we shall have jollier days yet than we have had. Never mind, while I've got any tin you shall have some—and when I get on fast, as I shall soon, you shall be happy. Look upon it all as only a temporary thing, it won't last long, either my father will make head quickly against his difficulties or I shall be successful; don't talk about anything being difficult for your time of life, you are not old yet so don't fancy it—only be cheerful and don't repine as if you alone suffered. I see lots of misery in our station of life —lots of struggling to keep above water, privation, self-sacrifice, humiliation. If we had only known it we have been very happy these many years, only we weren't grateful; for nearly 25 years we have been together, and never wanted for much—we were a great deal happier than we knew at the time, and if we are good it will come back again. Don't let any person persuade you that you have been a fool for not looking after your own interest—God doesn't call such people fools—it 's right to do it, but not wrong not to do it. I have worked very hard at art for two years and find it difficult to live—and I am thought a most successful beginner, and am spoken of in London a great deal—but there are so many things to be grateful for that it is not right to name anything as unfortunate."

It was natural that Mrs. Prinsep should wish to know something about the girl to whom the young friend in whom she had such an affectionate interest was engaged. One day she and her sister Lady Somers came by appointment to Beaumont Street, to call upon my mother. The two tall, handsome women brought with them a breath

from a world that was strange to us, but its brilliance and kindness were familiar to our imagination, and love for Edward was our common meeting-ground. Nevertheless the visit was felt to be one of inspection as well as courtesy, and in spite of the gracefulness of the callers was something of an ordeal to pass through. An invitation sent afterwards to my elder sister and me took us one evening to dine at Little Holland House, and to this day the impression remains of its low, dimly lighted, richly coloured rooms, dark passages opening into lofty studios filled with the noble work of Watts, a vision of one beautiful human being after another, and the table spread with a sense of boundless welcome. The splendid growth of both the men and women of the family was more noticeable at that time than it would be now, and added an element of wonder to the place. I never saw Tennyson there, but heard from Edward of the added excitement that his presence always caused. Certainly in point of height and physical beauty he must have taken his place finely in that remarkable household.

It may have been in consequence of the weak sight of Mr. Prinsep that the custom began of having the living rooms of Little Holland House so dimly lit as they were; but it brought with it no feeling of depression and produced no silence. From the specially dark corner in which "Uncle Thoby's" couch was placed used to proceed much laughter, and visitors waited their turn for the pleasure of sitting by his side, while life never flagged in the circle where "Aunt Sara" lived and moved. One felt her guiding will through everything, and under all the ease and freedom of the house was a sense of her vigilance. When I learned that she was of mixed Irish and French descent, that seemed a clue to her wonderful vivacity.

Mrs. Prinsep's youngest sister, Mrs. (now Lady) Dalrymple, was a graceful and touching presence in the house, and memory of her always brings back the sound of soft, silken rustlings and the tinkling of silver bangles as she came and went. The exclamation of a child when he saw

Miss Herbert.

her for the first time pleased Edward, who often quoted it: "O what big eyes! O what wide hair!"

The beautiful Miss Herbert, then acting at the St. James's Theatre, used to come sometimes to sit to Watts, and the younger men, if they were there, would gather round her and make studies also. Echoes of their admiration reached us young people, to whom theatres were things unknown, and once we were shewn a small water-colour made by Gabriel of her, radiant in golden hair,—just the head and throat on an emerald-green background—and deeply did we feel the tribute rendered to her beauty when we read the names which he had written around the four sides of the little picture: "BEATRICE HELEN GUENEVERE HERBERT." I first saw this lady one evening in the early days of our marriage, at the house of her friends and ours, Mr. and Mrs. Street, and then after many years we met again in Rottingdean, when Miss Herbert drove out from Brighton and she and my husband shook hands across the gulf of time. Her grace and dignity of bearing remained very striking, and I do not think there could have been a shock on either side, for both still visibly carried the marks of their distinguishing gifts—of power and of beauty.

Red Lion Square was not very brilliant in 1858, as from one cause or another Morris and Edward were seldom there at the same time: a sense of change was in the air, and so early as Easter they began to consider whether it was worth while to keep the rooms on. Never from the time of their first meeting did the friends see so little of each other in any year as in this.

Mr. Price, who was reading for his degree, kept house at Red Lion Square most of the Long Vacation, and part of the time Rossetti was there with him, driven from his own studio at Blackfriars by the smell of the river below its windows. Mary looked after them both with a good will, for they were among her chief favourites. At the beginning of the summer Morris told Edward of his engagement to Miss Burden, and they both realized that the old ways were now at an end and that a new order of things had

begun. I am surprised on employing the ruthless measure of weeks and months to find how short a time the brilliant days of Red Lion Square really lasted, for on looking back it seems so much longer. But I believe that it made the same impression upon many of us and that every minute then contained the life of an hour.

The fortnight that Edward promised to spend in Birmingham when he went down for his birthday grew into three weeks, but the only trace I have of it is in a note written whilst there to congratulate Madox Brown on his again receiving, as he had done the year before, the £50 prize from the Liverpool Academy. "Gabriel tells me you've got the prize at Liverpool: I'm jolly glad, and only wished it were 50 prizes instead, for you ought to have them all."

In mid September Morris, who had just come back from three weeks' boating on the Seine with Philip Webb and Charles Faulkner, was full of a scheme for building a house for himself, and the Red Lion Square days were practically over. Edward's health was now restored to its average state, thanks to the loving care of Mrs. Prinsep. "She was the nearest thing to a mother that I ever knew," he once said: and the whole time at Little Holland House had been refreshing, for he had enjoyed the new life revealed to him, yet had not been carried away by it from the old. He was more than eager for work, but first came the weary search for fresh rooms. "I have had such a week of fatigue as I never had before," he writes during the removal, "and am pretty well knocked up—the rooms are dear but very good, well-lighted, large and clean." They were on the first floor of a house at the corner of Russell Place and Howland Street: Russell Place is now numbered as part of Fitzroy Street, Fitzroy Square. In those days the existence of artists was scarcely recognized, and to find a window cut up to the ceiling in order to give a room some claim to the name of studio was good luck which Edward neither expected nor met with in this case.

When he was established in these new rooms he found

himself for the first time in his life quite alone, but friends followed him there, and to his great pleasure Val Prinsep became his near neighbour by taking the first floor of the house at the opposite corner of Howland Street. Mr. Price took his degree in October, but stayed on at Oxford reading medicine, for he in his turn had given up all thought of entering the Church and was now intending to become a doctor.

Mr. Spencer Stanhope tells me a story that belongs to Russell Place, of how one morning when he was going there he saw a small crowd coming along the street with Edward at the head of it, closely followed by a wretched, draggled-looking girl whom he had found, not quite sober, and the centre of a gang of boys and roughs who were jeering at and bullying her, so he had told her to come with him whilst he looked out for a policeman to protect her.

The Red Lion Square rooms were transferred to Mr. Swan, whose acquaintance Morris and Edward had made while painting the Union, and whose outward appearance may be gathered from Mary's exclamation when he first called on them, "Oh, sir, here's a gentleman out of Byron come to see you!" The likeness did not alarm her, however, for she stayed on as housekeeper to him and working at embroidery for Morris until her marriage.

The latter months of this year are clouded over in my mind, and I only see things in it as if the sky opened for a moment to give light and then closed again. I remember that Fulford, whose engagement to my sister had been over for some time, but whom we always liked, became quite estranged from us and temporarily broke even with the Oxford Set, no one could tell why. I recall also one scene, of several of us young people at Euston Square Railway Station, on a miserable November evening, saying good-bye to my brother Harry as he started for America. He had passed the Indian Civil Service examination successfully, and we were preparing our minds to part with him in that way, when, with the sudden impetuosity which

a reserved and seemingly self-controlled nature occasionally shews, he changed his whole plans in a few days and the rest of his life was passed in New York.

The first Hogarth Club—which dates from this year—ought to be mentioned here, for if in the end it proved something of a disappointment to its founders, still the discussions about it beforehand were a source of great pleasure to the inner circle of friends, and the club itself while it lasted was a gain to them as one more place of meeting.

In later years Edward referred to it as his "first experience in public life," and described his dismay on gradually finding that it involved rules and official meetings and the passing of resolutions, all of which was so opposite to what he had meant. "Stanhope and I thought it would be nice to have a club where we could chatter. But what a mistake I made. And then, to do him honour, we elected Carlyle—and after that we sent him all the rules and reports and notices of meetings and adjournments of meetings and changes of meetings—till one day, talking to a friend of his who knew us, he said the communications of the Hogarth Club had become an afflictive phenomenon. So his friend let us know of this, and we had another meeting about it. Full of uproarious laughter the meeting was—but though we saw the humour of it we had to propose and pass resolutions that Carlyle should be exempted from the affliction for the future. Then some one proposed that a copy of the resolution should be sent to him, and though others said that this was the very kind of thing that bothered him it had to be done."

The club died a natural death.

All through this unproductive year Mr. Plint, instead of shewing any anxiety as to the sums he had already paid for pictures yet unpainted, continued to send more cheques on account and accompanied them with the kindest expressions of sympathy about Edward's health. The impression of himself and his affairs which these notes give is that of simple goodness. He underlines his letters like any school-

girl, and is not afraid to write, "It *is* happiness to look on a picture!"

It grieves me even now to think that he died before the work he so much looked for came into his possession, and my only comfort is a note dated "Xmas Day 1860" (he died six months afterwards), in which he says, "Thanks, my dear Sir, for the case and all the beautiful things of yours and Solomon's in it;" so that he had something —I do not remember what—to please him that last Christmas.

In February, 1859, Edward writes: "I am as busy as can be, and ought never to have any interruptions and never any idle hours, but I can't manage it so—I wish I could. People will call and must be attended to, and I often feel tired when I ought to be at work. My eyes have been very weak lately—I suppose from cold—to-day they are much better." The wonder is that his eyes and eyesight remained so strong as they did under the perpetual strain of work in the evening as well as the daytime, for now that the merry fellowship of Oxford and Red Lion Square evenings was at an end, he used the time it left him for the one purpose of work. Often he went first to Lee's life-school and then on to the Working Men's College, where he helped Madox Brown with a class for some time before he took one of his own. A pencil note scribbled to Mr. Brown brings these days before us. "Excuse foul paper—hands all over charcoal—don't like to wash them twice in the same day. As it is the first night of a new model won't you go to the W[orking] M[en]? I don't want to shirk work at all, but I should much sooner that you should have the entire rule of everything there—also as it is the first night of a new model at Lee's I should like to secure a good place for the next fortnight—so I would come on to W[orking] M[en] at 9 o'clock or 8½ rather."

Mr. J. P. Emslie, who was then a student and part of the time a pupil teacher in the drawing-class at the Working Men's College, has told me of things he remembers while there which clearly recall the individuality of Ruskin,

Rossetti and Edward. He says that Ruskin used to keep his pupils a long time drawing in black and white before he would allow them to begin colour, as he considered one great fault of modern art was that men began colour before they properly understood light and shade. However, to accustom his pupils to the use of the brush, he allowed them to make studies in Prussian blue. Rossetti, who was for having everybody learn to colour fully from the first, was filled with indignation when, walking round Mr. Ruskin's class-room one evening, he saw the system that was practised there. "How 's this?" he said; "nothing but blue studies —can't any of you see any colour but blue?" "It was by Mr. Ruskin's direction," one of the students answered. "Well, where do you get all this Prussian blue from?" asked Gabriel, going straight to the root of the matter; and being directed to a cupboard in the room he opened it and refreshed his indignation by the sight of the store which he saw there. "Well, I declare," he exclaimed, "here 's a packet with several dozen cakes of this fearful colour. Oh, I can't allow it; Mr. Ruskin will spoil everybody's eye for colour— I shall confiscate the whole lot: I must do it, in the interests of his and my pupils. You must tell him that I've taken them all away." When a few evenings later Mr. Ruskin found that his dear Prussian blues were all gone he inquired the cause, and, being told, "burst into one of those boisterous laughs in which he indulged whenever anything very much amused him."

Edward's name is on the prospectuses of the College from January, 1859, to March, 1861, and that means more than meets the eye, for he had an inmost dislike to teaching anything formally. Mr. Emslie says that he left with his pupils a feeling that he was their fellow-worker as well as their master, and was always trying to get them to think and see for themselves and gain self-reliance in their work; and another impression they received was a strong sense of his own delight in good works of art at every time of the world. He encouraged them to draw from the sculptures in the British Museum, and described to them with enthu-

siasm things that he had seen and they had not, but never spoke to them slightingly of the work of any brother artist. "The utmost I ever heard him say against any art-work," writes Mr. Emslie, was "Well, it doesn't interest me."

How often have I noticed this in him myself. "No one knows how difficult it is to paint even a bad picture," he used to say. This does not mean that he was not ready upon occasion to declare opinion plainly, but that it was never his habit lightly to condemn or disparage any one's work.

"February's half gone already," says a letter to Miss Sampson, "and I don't seem to have begun work yet, and yet every day I have been at work. I wish I could settle subjects for my pictures and then I should be all right; but at present I am full of anxiety and care, and feel quite worried about things. In six months the Macdonalds leave London, and then I shall be very dull—never mind, it is six months and I won't anticipate anything."

In as unaccountable a manner as he had estranged himself from the Set Fulford this year returned to it, and through a letter of his written in March to Miss Fanny Price we have almost the last glimpse of any number of them together at Oxford. He tells her that he had just spent a week there, "and of course I saw Crom and Faulkner. Crom seems to be taking to medicine famously, and I should think gets through a good deal of reading in it. He and Faulkner and another man were reading a French play. Of course old Charley is just the same as ever, glorious fellow, he never changes—in temper and disposition he couldn't well change for the better.

"Topsy turned up while I was there and the manner of his turning-up was highly characteristic—very, very Topsian. On Saturday all the Birmingham—or rather all the Set were invited by letter to dine with him on the Sunday at 5 or 5.30. Between 4 and 5 on Sunday he appeared at his lodgings and told them he wanted dinner. They were a little troubled at this, considering the day, but they were aghast when he said he wanted it for half a dozen

people. However dinner did at length appear, at about 7 o'clock, and a very good dinner it was."

Fulford also mentions having seen Dixon and Edward in London, and his habit of criticism and comparison obliges him to measure the two men against each other. Both Fulford and Dixon had been ordained by this time.

"One hoped that Dixon would make a poet," he says. "I at one time felt quite confident of it, and I must say I regard any success in practical life (though the life and duties of a clergyman) as a poor substitute for this, perhaps the highest work allowed to human nature. I may be unfair in applying this to Dixon, for he not only reads but also writes poetry, and that I fancy in considerable quantity, but still I should like to see him living a definitely and manifestly poetical life, such as Edward's, whom one feels to be in the right path, pursuing the course which nature marked out for him."

In his correspondence with Miss Price, Fulford was accustomed to write at great length on literary subjects, and I remember his telling against himself with much amusement a story of how once on meeting her a few days after he had sent her a very long letter she told him frankly that it was in her pocket, but she "had not yet had time to read it."

In April, when Morris and Miss Jane Burden were married at Oxford, Edward and as many of the Set as possible were present. Dixon of course came down from London to marry them, and, to the satisfaction of his friends who had warned him against it until he could do nothing else, ended by pronouncing the young couple to be man and wife together under the names of "William and Mary."

It was a solitary time for Edward whilst Morris was away on his wedding journey; Val Prinsep was in Paris, and Cormell Price had not yet come to London. There was no Red Lion Mary now to bring her embroidery frame and sit behind him while he painted or cull the gems from "Reynolds" on a Sunday morning, and there is a breath of unusual depression about himself in a note that his little

friend Louie Macdonald had from him while she was staying with Mrs. and Miss Talboys at Oxford this spring. "I am so worried and teased about things," he says, "because I am a big booby and can't paint or draw at all, that I behave shamefully to everybody, and never answer letters or reply to questions or do anything that a Christian man ought to do: that dear Mrs. Talboys wrote such a kind letter a whole month ago that makes me ashamed of myself for never answering. I want to see you, dear, so much and look at your work [wood-engraving] and calculate how long it is to come before we bring out a picture book together with little L.Ms and E.Js in the corners and make people say that Albert Dürer has come back again." Then he tells her that he is coming to Oxford "to meet the Dean of Christ Church"—an appointment that had to do with the commission for his Frideswide window in the Cathedral—but turns again to his first complaint: "I have been so busy and coming so many howlers and getting so unhappy that life is dear at 2d." The letter ends with "only three more months of you and then I lose my little three year pet. Shall you be very sorry to see me so seldom?" The time ran by all too quickly, and an evil fate caused me to be away for some weeks out of the few that remained, for a family council decided that I must accept an invitation to go with my mother to the seaside. May the shade of our kind host forgive me if I say how much my young self-consciousness suffered when, on the occasion of my birthday, he kindly invited Edward to join us, and addressed him in an after-dinner speech as "one of those happy men who would have a fortune *in* a wife instead of *with* her." But the next day made amends, for my mother and I accompanied Edward on his way home as far as to Canterbury, and he shewed us the Cathedral.

Meanwhile the Morrises returned from abroad and settled for a time in furnished rooms at 41, Great Ormond Street. There Edward took me one evening to see Mrs. Morris for the first time, and never shall I forget it—literally I dreamed of her again in the night.

Morris had already begun to occupy himself with carrying out his cherished scheme of building a house after his own heart with the help of his friend Philip Webb. Needs must it be in the country to please them both, and in the midst of apple-trees; and such a place was found at Upton, near Bexley Heath, Kent, a roadside orchard surrounded by meadows and with space where they could build in the orchard with scarcely any disturbance of the trees. It was not to be a large house, but so designed that additions could be made without difficulty, and to this idea it owed part of its form; indeed architect and client had but one mind about the whole work, and the result was happy. The plans of the house were complete before Morris' marriage, and there was nothing to do but to carry them out. Rossetti of course exulted when he learnt that a hollow close to the site Morris had bought was known in the neighbourhood as "Hog's Hole," and lost no opportunity of alluding to the house by this name, but his serious thought of it after its completion was expressed, in a letter to a friend, in these words: "I wish you could see the house that Morris has built for himself in Kent. It is a most noble work in every way, and more a poem than a house such as anything else could lead you to conceive, but an admirable place to live in too."

The time of separation anticipated in Edward's letters now drew near, and my father was appointed by Conference to go to a circuit in Manchester, whither, much against the will of the younger members of the family, we went in the first days of September. For Edward, however, the loss that this meant was fortunately lightened by its happening at the very time when it proved possible for him to join in a plan of going with Faulkner and Val Prinsep for a few weeks' travel in North Italy. He had worked extremely hard all the year in spite of dejection; his design for the large St. Frideswide window at Christ Church, Oxford, was finished, and nothing could have been more timely. Just as, when he needed it, the meetings with Morris and Rossetti had been brought about at the right

day and hour for his help, so now the Ruler of his life led him on this journey; and the cities that he saw during it, and the pictures in them, were such a fulfilment of his desire and such a revelation of what man could achieve that he ceased to be afraid of failure for himself. Many a time I have heard him say that nothing disheartened or took the life out of him so much as looking at bad work, but that the best was always inspiriting and life-giving. He drew and made notes wherever he went, and through every sense absorbed what he found remaining unspoiled of the beauty of earth and the works of man. Before starting on his journey he went down to Birmingham to spend his birthday with his father and then joined his friends.

He was always a bad traveller, by land as well as by sea; change of hours and diet upset him at once, and the confinement of a railway carriage, with everything else that belonged to railway travelling, he particularly hated. Mr. Prinsep says of him that on this journey he was never completely happy except when visiting churches and seeing pictures, but that his energy in that way was wonderful. They went straight from Paris to Marseilles, and on by sea to Genoa and Leghorn, arriving at Pisa in time to hear Romagna's rejection of the Pope's temporal power proclaimed.

Thence, after two or three days, they went on to Florence, where they had hoped to meet the Brownings, for whom they had an introduction from Rossetti. In this, however, they were disappointed, as Mr. and Mrs. Browning had left for Siena, and it was here, when visiting the Cathedral later on, that the travellers found them, together with Mr. Walter Savage Landor. From Florence Edward wrote: "I have been quite well all the time through, and worked tremendously at the pictures, and shall go back quite an educated man. We have the most glorious weather here; in the country they are haymaking for the second time, all the vines are in full fruit, and roses are out everywhere; the climate too is just moderate with a quiet wind blowing always. All day long we work at the pictures and bathe

about sunset—which gives us more rest than anything else —and then dine, and after that we are good for nothing but to lie down and go to bed about nine o'clock. I shall have got lots of good from this journey, and learnt very much, but I shall be glad when it is all over and I am back to work."

From Venice also there is a letter home which gives another surface view of how it was with him: "We are in the jolliest place in all the wide world at last—the queerest and jolliest a great way, and a million times the most beautiful—so you must say good-bye, for we mean to stay here always and never leave it again for a day. There never was such a city—all built in the sea you know, with the houses and palaces in the water and gondolas for Hansom cabs to take us everywhere: one comes every morning to take us from our hotel to breakfast in the great Square by the ducal palace and wonderful church—there every one breakfasts in the open air, and girls bring flowers to lay on your plates, and music plays and everything is so bright and stunning. All the day long we glide about the water streets in our boat, visiting palaces and churches—there are 100 islands all covered with churches and palaces, and all full of pictures, and bell-towers with big bells that ring all day long, and all the evening we sit out in the great square again and listen to music and see the sunset on the sea and the night come up over the Adriatic."

Wherever these three men went history was made, and I wish I could remember the tales we were told on their return. One there was about a spider, not to say a tarantula, of gigantic size, that was found in a bedroom and held it against them until it was caught in a wash-hand basin, where it terrified them by leaping high into the air whenever they tried to deal with it, and how after a council of war they hurled it out of the window and then suffered many things through imagining its fall upon a passer-by; and another story they had of a scene at the Douane when passports had to be examined, and Edward's and Faulkner's names were duly called out and responded to, but "Valen-

tine Cameron Prinsep" was passed over until the last, when the officer, looking about in bewilderment, read "Valentine Comtesse Principessa," and the youth of six foot one answered to it amid a general roar of laughter.

At Venice they had to separate, as Faulkner was obliged to be at Oxford for the beginning of the October term, but Edward and Mr. Prinsep stayed on for a fortnight or so longer, taking Milan on their way back. Here Mr. Prinsep says that Edward was seized with such a longing to get home that nothing would content him but they must start at once. They had come very nearly to an end of the money they had with them, but Edward would not hear of waiting for any remittance, and Mr. Prinsep, who arranged all the business of the journey, calculated that with care they could manage to go straight through to England—so they started. Nothing was allowed for accidents though, and when at St. Jean de Maurienne they found the Mont Cenis pass blocked by an avalanche which delayed them for three days it made a serious difference to their expenses. The time was beguiled by the company of fellow-travellers, two most agreeable Frenchmen, with whom Mr. Prinsep had much conversation—Edward hardly spoke French at all—and these gentlemen proposed in their friendliness that when they joined the railway again at Culoz they should all four take a coupé together to Paris, a plan to which, without reflecting that it would mean extra charge, Mr. Prinsep readily agreed. Then the Frenchmen began saying how delightful it would be when they reached Dijon, the best buffet in France, after all their hardships, and what a meal they would have! An almost empty purse prevented the Englishmen from joining in this enthusiasm, and, pride coming to his aid, Mr. Prinsep suddenly made the startling assertion that he and his friend for their part never ate a meal when travelling by rail—could take nothing heavier than a cup of coffee and a roll. At Culoz they found a coupé: "Charming," said the Frenchmen; "so much more comfortable in this way—and only eighteen francs extra!" Then pride of another sort made the young English-

man confess that he and his friend had not the amount between them. "What does that matter?" cried the friendly strangers; "we will lend you what you need," and instantly produced £5, so that the trouble was at an end. But a fresh difficulty arose when they reached Dijon, hungry as hunters, and with means to command a dinner such as they had not seen for many a day, but with their new-found rule of abstinence "when travelling by rail" barring the buffet. They took counsel together and decided that for their own honour and that of their country they must stick to their word, and so while their companions turned the flying minutes to account by eating a wonderful dinner, they faithfully restricted themselves to "a cup of coffee and a roll."

On the night of the 25th-26th October they crossed from Dieppe to Newhaven in such a storm that they tossed for seven hours outside the bar, and Edward was so ill that the recollection of it remained always a black spot in his memory. The next day they knew that the wind which had beaten them back for so long from the shore they were seeking had been kinder to them than to the homeward bound "Royal Charter," which with fearful loss of life had been dashed to pieces that same night upon the Welsh coast.

Only Edward himself, supposing he had ever sat down to reckon it, could have rendered full account of what was done for him by his first journey to Italy. Rossetti had taught him "not to be afraid of himself," that is to say, of the imagination that was in him, and now he had seen the way in which the great painters of a great time had painted what was in them, and had come away knowing that he was their own son. This I never heard him say, but I have felt sure that his strength under early opposition and discouragement lay in his certainty that he belonged to a race which had always handed down a tradition that had never finally missed acknowledgement; and by the devoutest labour he set about to establish this lineage.

Our marriage seemed no nearer at the end of three years

and a half than it had ever done, for his income had not yet allowed him more than a hand-to-mouth existence, and now that I lived in Manchester our chances of meeting were few: but he came down to see us in December, leaving for Birmingham before Christmas. The following sentence from a note written whilst he was with us, in answer to a suggestion of Madox Brown's that if I would like it his wife would invite me to pay them a visit in the following spring, is given here because our marriage was the direct result of that visit. "I am sure," Edward says, "Georgie would be glad beyond words to go and stay with you any time you ask her—it 's immensely kind of you and Mrs. Brown—an invitation would be grabbed at by her I know."

He and his father spent Christmas Day with the Prices at Spon Lane, but Margaret Price, who had long been in failing health, was now dead, and the diary that records the meeting says: "It was not like a feast day, with all our attempts to make it one—dearest Madge had left us, and who could be gay?" A return visit from Spon Lane to Bristol Road went more brightly, however: "We enjoyed ourselves very much. Edward shewed us a picture he had nearly finished—'Buon del Monte's Wedding'—such a beautiful picture in ink." Affectionate praise for a "picture in ink" was ready for him, but he had passed the pleasant wayside places where the labourer rests with his friends after a day's work, and had begun the world-long day of those who seek no rest or reward but that of contenting the rigour of the Judge Invisible.

CHAPTER XI

THREE HOUSEHOLDS
1860

MRS. MADOX BROWN did not fail in due time to send the invitation, which it will be believed was eagerly "grabbed at," and in April, 1860, I went up to London for a happy month in Fortess Terrace, seeing Edward constantly and making and renewing pleasant acquaintances. The unselfishness of Mr. and Mrs. Madox Brown in this matter is clearer to me now than it was at the time, for I realize on reflection that, besides their risking the proverbial irksomeness of the society of betrothed people, it must have needed the best will in the world to accommodate in their house even one person beyond their own family; but a small house and slender means were made spacious and sufficient by their generous hearts, and my recollection is of one continuous stream of hospitality. Who that was present at it could ever forget one of their dinners, with Madox Brown and his wife seated at either end of a long table, and every guest a welcome friend who had come to talk and to laugh and to listen? for listening was the attitude into which people naturally fell when in his company. He had so much to say and was so happy in saying it that sometimes he would pause, carving-knife in hand, to go on with his story, until Mrs. Brown's soft voice could be heard breathing his name from her distant place and reminding him of his duties. At their table the standard of the common English willow-pattern plate was boldly raised, in spite of Gabriel's enquiries for it at a china shop having been met with insult by the proprietress: it was before the days of real Chinese ware for any of us, but

Rossetti's fine collection in later days may be traced back to his first quest after these despised "kitchen plates."

It would be hard to say when Madox Brown found time for painting the pictures that we know, for he was the very sport of distraction, letting people come up to chat in his studio, which was not large enough for himself, and being lured downstairs, palette on thumb, by the sound of the piano if it played a tune that he liked, to the oblivion of everything else. His manner of talking was characteristic—very slow and distinct. Though he recollected facts well and held the attention of his hearers by endless tales of his own experience or original reflections upon life, he had an incapacity for remembering names which, while endearing him to us all, made havoc of some of his remarks. At other times, if the word itself was not wrong, he would vary its accent, but in either case it would be uttered with such deliberation that there was no doubt as to the change which had been wrought. "Have you heard," he asked in measured tones one evening, "of a novel called The Mill on the Floss, by Miss Atkinson?" "Miss Atkinson, my dear fellow—it's Miss Evans!" rose from the listening circle. His brow clouded, and more slowly than before he answered, "Well, Atkinson or Evans, it's the same thing!" And we agreed that it was, and that if Michael himself were to weigh the names in a balance the poise would be found equal. Another time, talk falling upon Mary Queen of Scots, his listeners could hardly trust their delighted ears when Madox Brown, after reviewing the character of the lovers of the luckless lady that are known to history, summed up the matter by saying deliberately, "There's no doubt that she had a real feeling for Boswell."

Before my visit came to an end Madox Brown had decided that Edward had better be married without further delay, and since his character as counsellor stood high and we had no arguments to oppose to the suggestion, it was suddenly settled. I wrote to my mother to the effect that so much of me had already left her kind hands that I prayed her now to set the rest free, and she and my father

consented, asking Edward no questions, but committing us both to the care of God.

Since the time that Rossetti was called away from Oxford, in October, 1857, by the illness of Miss Siddal, he and Edward had been less together, but there had been no decrease of affection between them, and so it was of the most vital interest to us when we learnt that Gabriel was to be married about the same time as ourselves. He and Edward at once built up a plan for our all four meeting in Paris as soon as possible afterwards; I went home to Manchester to make my preparations, and it was decided that the fourth anniversary of our engagement, the 9th of June, should be our wedding-day. The conditions on which we started life were, practically no debts, except of work to Mr. Plint, and the possession of about £30 in ready money; and I brought with me a small deal table with a drawer in it that held my wood-engraving tools. Three days before our marriage, however, came a note from the unfailing Mr. Plint: "The two pen-and-ink drawings are to hand to-day. I enclose order for £25 which you may need just now." So here was riches.

The 9th of June fell on a Saturday, and we decided to go no further that day than to Chester, where we should see its curious streets and attend service at the Cathedral on Sunday; Gabriel and his wife were by this time in Paris, and we hoped to join them a few days later. But this was not in store for us, for unhappily Edward had been caught in a rain-storm a day or two before and already had a slight sore-throat, which now so quickly grew worse that by noon on Sunday he was almost speechless from it and in the hands of a strange doctor. This illness was a sharp check, and we found ourselves shut up for some days in a dreary hotel in an unknown place; but a gleam of satisfaction reached us when the doctor spoke of me to Edward as "your good lady," and gave me directions about what was to be done for the patient, with no apparent suspicion that I had not often nursed him before. Trusting in this and in some half-used reels of sewing cotton ostentatiously left

about, as well as a display of boots which had already been worn, we felt great confidence that no one would guess how ignominiously newly-married we were.

It was quite clear that we must give up Paris and get to our own home as soon as the doctor gave Edward leave to travel; so ruefully enough I wrote to Gabriel and told him how things were; and his answer was a comfort to us, for he reported that they were both tired of "dragging about," and looked forward with pleasure to sitting down again with their friends in London as soon as possible. "Lizzie and I are likely to come back with two dogs," he continues, "a big one and a little one. We have called the latter Punch in memory partly of a passage in Pepys's Diary, 'But in the street, Lord, how I did laugh to hear poor common persons call their fat child Punch, which name I do perceive to be good for all that is short and thick.' We have got the book with us from Mudie's, and meant to have yelled over it in company if you had come to Paris. We are now reading Boswell's Johnson, which is almost as rich in some parts." This reading of Boswell resulted in the water-colour drawing of "Dr. Johnson at the Mitre" which Rossetti brought back with him from Paris.

Our own home-coming was informal, for Russell Place had not expected us so soon and was unprepared to receive us; there were no chairs in our dining-room, nor any other furniture that had been ordered except a table. But what did that matter? if there were no chairs there was the table, a good, firm one of oak, sitting upon which the bride received her first visitors, and as the studio was in its usual condition there was a home at once. The boys at the Boys' Home in Euston Road had made the table from the design of Philip Webb, and were busy with chairs and a sofa, which presently arrived. The chairs were high-backed black ones with rush seats, and the companion sofa was of panelled wood painted black. The chairs have disappeared, for they were smaller articles, vigorously used and much moved about, but the table and sofa have always shared

the fortunes of their owners and were never superseded: we ate our last meal together at that table and our grandchildren laugh round it now. How modest the scale of our housekeeping was it would be hard to say, and also how rich we felt: "we live in great happiness and thankfulness" was the clue given my friend Charlotte as to our estate.

William Allingham came over from Ireland this summer, and was, I believe, the first friend I made in my new life. How well I remember his visit, even to where he stood in the room and the way the light fell upon him. He was a distinguished-looking man, though not tall; dark, with a fine cast of face and most Irish eyes—light in the darkness; his thick black hair was brushed close to his head and parted in the middle, but rippled in smooth, close lines that no brush could straighten. He was disposed to convince me that I was a sister of George MacDonald the novelist, for the *dramatis personae* of his life were of importance to him and this arrangement fitted in well with his conception of their order. His conversation was extremely interesting; serious in manner, with an attractive reserve which yet gave the impression that he cared for sympathy, and an evident minute interest in all that passed before him; a good companion, ready to talk and easily amused. He did not stay long in London, having to return to Ballyshannon, his native place, where at that time he had an appointment in the Customs, but the threefold friendship then begun never ceased.

In the unsettled week before his marriage Edward had amused himself by painting some figures upon a plain deal sideboard which he possessed, and this in its new state was a delightful surprise to find. "Ladies and animals" he called the subjects illustrated, and there were seven pictures, three on the cupboard doors in front and two at each end, which shewed them in various relations to each other. Three kind and attentive ladies were feeding pigs, parrots and fishes; two cruel ones were tormenting an owl by forcing him to look at himself in a round mirror, and gold fish by draining them dry in a net; while two more were ex-

piating such sins in terror at a hideous newt upon the garden path and the assault of a swarm of angry bees. Mrs. Catherwood gave us a piano, made by Priestly of Berners Street, who had patented a small one of inoffensive shape that we had seen and admired at Madox Brown's house; we had ours made of unpolished American walnut, a perfectly plain wood of pleasing colour, so that Edward could paint upon it. The little instrument when opened shows inside the lid a very early design for the "Chant d'Amour," and on the panel beneath the keyboard there is a gilded and lacquered picture of Death, veiled and crowned, standing outside the gate of a garden where a number of girls, unconscious of his approach, are resting and listening to music. The lacquering of this panel was an exciting process, for its colour had to be be deepened by heat while still liquid, and Edward used a red-hot poker for the work.

Rossetti and his wife, after their return from Paris, took a lodging at Hampstead, but she was so ill at first that we never saw her till near the end of July, when to our great delight a day was fixed for the deferred meeting, and Gabriel suggested that it should take place at the Zoological Gardens. "The Wombat's Lair" was the assignation that he gave to the Madox Browns and to us. A mention of this meeting in a letter that I wrote next day gives the impression of the actual time: "She was well enough to see us, and I find her as beautiful as imagination, poor thing."

I wish I could recall more details of that day—of the wombat's reception of us, and of the other beasts we visited—but can only remember a passing call on the owls, between one of whom and Gabriel there was a feud. The moment their eyes met they seemed to rush at each other, Gabriel rattling his stick between the cage bars furiously and the owl almost barking with rage. Lizzie's slender, elegant figure—tall for those days, but I never knew her actual height—comes back to me, in a graceful and simple dress, the incarnate opposite of the "tailor-made" young lady. We went home with them to their rooms at Hamp-

stead, and I know that I then received an impression which never wore away, of romance and tragedy between her and her husband. I see her in the little upstairs bedroom with its lattice window, to which she carried me when we arrived, and the mass of her beautiful deep-red hair as she took off her bonnet: she wore her hair very loosely fastened up, so that it fell in soft, heavy wings. Her complexion looked as if a rose tint lay beneath the white skin, producing a most soft and delicate pink for the darkest flesh-tone. Her eyes were of a kind of golden brown—agate-colour is the only word I can think of to describe them—and wonderfully luminous: in all Gabriel's drawings of her and in the type she created in his mind this is to be seen. The eyelids were deep, but without any languor or drowsiness, and had the peculiarity of seeming scarcely to veil the light in her eyes when she was looking down.

Whilst we were in her room she shewed me a design she had just made, called "The Woeful Victory"—then the vision passes.

A little later and we were with the Morrises in their new house at Upton, and the time we spent together there was one to swear by, if human happiness were doubted.

First was the arrival at Abbey Wood Station, a country place in those days, where a thin fresh air full of sweet smells met us as we walked down the platform, and outside was the wagonette sent from Red House to meet us; then a pull up the hill and a swinging drive of three miles of winding road on the higher land until, passing "Hog's Hole" on the left, we stopped at our friends' gate. I think Morris must have brought us down from town himself, for I can see the tall figure of a girl standing alone in the porch to receive us.

It was not a large house, as I have said, but purpose and proportion had been so skilfully observed in its design as to arrange for all reasonable demands and leave an impression of ample space everywhere. It stood facing a little west of north, but the longest line of the building had a sunny frontage of west by south, and beneath its windows

Mrs. Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

stretched a green bowling alley where the men used to play when work was over. For it was by no means on a holiday that Edward had come down, nor only to enjoy the company of his friend again, but that they might consult together about the decoration of the house, of which much is said in the Notes from which I have so often quoted.

"The house was strongly built of red brick, and red tiled: the porches were deep and the plan of the house was two sides of a quadrangle. In the angle was a covered well. As we talked of decorating it plans grew apace. We fixed upon a romance for the drawing-room, a great favourite of ours called Sir Degrevaunt. I designed seven pictures from that poem, of which I painted three that summer and autumn in tempera. We schemed also subjects from Troy for the hall, and a great ship carrying Greek heroes for a larger space in the hall, but these remained only as schemes, none were designed except the ship. The great settle from Red Lion Square, with the three painted shutters above the seat, was put up at the end of the drawing-room, and there was a ladder to its top and a parapet round it, and a little door above, in the wall behind it, that led into the roof. There at Christmas time it was intended that minstrels should play and sing. I began a picture from the Niebelungen Lied on the inside of one of the shutters of this settle, and Morris painted in tempera a hanging below the Degrevaunt pictures, of bushy trees and parrots and labels on which he wrote the motto he adopted for his life, 'If I can.' He worked hard at this and the room began to look very beautiful."

On one of his visits to Red House Rossetti found many of these labels still blank, waiting for the words "If I can," and in his reckless way instantly filled them with another motto, "As I can't." When Morris saw this pleasantry, Edward said, "it would have puzzled the discriminator of words to know which of those two was most eloquent in violent English."

Charles Faulkner came down a couple of days after we did, and helped to paint patterns on walls and ceilings, and

played bowls in the alley, and in intervals between work joined in triangular bear-fights in the drawing-room. Once, in the middle of a scrimmage that had surged up the steps into the "Minstrels' Gallery" he suddenly leapt clear over the parapet into the middle of the floor with an astounding noise; another time he stored windfallen apples in the gallery and defended himself with them against all comers until a too well-delivered apple gave Morris a black eye; and then, remembering that Morris had promised to give away one of his sisters at her marriage a day or two afterwards, Edward and Faulkner left him no peace from their anticipations of the discredit his appearance would bring upon the ceremony.

A few days before this we had been telling each other riddles, and one of us asked, "Who killed his brother Cain?" Morris instantly fell into the trap and shouted, "Abel, of course!" amidst a peal of laughter from us all. Afterwards he thought it very funny himself, so on his return from the wedding we were not surprised to learn that he had amused the company at breakfast by trying the trick on some one else. "I asked the parson"—he told us triumphantly—"I asked him 'Who killed his brother Abel?' and when of course he said 'Cain,' I said 'Hah! I knew you'd say that—every one says it.'" And we laughed again, more than before.

Oh, how happy we were, Janey and I, busy in the morning with needlework or wood-engraving, and in the afternoon driving to explore the country round by the help of a map of Kent; we went to the Crays one day and to Chislehurst Common another, finding some fresh pleasure everywhere and bringing back tales of our adventures to amuse the men we had left working at home. Sometimes, but not often, they would go with us, for Edward always hated "expeditions," and was only supported in them by good fellowship; nor did he at any time seek the country for its own sake. At this I have often wondered, for the backgrounds of his pictures shew how deeply it touched his imagination and feeling: and I came to the conclusion that

one reason why he found so little peace and rest in it might be that he did not, and perhaps could not, submit himself passively to its influence, but was for ever dealing with it as an instrument. In a note written to his father during this very visit to Red House he says, "I hate the country —apples only keep me in good spirits—Topsy's garden is perfectly laden with them." I remember his dread of anything that appealed to the sadness which he shared with all imaginative natures, who "don't need to be *made* to feel," he said, and I believe that this "hatred" was partly an instinct of self-preservation from the melancholy of autumn in the country.

The Niebelungen Lied design of which Edward speaks was never finished, and if it was begun upon the back of either of the beautiful "Salutations of Beatrice" which Rossetti painted on the outside of the doors of the big settle, it may perhaps still remain there.

It will be taken for granted that the two men visitors had endless jokes together at the expense of their beloved host. The dinner hour, at middle day, was a great time for them because Mrs. Morris and I were there, either as eager onlookers at the fun or to take sides for and against. The dining-room was not yet finished, and the drawing-room upstairs, whose beautiful ceiling had been painted by Mr. and Mrs. Morris, was being decorated in different ways, so Morris' studio, which was on the same floor, was used for living in, and a most cheerful place it was, with windows looking three ways and a little horizontal slip of a window over the door, giving upon the red-tiled roof of the house where we could see birds hopping about all unconscious of our gaze.

Perhaps the joke which made two out of the three men happiest at dinner-time was that of sending Morris to Coventry for some slight cause and refusing to exchange a word with him at his own table: it was carried on with an unflinching audacity that I cannot hope to describe, and occasionally reached the height of their asking Mrs. Morris if she would be good enough to communicate with her hus-

band for them and tell him anything they wished to say—but a stranger coming in upon our merriment would never have guessed from the faces of the company who were the teasers and who the teased.

After work, when it was dark, sometimes there was a game of hide-and-seek all over the house. A fragment of one of these games remains in my memory, and I see that Edward, leaving the door open behind him, has slipped into an unlighted room and disappeared into its black depths for so long that Mrs. Morris, who is the seeker, grows almost terrified. I see her tall figure and her beautiful face as she creeps slowly nearer and nearer to the room where she feels sure he must be, and at last I hear her startled cry and his peal of laughter as he bursts from his hiding-place. There was a piano in the sitting-room, and in the evenings we had music of a simple kind—chiefly the old English songs published by Chappell and the inexhaustible *Echos du Temps Passé.*

Many flowering creepers had been planted against the walls of the house from the earliest possible time, so that there was no look of raw newness about it; and the garden, beautified beforehand by the apple-trees, quickly took shape. In front of the house it was spaced formally into four little square gardens making a big square together; each of the smaller squares had a wattled fence round it with an opening by which one entered, and all over the fence roses grew thickly. The stable, with stalls for two horses, stood in one corner of the garden, end on to the road, and had a kind of younger-brother look with regard to the house. The deep porches that Edward mentions were at the front and the back of the house; the one at the back was practically a small garden-room. There was a solid table in it, painted red, and fixed to the wall was a bench where we sat and talked or looked out into the well-court, of which two sides were formed by the house and the other two by a tall rose-trellis. This little court with its beautiful high-roofed brick well in the centre summed up the feeling of the whole place.

One morning as Janey and I sat sewing (she was an exquisite needlewoman) I saw in her basket a strange garment, fine, small, and shapeless—a little shirt for him or her—and looking at my friend's face I knew that she had been happy when she made it; but it was a sign of change, and the thought of any change made me sigh. We paid other visits to the Morrises after this, but none quite like it—how could they be?

Speaking of Red House in the Notes Edward says: "It was from the necessity of furnishing this house that the firm, Morris, Marshall, Faulkner and Co., took its rise. There were the painted chairs and the great settle of which mention has been made already, but these went only a little way. The walls were bare and the floors; nor could Morris have endured any chair, table, sofa or bed, nor any hangings such as were then in existence. I think about this time Morris' income that was derived from copper mines began to diminish fast, and the idea came to him of beginning a manufactory of all things necessary for the decoration of a house. Webb had already designed some beautiful table-glass, made by Powell of Whitefriars, metal candlesticks, and tables for Red House, and I had already designed several windows for churches, so the idea grew of putting our experiences together for the service of the public. For the fireplaces at Red House I designed painted tiles, but the floors were covered with Eastern carpets, for it was some years afterwards when Morris added that industry to his many others. For the walls of other rooms than the drawing-room at Red House Morris designed flower-patterns, which his wife worked in wool on a dark ground, and it was a beautiful house."

Before we left in October Edward had finished his three pictures, but unfortunately the walls were new and not properly prepared for painting, and, as in the case of the Union, the colour soon faded in patches. For him, whose work was so interwoven with his life, what memories must have risen up when thirty-seven years later he made for the Kelmscott Press another design from this same Romance

of Sir Degrevaunt. He was often a little hard upon his own early pictures, and did not wish to see them again, but I never remember hearing him quarrel with their subjects —also he said, "The first stammerings I knew had all the imagination that is in me to feel, only I can say it better as time goes on."

In the winter of 1892-3, when the New Gallery exhibited as complete a collection of his work as was possible, he was for a time really disturbed, and a letter that he wrote about it recalls so clearly the spirit of the years with which we are now dealing, and ends with so beautiful a vision of the friendship between himself and Morris in later life, that it may well be given here.

"Why did I dread Wednesday? Only because I had to go to the New Gallery to look at ancient work of mine—and I dreaded it and came back deeply disheartened about myself and feeling to the chilled marrow of me that it had been a poor futile life. Perhaps it will cheer one or two young fellows to see how poor and faint my beginnings were—a little twitter at dawn—but I am far away from noontide yet; I wonder if I shall live to do the thing that I want—there isn't much time left. I think I had no equipment but longing—that I had, but nothing else. I want to forget it. Is all this a phase of vanity? I don't think that. I want a perfect thing and can't forgive imperfection at all, and my faults and sins, which are many, scream at me, and drown the praise. Can't help it, made like that. And I won't think of this show or look at it, or talk of it—if a young thing or two, some such fantastical creature as I was at twenty, goes and gets help, that is enough. And now no more of it. This morning Morris brought fresh life to me —for all the week my head had been low in the dust—and he talked of the high things till I forgot my abasement."

"I am home again now for the next two months," Edward writes to his father in October, 1860. "I want to work and not stir out if possible at all. How soon can I have those frames? I am waiting for two of them now to sell the drawings they belong to—it makes such a difference having

them in frames, that I don't care to shew them without." I think the drawings referred to were the little water-colours of "Sidonia" and "Clara Von Bork" which he had made before we went to Upton, and the father was very happy in framing his son's pictures, but, alas, any original design which must be exactly carried out baffled the skill of his small workshop, and Edward had gently and by degrees to let the arrangement drop through. A mirror still exists, made by Mr. Jones with his own hands, and intended to be a ring of small round mirrors placed at equal distances from each other, and encircling a larger one. The measurement of the spaces, however, was faulty, and destroyed the effect of the design. It is painted in the little water-colour of "Rosamond's Bower," with the fierce face of Queen Eleanor reflected in each separate disc.

Swinburne was the next remarkable personality I remember in these days; he had rooms very near us and we saw a great deal of him; sometimes twice or three times in a day he would come in, bringing his poems hot from his heart and certain of welcome and a hearing at any hour. His appearance was very unusual and in some ways beautiful, for his hair was glorious in abundance and colour and his eyes indescribably fine. When repeating poetry he had a perfectly natural way of lifting them in a rapt, unconscious gaze, and their clear green colour softened by thick brown eyelashes was unforgettable: "Looks commercing with the skies" expresses it without exaggeration. He was restless beyond words, scarcely standing still at all and almost dancing as he walked, while even in sitting he moved continually, seeming to keep time, by a swift movement of the hands at the wrists, and sometimes of the feet also, with some inner rhythm of excitement. He was courteous and affectionate and unsuspicious, and faithful beyond most people to those he really loved. The biting wit which filled his talk so as at times to leave his hearers dumb with amazement always spared one thing, and that was an absent friend.

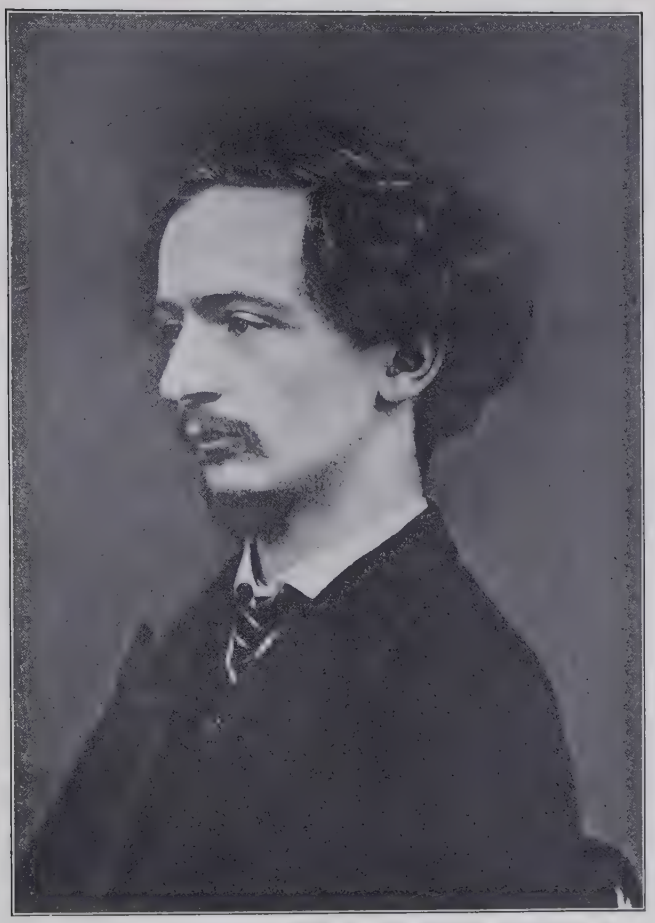
There was one subject which in these days he raised our

hopes that he might deal with; but the time passed, and now we shall never see his proposed Diary of Mrs. Samuel Pepys, kept concurrently with that of her husband.

Dear Lizzie Rossetti laughed to find that she and Swinburne had such shocks of the same coloured hair, and one night when we went in our thousands to see "Colleen Bawn," she declared that as she sat at one end of the row we filled and he at the other, a boy who was selling books of the play looked at Swinburne and took fright, and then, when he came round to where she was, started again with terror, muttering to himself "There 's another of 'em!" Gabriel commemorated one view of her appearance in his rhyme beginning "There is a poor creature named Lizzie, Whose aspect is meagre and frizzy," and there, so far as I remember, his muse halted; but he completed another verse on her to her great satisfaction, thus:

> There is a poor creature named Lizzie,
> Whose pictures are dear at a tizzy;
> And of this the great proof
> Is that all stand aloof
> From paying that sum unto Lizzie.

He almost blamed me personally for the difficulty he had in finding any rhyme for my name except the classical "Porgie," and never rested until one day he called for sympathy, and received it, on rolling forth in his majestic voice, "There is a poor creature named Georgie, Whose life is one profligate orgy," after which his course was clear. Mr. Price came to London this summer and took a lodging opposite to us, which allowed of our meeting continually, and we hoped to keep near each other all through his hospital course; but not long after our return from Upton we found to our dismay that this fair prospect was changed, for he had resolved to give up the profession he had chosen and to accept a private tutorship in Russia, which would give him an immediate income. The engagement, if satisfactory, was to last for seven years, and we had hardly realized the thought before our friend was gone. I do not think Cormell personally regretted his change of profession



Algernon Charles Swinburne.
Æt. circ. 28.

very much, for the experience of the dissecting-room was a terrible one to his nature, but the difference between daily intercourse and an occasional letter written and received on either side was a sad one both to him and to us. Of his brief apprenticeship to medicine a trace remains in one of Gabriel's verses, which ran (in allusion to a legend cherished, if not created, by his friends):

> There is a young Doctor named Crom,
> Whom you get very little good from.
> If his pockets you jog,
> The inside of a dog
> Is certain to trickle from Crom.

Rossetti's descriptions of his friends, usually uttered in their presence, would be a collection of vivid interest and give, in the reading, no faint portrait of himself. Artistic vanity was a subject quite open to his piercing insight, and one day it occurred to him to distribute his friends into various classes of it, beginning with himself and Swinburne and Edward in the first class; Morris, he said, should go into one all by himself. Then Edward wanted to know why he, who was always in trouble about his pictures, should be put in the forefront of the list, and Gabriel said, "Oh, Ned thinks even *his* pictures aren't good enough for him to have painted." He also said that Edward was the laziest man he knew, and, when called upon to explain this in the face of facts, answered unabashed, "Well, when once you sit down to work you are too lazy even to get up again."

A five or six months' experience of housekeeping in Russell Place did not teach me much, though a couple of small drawings by Edward on the back of my first account-book shew his impression that I practised housewifery as well as music. Light-hearted indifference, however, to many things generally regarded as essential lent boldness to domestic arrangements, and I remember thinking it quite natural that in the middle of the morning I should ask our only maid—a pretty one—to stand for me that I might try to draw her; to which she, being good-tempered as well as pretty, cheerfully consented. This poor little draw-

ing was to have been one of several illustrations that Mrs. Rossetti and I were to make for Fairy Tales written by ourselves. I made one, and Lizzie began another, I believe, but nothing came of it. It is pathetic to think how we women longed to keep pace with the men, and how gladly they kept us by them until their pace quickened and we had to fall behind. It was the same a few years later with the Du Mauriers, I remember: he brought his handsome *fiancée*, Miss Wightwick, to see us, and she and I took counsel together about practising wood-engraving in order to reproduce the drawings of the men we loved. I had begun it already, but she, though eagerly interested, had scarcely seen the tools required for the art, and I do not know how far she went in it. I can recall Du Maurier's distress though, when she drove a sharp graver into her hand one day. I stopped, as so many women do, well on this side of tolerable skill, daunted by the path which has to be followed absolutely alone if the end is to be reached. Morris was a pleased man when he found that his wife could embroider any design that he made, and did not allow her talent to remain idle. With Mrs. Rossetti it was a different matter, for I think she had original power,

but with her, too, art was a plant that grew in the garden of love, and strong personal feeling was at the root of it; one sees in her black-and-white designs and beautiful little water-colours Gabriel always looking over her shoulder, and sometimes taking pencil or brush from her hand to complete the thing she had begun.

The question of her long years of ill-health has often puzzled me; as to how it was possible for her to suffer so much without ever developing a specific disease; and after putting together what I knew of her and what I have learnt in passing through life, it seems to me that Dr. Acland's diagnosis of her condition in 1855 must have been shrewd, sympathetic, and true. He is reported by Gabriel as saying, after careful examination and many professional visits, that her lungs, if at all affected, were only slightly so, and that he thought the leading cause of her illness lay in "mental power long pent up and lately overtaxed"; which words seem to me a clue to the whole matter. This delicately organized creature, who had spent the first sixteen years of her life in circumstances that practically forbade the unfolding of her powers, had been suddenly brought into the warmth and light of Gabriel's genius and love, under which her whole inner nature had quickened and expanded until her bodily strength gave way; but Rossetti himself did not realize this so as to spare her the forcing influence, or restrict his demands upon her imagination and sympathy. It is a tragic enough thought, but one is driven to believe that if such a simple remedy as what is now called a "rest-cure" had been known of and sought for her then, her life might have been preserved. However, let us follow what we know.

Gabriel dreaded bringing her to live in London, where she was so often ill, but after vainly seeking for a house that would suit them at Hampstead or Highgate they resolved, as she seemed to have gained a little strength since her marriage, to try the experiment of wintering at Blackfriars. The landlord of Chatham Place offered them the second floor of the next house in addition to the one that

Rossetti already had, and by making a communication between the two houses they gained an excellent set of rooms. All seemed to promise well, and for a brief time I think it was so. We received a note from Gabriel telling us they had "hung up their Japanese brooms,"—a kind of yard-long whisk of peacock's feathers—and made a home for themselves. He was happy and proud in putting his wife's drawings round one of the rooms, and in a letter to Allingham says: "Her last designs would I am sure surprise and delight you, and I hope she is going to do better now—if she can only add a little more of the precision in carrying out which it so much needs health and strength to attain, she will, I am sure, paint such pictures as no woman has painted yet."

We used to go and see them occasionally in the evenings, when the two men would spend much of the time in Gabriel's studio, and Lizzie and I began to make friends. She did not talk happily when we were alone, but was excited and melancholy, though with much humour and tenderness as well; and Gabriel's presence seemed needed to set her jarring nerves straight, for her whole manner changed when he came into the room. I see them now as he took his place by her on the sofa and her excitement sank back into peace.

One evening our errand to Chatham Place was to borrow a lay-figure, and we gaily carried it off without any wrapper in a four-wheeled cab, whose driver soon drew up at a brilliantly lighted public-house, saying that he could go no further, and under the glare of the gas lamps we had to decant our strange companion into a fresh cab.

I never had but one note from Lizzie, and I kept it for love of her even then. Let it stand here in its whole short length as a memento of one of the Blackfriars evenings, and in the hope that some one beside myself may feel the pathos of its tender playfulness.

"My dear little Georgie,

"I hope you intend coming over with Ned to-

morrow evening like a sweetmeat, it seems so long since I saw you dear. Janey will be here I hope to meet you.

"With a willow-pattern dish full of love to you and Ned,

"LIZZIE."

Both Edward and I had promised to return to our respective families for Christmas, so when the time came we bade each other an eternal adieu, and whilst I was at Manchester he went to Birmingham. He was at Spon Lane with his father both on Christmas Day and the day following, when it is recorded in the journal of the young girl there who watched her friends so closely and sympathetically, "Edward seems to have got very quiet since his new responsibilities." On the last day of the year I rejoined him at his father's house.

CHAPTER XII

HOSTAGES TO FORTUNE
1861-1862

THIS was a year of wonders quite different from those of 1856, for all its marvels were visible to others beside ourselves. Let who will smile, but to most people the sight of a first child is one of the miracles of life, and it is noteworthy that Morris, Rossetti, and Edward now went through this experience within a few months of each other. First came the owner of the little garment that was being fashioned for her when we were at Red House the summer before, and then, just as we were taking it for granted that all would go as well in one household as another, there was illness and anxiety and suspense at Chatham Place, and poor Lizzie was only given back to us with empty arms. This was not a light thing to Gabriel, and though he wrote about it, "She herself is so far the most important that I can feel nothing but thankfulness," the dead child certainly lived in its father's heart. "I ought to have had a little girl older than she is," he once said wistfully as he looked at a friend's young daughter of seven years.

When we went to see Lizzie for the first time after her recovery, we found her sitting in a low chair with the childless cradle on the floor beside her, and she looked like Gabriel's "Ophelia" when she cried with a kind of soft wildness as we came in, "Hush, Ned, you'll waken it!" How often has it seemed to us that if that little baby had lived she, too, might have done so, and Gabriel's terrible melancholy would never have mastered him.

Lizzie's nurse was a delightful old country woman, whose

words and ways we quoted for years afterwards; her native wit and simple wisdom endeared her to both Gabriel and Lizzie, and were the best possible medicine for their overstrained feelings. Naturally, after meeting her at Blackfriars, we invited her to come to us.

On the day little Jane Alice Morris was christened many friends went down to Red House for the christening feast, and beds were made up for their accommodation at night in the true Red Lion Square spirit of hospitality, the drawing-room being turned into a big dormitory for the men. At dinner I sat next to Rossetti, and noticed that even amidst such merry company he fell silent occasionally and seemed absent in mind. He drank water only, and, after he had helped himself, I asked him if he would give me some, which he did with an instant return to the scene before him, saying at the same time with grave humour in his sonorous voice, "I beg your pardon, Georgie: I had forgotten that you, like myself, are a temperate person."

At this time Faulkner was thinking seriously about leaving Oxford, for he longed to share the struggle which he saw his old companions beginning in a wider world: they, of course, encouraged this desire, and Edward, for one, says distinctly, "I'm doing all I can to persuade him to leave Oxford and settle in London at some profession." This happened a few months later, when Faulkner came up to town and entered the office of a civil engineer, where he patiently sat and drew rivets by the thousand in plans for iron bridges—or at least that was the impression we had of his occupation. Out of office hours he kept the books of the firm of Morris, Marshall, Faulkner and Co., now legally registered partners in business.

The list of work done by Edward this year is a long one, but I shall only refer to those things which, as I think of them, especially recall his personality. To begin with, there were two large triptychs that he painted in oil, each with an Adoration in the centre, and the Angel and Virgin of the Annunciation on the wings. These side figures were the same in both cases, but the treatment of the middle sub-

ject was different. The origin of these pictures was a commission for an altarpiece in St. Paul's Church, Brighton, but when Edward had painted his first design he found that the composition of the centre panel was too elaborate to tell its story clearly from a distance. Just about this time Mr. Plint's death occurred, and finding that it was important for his estate to be realized as soon as possible, Edward took counsel with his friends and decided to offer the executors this, by far the most important work he had done, and to make another and simpler design for the church. He proposed that in it the kings should be standing instead of kneeling, with their figures more detached from each other, and, for clearness' sake, that the whole should be painted upon a gold background. The arrangement was agreed to by every one concerned, and the second triptych has remained in St. Paul's Church ever since. In both pictures there are portraits of Morris as one of the kings, and of Swinburne and Edward amongst the shepherds. The commission came through our friend Mr. G. F. Bodley, who unselfishly suggested that the church should have a painted altarpiece instead of a reredos, which he himself had been asked to design, and that Edward should be the artist employed. It was by a curious chance that, some ten years afterwards, Mr. Bodley, hearing of an "old Venetian picture" somewhere in London, went to see it, and under that name recognized and bought the first of the two triptychs. It had been sold at Mr. Plint's sale and then disappeared. Mr. Bodley says that the man from whom he bought it had no idea but that it was an old Italian picture, and adds, "It was, for me, a curious and happy thing that I should see it."

Edward painted also in this year a water-colour of "Clerk Saunders," which embodies his passionate sympathy with the Border Ballads. Mr. Marshall, a big, handsome Scotchman, the least prominent member of the Firm, made us very happy with the traditional tune of the poem, and we started a manuscript music-book to preserve it and a few other treasures. "The Three Ravens" was a song for which Rossetti used to ask.

There was a small water-colour "Laus Veneris" too, which contained the germ of one of Edward's most elaborate pictures, and I remember that in it was the only cat ever allowed a place in his serious work. It was not reproduced in the large "Laus Veneris." Perhaps it was a silent tribute to the memory of his own friend and companion "Tom," who had lately met with a sudden death: chance words now and then taught me that such a thing was possible.

There were special flowers—the lily, the sunflower, and the rose, for instance—which at various times Edward studied profoundly and finally knew by heart. We have seen him painting lilies in Red Lion Square garden, and nearly ten years afterwards he finished his apprenticeship by the masterly pencil drawing, familiar to many, of a group in his own garden at Kensington Square. Roses he was still looking at with uncritical love—the time for grappling with them had not arrived—but that he was already far on in his knowledge of sunflowers is shown by a pen-and-ink design begun this year of "Childe Roland," in which they fill up the whole background: he knew them from their roots to the tips of their petals before he had done, and never lost interest in them.

"Did you ever draw a sunflower?" he writes: "it is a whole school of drawing and an education in itself." And again: "Do you know what faces they have—how they peep and peer, and look arch and winning, or bold and a little insolent sometimes? Have you ever noticed their back-hair, how beautifully curled it is?" The sunflower affectation, which was a fashion at one time amongst hangers-on of Art, filled him with disgust. "As to those sunflower-worshippers," he says, "I do renounce them—I will not stand godfather to that feeble folly without crying out. What have I done ever to deserve such a fate? I do renounce and denounce, and will have none of them. Was I not at work happily and peacefully years before their rubbish began—and shall I not survive them happily and peacefully? Away with them, the feeblings."

Poppies also had their fascination for him: Mr. Bodley

remembers him, at Red House, coming in to breakfast one day with a beautiful drawing of a poppy that he had done in the early morning.

We continued the excellent habit of going to Red House very often from Saturday afternoon to Monday morning, when we would return to town with Morris, who came up every day to the works at 8, Red Lion Square. This place become a fresh centre for friendly as well as business meetings of the members of the firm, and here they laid plans for the future, discussed work going on at the moment, and in the intervals told anecdotes and played each other tricks which prolonged the youth that seemed as if it would never fail.

On one of these evenings Madox Brown surpassed himself in a display of his peculiarity of forgetting names. He wanted something brought upstairs, but, in order to make sure of calling the right person, first turned round and carefully asked: "What is the name of your housekeeper, Morris?" "Button," answered Morris. Whereupon it took no longer than his stepping to the head of the stairs before Madox Brown was heard shouting in his slow, clear voice, "Mrs. Penny, will you——" but applause drowned the rest. Another time Morris being called away during a meeting, the devil suggested to Faulkner that it were well in his absence to make an elaborate "booby-trap" to await his return; so the London Directory and two large copper candlesticks were swiftly balanced by his clever fingers upon the top of the half-open door, and of course at Morris's entrance fell like "Goddes grame" "right a-middlewards of his crown." Bumping and rebounding they rolled to the ground, while Morris yelled with the enraged surprise of startled nerves, and was very near to serious anger, when Faulkner changed everything by holding him up to opprobrium and exclaiming loudly in an injured voice, "What a bad-tempered fellow you are!" The "bad-tempered" one stopped his torrent of rage—looked at Faulkner for a second, and then burst into a fit of laughter, which disposed of the matter.

"The Co. gets on," Edward wrote to Cormell Price in Russia; "have you heard of the Co.? It 's made of Topsy, Marshall, Faulkner, Brown, Webb, Rossetti and me—we are partners and have a manufactory and make stained glass, furniture, jewellery, decoration and pictures; we have many commissions, and shall probably roll in yellow carriages by the time you come back."

Under the general pressure of the time Edward had joined the Artists' Corps of Volunteers when it was first formed, but his attendance was not regular, and of this episode in his life I remember little except a very tired man in a grey uniform.

Another unlikely recruit was Rossetti, who I believe presented himself on the drill-ground, although his name does not appear in the Muster Roll Book of the Corps: but Major Horsley suggests that, as Volunteer economy was doubtless imperfect at the beginning of the movement, it is quite possible that he may have tried the work, found it distasteful, and never really joined. At any rate we clung to the legend of Gabriel's unmistakeable voice having been heard to ask quite politely "Why?" in response to the sergeant's fiercely shouted "Right about face": and Madox Brown is quoted by his grandson, Mr. Ford Hueffer, as relating that Gabriel's first shot was a wonderful one, hitting the centre of the bull's-eye.

Morris figured far better as a defender of his country, for he attended drill regularly, and I distinctly remember that he was camping out at Wimbledon on the night of the great Tooley Street fire. This was on a Saturday, and Edward and I were going down to Red House as usual, though Morris would not be back till next day. As we got near London Bridge Station we saw something was the matter, for crowds were running in one direction, and presently we knew that it was a big fire, and were so much excited that when on reaching the station we found it was close to us, we decided to go to Upton by a later train and stopped where we were to see how things might turn out. The sight was appalling, and the heat so great that we had

to turn away from time to time to cool our faces. We did not hear of any danger to life, though there was evidently great destruction of property, but in spite of this, as it was burning, we felt a kind of fearful satisfaction in being there to see. This form of excitement gave way to another before long, for as we were watching the fire, a woman near us suddenly covered her face and then we heard a shout and saw a wall of the burning building totter and fall with a splash of fire, while a groan went through the crowd and every one knew that life had been lost. We turned away, but could learn no details, and it was not until we saw the newspapers on Monday morning that we knew it had been the death of James Braidwood, the head of the Fire Brigade, and two of his devoted men. When we got to Woolwich the sky was so red there that people were running out from their cottages to see what the fire was, and Morris saw it also from his tent at Wimbledon. On Monday morning when we returned to London the flames were not yet got under, nor were they for many days.

Before the birth of our first child we removed from Russell Place into a larger set of rooms just left by Mr. Henry Wallis, at No. 62, Great Russell Street. Here Edward's studio was again only the front room on the first floor, but as the house was opposite to the British Museum the large open space before it gave a better painting light than usual. Behind the studio and communicating with it by a door was our sitting-room, and beyond that a very small third one. The outlook of the sitting-room was upon a little back-yard entirely built over and covered with a skylight; beyond this was the high blank wall of the back of a house. This had once been coloured and was now blotched in a leprous way. Our own walls inside were beautified with some old tapestry left there by Mr. Wallis while he was travelling abroad.

To these early days in Great Russell Street belongs a note I received from Gabriel, one part of which I can never read unmoved: "By the bye, Lizzie has been talk-

ing to me of parting with a certain small wardrobe to you. But don't let her, please. It looks such a bad omen for us." Seldom did I come so near the real Gabriel as this. More often he seemed to wear a surcoat of jesting; as when he wrote, "Lizzie to-day enters on the adventure of Hog's Hole," by which I understood her to be gone to Red House—or sent the message, "My qualified love to the Pang of your Life," a form of remembrance to Edward suggested by one of the many nonsense verses he had made:

> There is a poor painter named Jones,
> For whose conduct no genius atones.
> The course of his life
> Is a pang to the wife,
> And a plague to the neighbours of Jones.

The rhyme he found for his own name was most skilful:

> There was a poor chap called Rossetti;
> As a painter with many kicks met he.

And that on Gambart, the picture-dealer, must surely have won the admiration even of its subject had he ever been privileged to hear it:

> There is an old he-wolf named Gambart,
> Beware of him if thou a lamb art.
> Else thy tail and thy toes
> And thine innocent nose
> Will be ground by the grinders of Gambart.

Writing to Cormell Price in Russia towards the end of September, Edward tells him that he thinks in about a month "either a little Ned or a little Georgie will appear," and just adding "don't tell, I keep it quiet for fear it should be a monster," passes to other subjects. But the reflex of the idea of having a child of his own appears on the next page, where he writes of his father: "I want my dad to come and live near me: business doesn't answer and he grows old [he was fifty-nine] and a little cottage 12 miles out of London seems a good idea. Next year I hope it can be

managed—by then I shall be out of debt and getting on a bit. Dads ought to have their whack sometimes; it 's very dull to be a dad and have a son cutting about and enjoying himself and still be working on drearily—I shall hate it when I'm a dad." I cannot remember when it was that Mr. Jones decided to give up the struggle of business, in order to avoid the possibility of failure, but I know that when he did so, with his usual ill-luck, he sold the house in Bennett's Hill just before property in that neighbourhood increased so much in value that its rental would have made him comfortable for the rest of his days.

The arrival of our child, though not a "monster," brought us face to face with strange experiences. No one had told us any details connected with it essential for our guidance, the doctor and the wise woman were to arrange everything —but as neither of them happened to be at hand when wanted I doubt whether Edward or I had the more perturbed day. By his own energy, however, he guided the disjointed time and set it straight, for with him intellect was a manageable force applicable to everything, but good dame Wheeler, who soon arrived to supersede the strange nurse of the moment, saw at once how great a demand had been made upon his physical power, and was almost as anxious about him as about either of her recognized charges. I can remember, in the reaction that followed, a day on which the small stranger within our gates was the most valiant member of the family. Those who have gone through such times as these know them to be amongst the testing times of humanity.

I do not think that Edward was a man with whom parental feeling was very great in the abstract, but from the moment he had a child of his own, strong natural love for it awoke in his heart. This new love was accompanied, however, by a fearful capacity for anxiety which was a fresh drain upon his strength. "A painter ought not to be married," he once said; "children and pictures are too important to be produced by one man."

I must not forget to mention the transporting satisfaction

of Miss Sampson, who happened to be staying for a few days with us and had the unexpected bliss of receiving Edward's son in her arms and then going back to Birmingham with the story. To this time belongs a clear recollection of the appearance of Janey and Lizzie as they sat side by side one day when in a good hour it had occurred to them to come together to see the mother and child. They were as unlike as possible and quite perfect as a contrast to each other; also, at the moment neither of them was under the cloud of ill-health, so that, as an Oriental might say, the purpose of the Creator was manifest in them. The difference between the two women may be typified broadly as that between sculpture and painting, Mrs. Morris being the statue and Mrs. Rossetti the picture: the grave nobility and colourless perfection of feature in the one was made human by kindness that looked from "her great eyes standing far apart," while a wistfulness that often accompanied the brilliant loveliness and grace of the other gave an unearthly character to her beauty. "Was there ever two such beautiful ladies!" said dame Wheeler, with a distinct sense of ownership in one of them, as soon as they were gone.

A few weeks after this, whilst I was in Manchester, showing their first nephew to my sisters and younger brother, Edward wrote to me of having been with Rossetti to Chelsea, to see Alexander Gilchrist, in whose forthcoming life of Blake they were both keenly interested. They were told that one of the children of the house had scarlet fever, but that the case had taken a favourable turn, and people in those days did not dread infection as they have learned to do now, so the two friends stayed on, spending the evening in conversation with Mr. Gilchrist, and the news of his death from the fever within a fortnight afterwards was a great shock to them. Edward joined me in Manchester and we took our child to be baptized at the Cathedral, Ruskin and Rossetti being his godfathers by proxy. After stopping at Birmingham to present the little one to his grandfather there, we returned to London and were settled again in our own home early in December.

Our friendship with Mr. Ruskin was one of the happiest things of these early days, for we loved him profoundly and he drew us very near to himself. When he was in England we often saw him, and when abroad he wrote to us, at first as "My dear Edward and Georgie" and afterwards as "My dearest Children," which name was never quite dropped. It was his custom to write freely if he wrote at all; his notes and letters must lie thick as leaves in autumn in many a desk and drawer, and we received our share of this golden shower. A letter of his from Boulogne in July mentions a death that all England was lamenting: "There's Mrs. Browning gone, who *was* a friend, and such a one, but one must not think about oneself in talking of her—it is all the Earth's loss. I get horribly sad whenever I give myself time to think: and can only keep up by help of those things [fishing boats] which you think so sad when you see them going out. I was on the deck of one all Wednesday night, it blowing hard; and the sea ablaze with phosphoric foam, one perpetual torrent of white fire rushing over the lower side of the deck, for we were going fast —and when the moon went down at one the night was nearly black, all but the fire of the waves. We began mackerel fishing off Hastings at five in the morning. No —there's no real sadness, though much solemnity in the life." And speaking of the fishermen, he says: "They were as merry when they began fishing as if they had been in an alehouse—nay, what say I—immeasurably more; they came out of their oily, tarry, salt, black hole, in perfect peace of mind, to meet the face of Dawn, and do their daily work: would they have come in the same peace of mind out of the alehouse? And then their sense! One of the pilots I've been sailing with—I was out with him all day on Monday when it was calm enough for talking—is precisely of my way of thinking on all points of Theology, morality, politics, and economy. He kept saying, in good French, just the very thing I meant to have tried to say in bad. There's wisdom for you!"

There came a most characteristic answer to something

we told him of a scheme for my engraving Edward's designs: "I'm delighted to hear of the woodcutting. It will not I believe interfere with any motherly care or duty, and is far more useful and noble work than any other of which feminine fingers are capable without too much disturbance of feminine thought and nature. I can't imagine anything prettier or more wifely than cutting one's husband's drawings on the woodblock: there is just the proper quantity of echo in it, and you may put the spirit and affection and fidelity into it which *no* other person could. Only never work hard at it. Keep your rooms tidy, and baby happy —and then after that as much woodwork as you've time and liking for."

Alas, time and liking never came together and the pretty scheme dropped through, finding a place, let us hope, among the pieces of porphyry or serpentine with which Edward claimed that good intentions pave the floor of Heaven.

As December went on, Edward's health failed. A sore throat, a cough, and general weakness were always with him the symptoms of exhaustion, and this time he was very much exhausted. On Christmas Eve he went to bed early, quite worn out, and as he lay there, coughing frequently, he put his handkerchief to his mouth and took it away marked with a large stain of blood. We looked at each other and the same thought passed through both our minds —that this was his death-warrant. We took and gave what comfort we could, trying to persuade ourselves in a flash of time that it was a thing of the commonest occurrence, that it happened to most people at some time in their lives, but—we had better see the doctor. Our dear physician-friend, Dr. Charles Bland Radcliffe, lived then in Henrietta Street, Cavendish Square, a place easily reached, and soon I was on the way there. Who does not know that threading of the streets in a hastily-summoned jolting cab, with the one haunting fear for companion? In this case when the cab stopped at the door after an endless-short journey it was evident at a glance that the doctor's house was given

up to festivity, and that a Christmas Eve party was going on. His consulting-room was filled with hats and coats, and for a moment the master of the house was hoping to be free from the haunting calls of his profession, but I knew that Edward's name would bring him to me and waited till he came. He looked very grave when in my distress I silently laid before him the terrible crimson sign that told more than I could do, but hope revived with the kind light that came into his eyes as he said quietly, "I'll see him to-night." Then the cab jolted back again, and we waited together until he came with his never-failing steadiness and help. After examination he was able to assure us that the hemorrhage was from the throat, not the lungs, and it never returned, but for a few years after this there was a delicacy of the chest which needed care.

Somewhere about this time—whether before or after the New Year I cannot say—belongs the story of the happy discovery of FitzGerald's Omar Khayyám, which Swinburne brought one day to Edward in triumph, having just purchased it for the sum of twopence, and marvelling who the anonymous translator could be. From Swinburne I have an account of how he first heard through Rossetti that this treasure had been discovered on a bookstall near Leicester Square—I believe outside Quaritch's shop in Castle Street. It had been published by Quaritch in 1859, but, proving a dead failure, the greater part of the edition was turned out of doors and anybody might have it for a penny a copy. "Thither we repaired," says Mr. Swinburne, "and expended a few pence on a few copies. Next day, when we were returned for more, the price was raised to the iniquitous and exorbitant sum of twopence. You should have heard, but you can imagine, the eloquent and impressive severity of Gabriel's humorous expostulations with the stall-keeper on behalf of a defrauded if limited public. But we were extravagant enough to invest in a few more copies even at that scandalous price. I think it was within the month that Quaritch was selling copies at a guinea—so at least we heard and read."

It is curious to think that in January of 1858 the manuscript of this now famous work had been sent to Fraser's Magazine, whose editor expressed some faint wish to have it, but that in November of the same year FitzGerald had heard nothing from him about it, and wrote to a friend, "I suppose they don't want it, I really think I shall take it back; add some Stanzas which I kept out for fear of being too strong; print fifty copies and give away." And now, though poets such as Rossetti, Swinburne and Morris were eager to know who had done the marvellous thing, they had no clue to its author, nor could even learn his name for many a year.

The copy of the first edition that Swinburne gave to Edward has always been one of our precious possessions, and before the book was reprinted became worn with frequent reading and transcribing.

Edward's convalescence was slow, but fortunately for him his work was of a kind that could be carried on indoors, and he did a great deal in spite of cold and dark days; for nothing short of acute illness ever prevented his painting. Our wants were few in these days, and it came quite naturally to us both to be what is called "poor"—indeed I never remember our having any hopes that depended upon the possession of money or feeling that it would make us much happier. One day we had a delightful treasure-trove in the shape of an envelope containing small cheques to the value of between twenty and thirty pounds, which Edward had put by in his dressing-case because they were crossed and had then forgotten. I think they were Mr. Plint's, and I know that, to our great satisfaction, they got cashed somehow. Another time a half-sovereign lurking in the pocket of a waistcoat was found and brought forth in triumph—but that was the last windfall of this description, and the mere fact that such things could happen shows how many meanings there are to the word "poor."

The difference in our life made by the presence of a child was very great, for I had been used to be much with Edward—reading aloud to him while he worked, and in many

ways sharing the life of the studio—and I remember the feeling of exile with which I now heard through its closed door the well-known voices of friends together with Edward's familiar laugh, while I sat with my little son on my knee and dropped selfish tears upon him as "the separator of companions and the terminator of delights."

The first time the child ailed anything was an anxious experience for two people who shared the almost universal ignorance of men and women about the young of their own species. The infant being unable to describe his sufferings, of whom should we ask help? Swiftly it occurred to us that kind Mrs. Rossetti, Gabriel's mother, loved and revered by us all, must be a mine of wisdom as to the management of children. Had she not brought up the most precious of all boys to maturity? If only she could come and say to us that she had often seen Gabriel like that, we should take comfort. A messenger was despatched, begging her to come to us: nor did her kindness fail, for she came at once, and we shewed her the tiny invalid whose cries still pierced our hearts, while we hung upon her lips for advice. Judge then of our dismay when, after looking on him gravely for a few seconds, her only words were—slowly and distinctly uttered—"It is certain that the child is suffering great agony"; nor had she the least cheer to give or anything to suggest.

On the other hand whilst Edward himself was still unwell a lady came to see us one day for the first time, and looking at him took the situation in at a glance. Husband gifted and attractive, young and probably incapable wife—a case for prescription and advice if ever there were one. Had we heard of the wonderfully strengthening remedy now given in cases where there was weakness of the chest? No; would she tell us? Yes, indeed, gladly. And it was so simple, so easily procured; the only thing was to prepare it rightly, and she herself fortunately knew exactly how it should be done. "Iceland Moss, my dear. You take two pounds of it and put it to soak in water. A most life-giving gelatinous liquid is the result—but the healing qualities are

much increased by the addition of a little brandy, if liked by the patient." Two pounds of Iceland Moss were forthwith got, and put to soak in water. It swelled and it swelled till no jug or basin would hold it; a libation of brandy little short of a bottleful was poured upon it, but it only became a slippery and unmanageable mass which had finally to be thrown away, leaving a sense of guilt upon my mind for a long time.

Mr. Ruskin's return to England at the end of the year was a great comfort to us, and as Edward slowly gathered strength we began to let our hearts dwell on the thought of carrying out a hope long cherished of going with him to Italy. But first deep waters had to be passed through. One morning in February—a dark and cold one—Edward had settled as usual to such work as the light permitted, when there came a tap at the door, and to our surprise Red Lion Mary entered. How she told her tale I do not know, but first we heard the words "Mrs. Rossetti," and then we found that she had come to bring us the dreadful news that our poor, lovely Lizzie was dead, from an overdose of laudanum. There was nothing we could do—all was over—so, begging Edward not to risk going out on such a day, I hastened to Blackfriars to bring him any word I could learn about the unhappy Gabriel.

The story can never lose its sadness. To try to tell it afresh now, with a knowledge of its disastrous effect upon one of the greatest of men, would be for me impossible. I will simply transcribe something I wrote about it the next day to one of my sisters: "I am sure you will feel for Gabriel and all of us when I tell you poor Lizzie died yesterday morning. I scarcely believe the words as I write them, but yesterday I saw her dead. The evening before she was in good health (for her) and very good spirits—she dined with her husband and Swinburne and made very merry with them—Gabriel took her home, saw her prepare for bed, went out to the Working Men's College, and on his return found her insensible from the effects of an overdose of laudanum which she was used to take medicinally.

She never knew him or anyone else for a second—four physicians and a surgeon did everything human skill could devise, but in spite of them all she died, poor darling, soon after seven in the morning. The shock was so great and sudden that we are only beginning to believe it to-day—I wonder at myself for writing about it so coolly. I went down directly I heard it and saw her poor body laid in the very bed where I have seen her lie and laugh in the midst of illness, but even though I did this I keep thinking it is all a dreadful dream. Brown was with Gabriel and is exactly the man to see to all the sad business arrangements, for of course under such circumstances an inquest has to be held. Of course I did not see Gabriel. Edward is greatly troubled as you will believe, and all the men. I leave you to imagine the awful feeling there is upon us all. Pray God to comfort Gabriel."

The Chatham Place days were ended now, and Rossetti in his sorrow turned to his mother, whose grave tenderness must have been a refuge for his wounded heart, and went for a time to live in Albany Street with her and his sisters and brother. Poor Lizzie's bullfinch went there too, and sang as sweetly and looked as sleek and cheerful as ever.

It must have been in April of this year that we paid a Saturday to Monday visit to the Marshalls at Tottenham. A cheery, reckless household it was, with big Peter Paul ("Poll" was the sound his little wife gave to the name she called him) at the head of it: I remember a small cup of gunpowder being given to the boys to keep them quiet in the morning. Marshall sang the Scotch songs for which we always asked, and besides "Clerk Saunders" we got from him the beautiful tunes of "Sir Patrick Spens" and "Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny, bonny bride!"

Our hapless child, however, occupied the time of our visit in taking, all unknown to us, a severe cold, which soon after our return developed into congestion of the lungs that brought him quickly to death's door. Then again our friend Dr. Radcliffe came to the rescue, and one afternoon there

was a fight between him and death, when the invisible enemy all but revealed himself to our eyes, so sharp was the struggle and so clearly delivered both blow and counter-blow over the child's senseless body. A recovery without check followed, however, and then we addressed ourselves to preparations for the Italian journey, which seemed almost too happy an idea ever to come true.

Just before the baby's illness my two younger sisters, Agnes and Louisa, had come up to stay with us according to an old promise, and so began a series of visits from them which provided many a happy memory. These two young girls were very dear to Edward, and to them he was a brother whose care and affection fostered their native gifts and stimulated them, mind and soul. Devoted to each other, next in age and always making a life of their own together in the midst of our large family, when they came to us they were no drain on our powers of entertainment, but gave us joy whilst eagerly enjoying themselves. They were good to look at also; our friends loved and admired them, and their whole lives were affected by the times they spent with us.

After the recovery of our child the sisters shared in our thanksgiving and then helped us to get ready for our journey as quickly as possible. It was arranged that the baby should be left with his grandmother and aunts in Manchester, and after the anxieties and trouble of winter and early spring it was sweet to us to become children again, and to rest upon one so much older and stronger than ourselves as Mr. Ruskin. He did everything *en prince*, and had invited us as his guests for the whole time, but again in his courtesy agreed to ease our mind by promising to accept the studies that Edward should make while in Italy, and all was arranged and done by him as kindly and thoughtfully as if we had indeed been really his "children," as he called us.

Before we went Edward made and presented a thank-offering to Dr. Radcliffe, who had, humanly speaking, saved the life of his little son. It was a pencil drawing of the sick

child in a bed, on the foot of which sits the Virgin Mother, who has brought her Child of Healing and holds him standing on her lap, with his little arms spread out in the form of a Cross; while upon the floor, seated upon a corner of her robe, is the healed child, happily playing.

The Mother of Healing.

CHAPTER XIII

FRUITFUL REST
1862

ON the morning of May 15th we started with Mr. Ruskin for Italy, crossing the Channel by Folkestone and Boulogne. We had no anxiety in leaving our little son in the house of his grandparents, but nevertheless felt parting with the unconscious creature extremely, and solaced ourselves with photographs of him and a drawing that Edward had made. A photograph was opened in the railway carriage before we reached Folkestone and shewn to Ruskin, who greeted it with wholesome chaff. At Boulogne we stayed the night, at the Hôtel des Bains, and in the afternoon he took us a walk down to the shore, where the tide was far out and only a great stretch of wet sand lay before us. Here a mood of melancholy came over him and he left us, striding away by himself towards the sea; his solitary figure looked the very emblem of loneliness as he went, and we never forgot it. Later in time this loneliness and melancholy become still more impressive, when it was realized that a few days before starting he had signed his preface to the first edition of Unto this Last. In this book he had reprinted the essays which had been despised and rejected as they appeared separately in the Cornhill Magazine. The thoughts expressed in these prophetic pages had not found acceptance even in the heart of his own father—no wonder that to us he was silent.

In Paris we went to Meurice's Hotel, and there we stayed two days, from Saturday till Monday, during which time of course we visited the Louvre. In the evening we were at a theatre and saw I know not what upon the stage, but

something of the talk in the box comes back to me—about the Doré illustrations to Balzac's Contes Drolatiques, and the passionate horror with which Ruskin spoke of them, saying that on first seeing them he had literally been made physically ill with disgust. The next day, Sunday, finding that I had a friend who lived in Paris, he insisted on sending me in the afternoon to see her. She was an English girl, the wife of a French Methodist preacher, whose Christian name was *Jean Wesley*, and I found her at a little square chapel that was own brother to such fanes in England. Mr. Ruskin dined out that evening, and on his return told us where he had been. It was to the house of "Adèle," his first love, long since married in France. He had met there, perhaps a sister of hers, at all events some two or three people who had known him as a boy, and he seemed in a dream of the past as he threw himself down on a couch and talked to us. "They called me John," he said; and we felt how few people could ever do that, and how sweet it must have been to him. Then he went on to tell us how good a wife Adèle was, and the image of the lady was stamped on the minds of his hearers as he told them that in her country-home she used to amuse her husband, who was a sportsman, by translating Punch to him.

From Paris we went on to Dijon and then to Bâle, where I remember the balcony of the "Three Kings" over the rushing river, and *truite au bleu* for dinner (always served in a private room), and next morning a walk with Mr. Ruskin, to look at pictures somewhere, before we started again for Lucerne. We stopped there for a few days, and saw the green water of the lake through the floor of the painted bridges, and looked around us and felt ourselves *in montibus sanctis*. One afternoon we rowed out on the lake, and the two men talked all the time of scientific discoveries about the formation of the earth and the gradual development upon it of animal life; Edward contributing a description, I remember, of an era when "huge white cockroaches" reigned supreme.

We left by the steamer that took us up the Lake to

Fluelen, where our thoughtful friend and guide had arranged that we should spend the night, so as to be ready in the morning to begin at once the glorious drive over the pass of St. Gothard. I have a vision of us all three sitting together that evening, in a room with an exquisitely clean bare-boarded floor, and Mr. Ruskin reading Keats to us.

In the morning we went on up the pass. Towards evening we came suddenly, as if through a gateway, upon the wonderful uplifted plain of the Valley of Hôpital, with its swift, wide river rushing through it and the mountain tops around doing duty as mere hills. Next morning we started again in unfailing sunshine and went over to the Italian side; our road at first cut through the eternal snows, but those were left behind, and then began the descent into the promised land. The beautifully-engineered road waved before us, our leader was unfastened and went to the rear, and the two other horses flew along with the carriage; sometimes the zigzag of the road was so sharp that the horse who followed would look down upon us from the turn above as if he needed but a sign to jump into our laps. By the early evening we had reached Bellinzona with thankful hearts. And, next day, still driving, by Lugano and Como, past gardens whose roses were bubbling over the tops of their high walls, seeing as we went many beautiful women whom Edward called "spoiled studies for Janey," and on till it grew dark and the fire-flies came out before we reached Milan. How frightened we were there next morning, when the spirit of the mountaineer shewed itself in our beloved companion and made him skip about on steep slopes of the Cathedral roof until each moment we thought to see him fall into the piazza below, where the omnibuses crawled no bigger than flies. And to San Ambrogio he took us, and had treasures unlocked and brought out from behind its altar—and two of the little company knew and felt and understood all they saw, but the third looked chiefly at them.

From Milan we went to Parma for two days, and Correggio's name is associated with the daytime and the opera of Rigoletto with both evenings. We all three went,

through moonlit streets, to hear it the first night, and Mr. Ruskin took me again the second time, at his own suggestion—but Edward would not go—and the only difference in the entertainment this time was that we saw it from a different side of the house.

The scheme of our journey made us part company on returning to Milan, where we two left Mr. Ruskin, and went by ourselves to Verona, Padua, and Venice. The sense of our friend's great loneliness of spirit came over us again at parting, when he said, without leaving us room to doubt his affection, that he never minded the going away of any one. But this spiritual loneliness did not relax the visible tie between him and his parents, to whom he either wrote or telegraphed every day.

At Verona the church of San Zeno and the Adige with its bridge and the Amphitheatre and the Market-place all rise up in memory—also a sign of the Austrian occupation in the presence of Austrian officers at *déjeûner* in the hotel —but I do not think we stayed there more than a day, for we were pushing on to Venice. First, however, came a Sunday at Padua, when we spent the morning alone in the Arena chapel, standing in a kind of rough grassy orchard, its beauty unutterably touching even to the ignorant; and there Edward made drawings from the Virtues and Vices in the lower belt of pictures.

At Venice our very first evening in a gondola revealed Edward's susceptibility to malarial influences, for he was feverish and ill in the night; so that afterwards we went about almost entirely on foot. He had a strong sense of topography, and soon found his way everywhere as if he had been born in the place, and thus, perhaps, we saw more of the city than if we had gone by the canals. To row out to the Lido, however, or to Torcello and Murano, was another matter, and our expeditions there were very happy. A sunset that we saw one evening from the Piazzetta was of awe-striking beauty, when the façade of the Ducal Palace was flooded with pink golden light reflected again from the upturned faces of the silent crowd.

"We are already enjoying ourselves intensely," Edward wrote to Mr. Ruskin soon after we were settled; "the weather is glorious, by no means too hot, and we happen to be in the best of health these two days. I am at work on a little head of Paolo in the Ducal Palace. How little I shall be able to do for you—even a slight pencil-sketch takes so long—but I know now so well how entirely you wish us to enjoy ourselves and me to get strong, that I shall not be anxious about the quantity I do (nor about the quality, for it is bad, it is, it is), and you must let me give you all kinds of drawings for years to come when they happen to be pretty, and so I shall feel comforted. We have arranged to stay at the hotel for three weeks.

"Georgie is growing an eye for a picture, she darts at a little indistinct thing hung away somewhere, and says timidly 'Isn't that a very nice picture?' and it generally ends in being a Bellini or Bonifacio, whom she calls Bonnieface—and O what pictures of his there are here! We get on very well by our little selves, but what may be termed the domestic pleasure of the trip is gone now we have left you. We are alone in this big hotel, at dinner there is a table for forty or more, and we alone sit there; that is a dull time I own, for the rest we are very happy, and take great care not to see too many pictures in a day at first. The look of the pictures has done me good: I feel that I could paint so much better already. I never knew quite what a memorial of old St. Mark's that picture of Gentile Bellini's is. We followed it carefully bit by bit to-day, and it is as exact down to the least item as it can be; it will be absolutely invaluable presently, for it is quite as exact as a photograph, with colour besides. We know the front of St. Mark's so well that we could have detected a slip I really believe. And do you know, they are hard at work restoring St. Mark's; all the north side is covered up and peeled off; it is so miserable. I hung quite affectionately about that Bellini, and thought how soon it might be the only record of that seventh heaven."

It was not long though before he was restless to be back

in his own studio, for the ancient pictures set him on fire, and yet so long as he was amongst them he could do no original work. "I should never paint another picture if I lived in Italy," he said. So he wrote to Ruskin: "Georgie begins to grow pining for her kid and I long to be at work, for I don't work here, and I have cheated and defrauded you into bringing me out to do nothing, and if I thought of it much I should be miserable—only I set my teeth and swear inwardly that you shall have drawing after drawing when I get home from time to time, original drawings, not copies—ha! don't scold me and call me unfriendly and mean for bothering about the tin, I should be a pig if I had no feeling about business, you must confess. At the most I can only bring you back four rotten little sketches; one of a head in the Veronese Triumph at the Ducal Palace, one of the Bacchus head of Tintoret (as nearly original size as I could guess), one of St. Catherine, and one of the Harem or Marriage of Cana. They really are so far more faithful than those I did under your eye, for you frightened me, you did. A sketch is a slight name, but how long it takes—one could do a dozen designs for one little worthless copy, but O it does one good. Directly my eyes close a canvas appears and I scrawl away with brown and white—yes, dark figures on a white ground, that's the secret: you have done me so much good by giving me this chance of seeing the old miracles." Then follows a complaint about the irregularity of the post, which shows that it was not one person only who was homesick. "The post here is horrible, we get no letters from home, and are in utter darkness about our families—shall you be ready to return then when we said? If you could return and we might go straight back through the quick way of Cenis it would comfort our fretful homesick hearts." A day at Torcello he also writes about. "We went early to Torcello and confided much poetic sentiment to each other on the occasion—it was lovely beyond words. To-day we went out to the Lido, and dabbled at the edge of the sea. The sea was glorious and it was pleasant to look out towards

Ithaca, and think that only sea divided us from it. Altogether we are bubbling over with poetry here and dreadfully need you to put in a judicious No."

We celebrated the day when Edward finished his first sketch in the Ducal Palace by going to Murano. The place looked very sad and the church was shut up; when we got in at last we found it filled to the roof with ladders and scaffolding poles. There was no need to ask what was going on; but the pavement and the great solemn figure of the Virgin in the apse were untouched, and so we worshipped and came away. On Corpus Christi Day, from one of the galleries of St. Mark's, we watched a great procession form in the church below and afterwards go round the piazza; and on the last morning of our stay, when we went to bid the hallowed place good-bye, we found there the only funeral we saw whilst we were in Venice, and followed it with its many candles out of the darkness of the church into the sunlight and down to the water's edge, until the red-covered coffin was put upon a gondola and swiftly rowed away to the island of the dead.

Mr. Ruskin's reply to Edward's letter shewed that our homesick cry raised no echo in his heart. He wrote: "Harry the 8th 's a good king [this was a name he had given the child] but the notion of his interfering with the Venetian Senate in this way is too bad. If Ned 's well, (and of course I assume Harry the 8th to be well too—if he 's ill, I've nothing to say) and bettering in health and painting, you ought not to leave so soon. And don't make such mighty grand sketches. I want a very slight one of the Sebastian in St. Rocco (Scuola) and a rough sketch, in colour, of the High Priest in the Circumcision—in Scuola, by the stair foot. And I want you a week *here* [Milan]. I will have ever so many cwts. of candles lighted in the Monasterio, and you must sketch the two [Luini] Christs for me please. This is more important than anything in Venice to *me*. I don't care about the Salute Cana one, but finish it as is best for your own work."

To which Edward answered: "We have heard at last of

Harry VIII., who stands fair for 6 wives at least, so all is well there: I have done the sketch of St. Sebastian with some difficulty for it is so dark. The water-colour of High Priest turns out very badly for I worked much in the dark at it, and the picture is itself very black and covered with chill in the deep shadows; to-day I make a sketch of the St. Catherine. Perhaps I shall do better at the Luinis—yet why should I?"

Where was the "Monasterio" to which we went in Milan, with Mr. Ruskin, to see Luini's pictures? Probably this question would be easily answered by reference to any guide-book, but I shall speak only of what remains in memory. It was a large church that had been used as a military hospital during the Franco-Sardinian War with Austria, and still bore marks of rough usage: the pictures were in an extremely dark place, where it was almost impossible to light them up sufficiently for Edward to work. In a letter to my sisters there is his own account of this.

"I am drawing from a fresco," he begins boldly, "that has never been seen since the day it was painted, in jet darkness, in a chapel where candlesticks, paper flowers and wooden dolls abound freely. Ruskin, by treacherous smiles and winning courtesies and delicate tips, has wheedled the very candlesticks off the altar for my use, and the saint's table and his everything that was his, and I draw every day now by the light of eight altar candles; also a fat man stands at the door and says the church is shut if anybody comes, and when the priest himself put his head in, the fat man said 'hush-sh-sh-sh!' and frightened poor priest away!"

Then follows a fresh expression of anxiety for home news. "We left Heaven, which is Venice, last Saturday—on which day a letter—but no letter at all waiting for us here!! And now it appears too plain no letter at all, so please cause a long and sufficient one to be waiting for us at 62, so that on leaping from the cab we may as it were be in possession of its contents—so very ready as that, please. How we long to see you, but these are days never to be repeated and I cannot break through them. As for that same Ruskin, what

a dear he is; of his sweetness, his talk, his look, how debonnaire to everyone, of the nimbus round his head and the wings to match, consult some future occasions of talk. Now good night, you pretties."

As soon as the week in Milan was over we bade farewell to the friend who had done so much for us, and hastened back to England, while Mr. Ruskin remained to finish a full-size copy of a beautiful St. Catherine in the dark Luini chapel. We had been ten weeks abroad.

On our return we found Rossetti well in health and settled at work in Lincoln's Inn Fields, where he had taken chambers whilst arrangements were being made for his removal to a beautiful old house at Chelsea: he had never gone back to live in Chatham Place after his wife's death. The firm was in great activity; had received two medals for what it shewed at the International Exhibition, and many commissions from it were waiting for Edward; amongst them one for coloured tiles which proved a welcome outlet for his abounding humour, and in this form the stories of Beauty and the Beast and Cinderella took at his hands as quaint a shape as they wear in the pages of the Brothers Grimm of blessed memory. Some "lay" stained glass also was demanded, for which he designed a scene in the story of King Mark and La Belle Iseult. His regular habit now and for years afterwards was to design and draw such things in the evening—the presence of friends making no difference—and men returned to the habit of dropping in after dinner almost as freely as before his marriage. Of Charles Faulkner we saw a great deal, as he and his family had left Birmingham and were settled in Queen Square, Bloomsbury, near and welcome neighbours. He was the eldest surviving son of a widowed mother; two sisters and a young brother completed the household. Both sisters shared Faulkner's own skill of hand, and one of them, as it proved, was but waiting time and opportunity to develop a power of beautiful ornamental design: friendship with them was a foregone conclusion, and between Kate Faulkner and me there grew up a lifelong intimacy: both Morris and

Edward loved her also. Gabriel came to us at rare intervals —once it was to see his godson, to whom his manner was very tender—and another evening he wrote down for us a song which he said was the first he had written for an age. It was now that we learned of his having by a passionate impulse put into the coffin of his poor Lizzie the manuscript volume which contained almost all the poems he had written, and we feared they were lost for ever; so those who loved him began to compare notes and write out what they could remember. Swinburne of course was chief at this, and dictated some to us out of his marvellous memory; amongst others Sister Helen, of which we sent out a copy to Mr. Ruskin, who had asked for any that we could lay hands on. From him we heard in due course of the completion of his copy of Luini's "St. Catherine," which, when it had been put together and framed in England, he asked us to go out and see at Denmark Hill; and who so willing as we? It was a happy day, for, beside the unusual pleasure of going out together in the daytime, it was beautifully fine, and it was also my first visit to Mr. Ruskin's home. That fact alone, that it was his home, gilded it within and without; otherwise it had no charm, but was a house of the dullest and most commonplace type; a huge cedar in front of it was the only thing that redeemed the approach from bald ugliness.

I do not know whether his parents were in town, for we saw nothing of them, but in the vestibule of his mother's drawing-room we found the Luini facsimile, looking so beautiful as to make one forget its incongruous surroundings. We were taken afterwards into another room, where Edward shewed me the portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Ruskin senior, but I had no idea, until he told me, that a fair-haired little child with a landscape background through which he was represented as running, in white dress, blue shoes and fluttering sash, was the author of The Stones of Venice.

The arrival of Allingham in London this autumn was a great addition to our circle, for he liked and was liked by so many different people. And he brought with him a breath of

John Ruskin and Dante Gabriel Rossetti.
1862.

the wild Irish loughs and mountains when he told us that he had been wandering amongst them quite lately, with a barelegged little goat-herdess of fourteen or fifteen years for his guide, who was very intelligent and chatty in two languages, English and Irish, but had never heard of London.

Edward, rejoicing in the companionship of friends, and knowing Mr. Ruskin to be alone and sad, wrote out to urge him to come back to us all. "Wouldn't cheery company do you a little good? How I wish you were here in London. I feel so certain that you would be better for a little sympathetic circle of men to see you sometimes. Gabriel sends much love to you; I know how glad he would be if you were amongst us; a little 3 or 4 of us this winter might be so quiet and happy if you would but come."

In October Rossetti removed to 16, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, and whilst furnishing and arranging it found amusement and distraction for some time. His old rooms at Blackfriars had been taken by his friend Mr. G. P. Boyce, the water-colour painter, whose love for collecting "blue pots" equalled Rossetti's own, and many a story was told of their rivalry in the search. One I remember was about a struggle of will on the subject of a "pot" that Mr. Boyce had actually bought and Gabriel openly and loudly coveted; but neither money nor fair words had the slightest effect upon its gentle, determined owner; argument also availed nothing and exchange was scouted. One evening Gabriel went to Blackfriars and tried again to get it, but after vainly using every kind of persuasion the subject was dropped, and finally Mr. Boyce walked back with him to Chelsea, talking of other things. On reaching Cheyne Walk they went into the house together, and then Gabriel, throwing back his Inverness cape, drew the dish carefully from beneath his arm where it had been all the time, and placed it upon the table in the fond hope that its owner's heart would be melted when he saw it actually there: but Mr. Boyce quietly took back his property, and after a friendly goodnight returned home with it under *his* arm.

The happiness may be imagined with which, after Mr.

Ruskin's return to England, we accepted an invitation to dine at Denmark Hill, and the respect with which we looked upon those "without whose life he had not been." The appearance of old Mr. Ruskin was striking; his dignity and simplicity, together with a latent tenderness of manner, made our hearts expand with confidence. He was of fair height and size altogether, neither so tall nor so thin as his son, and a dark plum-coloured evening coat which he wore impressed us by its individuality and as being a link with the past. The little old lady who ruled the house from her low seat by the fireside was less easy to understand. She had had an accident not long before we saw her—a fall, in which what she always called her "limb" was broken—and though it had been properly set it had stiffened in some way, so that she could not walk without help. It was her nature, I suppose, which made her choose for support the back of a chair rather than the arm of either husband or son: at all events, bidding us all precede her, she walked from the drawing-room to the dining-room, leaning upon a chair which moved easily on castors as she pushed it before her, and evidently carrying out an established custom. Edward was repelled by the old lady's sharp, decisive manner, and could not like her thoroughly. At dinner, if anything her son said, though not addressed to herself, did not reach her ear, she demanded to have it repeated, and from her end of the table came a clear thread of voice, "John, John Ruskin, what was that you said?" When the sharply questioning sound at last penetrated to him he never failed with the utmost respect to repeat his words for her.

I cannot be sure whether it was on this occasion or afterwards that I first saw Robert Browning, but I know that it was at Denmark Hill. I remember too that some talk went on about the rate at which the pulse of different people beat, and that he suddenly leaned towards me saying, "Do me the honour to feel my pulse,"—but I could find none to feel. That was what he meant us to know, for he told us afterwards that it was never perceptible to touch, which seemed strange in so powerful an organization as his. Whether his

bloodless complexion was a symptom connected with this peculiarity, I do not know.

At first after he came back from Italy Edward was very hard upon all that he had done till then, and felt disposed to rail at himself unreasonably; saying that he took good subjects only to spoil them, and there was nothing so base and mean as for a man to take a good subject and spoil it. His knowledge of what he aimed at was far too clear for him to be deceived into complacency about failure, and I began to know something of the difficulties with which he wrestled when I saw the misery that he passed through at one stage or other of almost every fresh picture. Usually the worst time was when it was half finished; then something seemed to go wrong, and he would work on without light or hope, but only because he would not give up what was begun; when suddenly, even he could not say how, the change came, the cloud lifted and he knew where he was and what to do. This I noticed at intervals all through his life, and the following description in his own hand of such a time, during the painting of "King Cophetua," shows how dark the cloud could be while it lasted.

"I work daily at Cophetua and his Maid. I torment myself every day—I never learn a bit how to paint. No former work ever helps me—every new picture is a new puzzle and I lose myself and am bewildered—and it's all as it was at the beginning years ago. But I will kill myself or else Cophetua shall look like a King and the beggar like a Queen, such as Kings and Queens ought to be."

Later still he said in his own vehement way, "It takes an artist fifty years to learn to do anything, and fifty years to learn what not to do—and fifty years to sift and find what he simply desires to do—and three hundred years to do it, and when it is done neither heaven nor earth much needs it nor heeds it. Well, I'll peg away; I can do nothing else, and wouldn't if I could."

And as to finishing pictures, he says, "When is a picture finished? Never, I think—and is a symbol of life itself in that way: so when I say it is finished I mean it is cut off, and

must go away." He used to say that it was only the van coming to take it away that finished a picture for him.

There was no exaggeration when he wrote from Venice that he could have done a dozen fresh designs whilst he was making one sketch from an old picture, and already even in these early days he was looking eagerly round for some channel besides painting into which he might pour the stream of his ceaseless imagination. Wood-engraving in England was at its last gasp, but the designs of Ludwig Richter and Alfred Rethel in Germany had given him fresh hope of what might yet be done.

"I am determined to labour in every direction to get good engraving again," he wrote to my sister, "and I shall need you beyond words—so work, my little darling, like anything.

"I see that for the engraving I want, the most perfect design and beautiful drawing is needed, more than in pictures even, for in them so many other qualities come in and have their say, and a picture may be great if it has only one quality pre-eminently grand. But in engraving every faculty is needed—simplicity, the hardest of all things to learn—restraint in leaving out every idea that is not wanted (and perhaps fifty come where five are wanted)—perfect outline, as correct as can be without effort, and, still more essentially, neat—and a due amount of quaintness. I really do not think anyone in England could have engraved the Rethels. Rossetti, in despair, gave a very careful block to Faulkner the other day, and that ingenious man's first attempt is a regular triumph—it is an illustration to Miss Rossetti's poems, coming out in February, so you will see it.

"By absolutely perfect wood-engraving, I mean such work as all the sixteenth-century engravings and such as those quite perfect examples in Rethel's Dance of Death and the Friend and Avenger. I don't believe that any attempt to express more than they do could possibly be successful.

"As to scribbly work, it enrages one beyond endurance. Nearly all book and periodical illustration is full of it—drawings, you know the kind, that have wild work in all

the corners, stupid, senseless rot that takes an artist half a minute to sketch and an engraver half a week to engrave, for scribble is fearful labour to render. My dear, look at most things in 'Once a Week'—the wasted time of poor engravers in rendering all that scrawl, if rightly used, might fill England with beautiful work."

In the same letter he says he is positive that the only way to engrave on wood is "very simply, with little or no cross-hatching, and no useless cleverness, and no attempt whatever to do anything that copper or steel would do a thousand times better." His own desire is to publish "100,000 wood-cuts as big as Death the Friend or bigger," and he ends with a postscript containing advice which he himself never ceased practising.

"Keep up drawing the whole time through, say at the least half the day, and let it be from nature—faces, best of all, because hardest. Practise at anything that will reveal its mistakes most glaringly; not at foliage, because a hundred errors may be concealed in the general confusion, nor even drapery, but bare arms, necks, noses, tops of heads, &c. wherein one faltering step turns everything to ridicule."

To continue his comparison between painted pictures and designs in black and white, may be quoted here what he said in later life, when speaking of an artist who had ceased painting and did nothing but illustrations for books: "It is a pity to give up painting altogether—when any one does nothing but designing he unravels himself too quickly." I know that in his own case he valued the breathing-time given by the mechanical work of a picture.

The designs of Ludwig Richter that excited his admiration are described with unchanged enthusiasm twenty years later to a friend who had heard of them and wanted to know what they were like.

"The Richter you ask about is a veritable angel. There are many books of his, he made heavenly little pictures always, drawing everything that makes happy and never anything vile. He drew pictures to Bechstein—a sort of collection like Grimm, of Household Tales,—and he made

pictures to everything that could be that was soft and nice and had cosy little family life in it and peasant life in the mountains; children, babies, puppies, birds, cats, cabbages, village taverns, smithies, every mortal pleasant thing that happens in the mountains—and nobody ever lived who imagined more sweetly. And there are thousands of designs—and now he is eighty and quite blind these three years past—and it is just twenty years since I made up my mind to send him a message to say how much I cared about him. I vowed a vow that another day should not end before I sent my message, and still it is unsent. There have been I know published at Williams & Norgate's, Covent Garden, two volumes called Richter Album, with selections from his vast world of invention. You would love him. It is good to be called Richter."

With his own world of invention ever urging him to give it shape, he could not be long unhappy about his work, nor was he, and in my letters to Mr. Ruskin there is constant mention of his finishing old pictures and beginning new ones.

"He has begun a water-colour, which he does not mean to make more than a sketch, of Bluebeard's wife putting the key in the closet door. It is a tall, narrow picture, only containing Mrs. Bluebeard with a long passage behind her down which she has come—and the door, of course. Edward is sitting by, and has just looked up to charge me not to tell you about Bluebeard's wife, because you will think that the skeletons are the principal features. I reply that his warning comes too late, for I have told you, but that you will think nothing of the kind, and know as well as I do that it is only the picture of Fatima."

Again, "Bluebeard's wife has grown apace since I gave notice of her beginning, and is almost all that her friends could wish her—at least they are polite enough to say so, and now Ned has begun a smaller water-colour of Love flinging open a lady's window in the early morning on St. Valentine's Day and greeting her. Love bears her a little letter in his hand."

And next, "Ned has begun another water-colour, a figure of Love quite blind, crowned with flowers, groping his way through the street of a city in the early morning, seeking the house he shall enter." This design Edward always meant to carry out on a larger scale in oils; indeed he began it, and the wreath of roses is painted on Love's head.

To an introduction of Mr. Ruskin's we owed our friendship with Mr. Simon, afterwards Sir John Simon, K.C.B., and his wife. At first we saw little of them, but liking never fell back in absence and we came to know each other very closely. Lady Simon's warm Irish nature was concealed from strangers by a singularly impassive manner, but, that once penetrated, her fine qualities revealed themselves: amongst them were constancy in friendship and a rare courage and magnanimity in times of trial. Sir John's more brilliant presence belonged perhaps to his French descent; at any rate he was a fascinating man of science, to whom Edward had no hesitation in offering his own imaginative version of newly acquired knowledge, while Sir John enjoyed seeing the hard-won jewel of truth shine in its new setting, and they laughed together like boys. I remember one of Edward's freshly assimilated scientific facts being dispensed to me, after a Sunday morning's visit from Sir John when conversation had fallen upon the subject of molecular formation: "Georgie, Mr. Simon has been here, and he has told me that we are made of millions of little bits, and it's only of my shoulder's own mercy that it doesn't march off to Hampstead Heath this afternoon."

One evening towards the end of this year Mr. Ruskin came after dinner and carried us off by appointment to Chelsea, to see the Carlyles, for he wished that his old friend and his young friend should meet. It was no use though; instinct told Edward that Carlyle could not care for the work he was busy about, and he would have protested against Mr. Ruskin's taking with him the water-colour of "Theseus and Ariadne," but that it would have made too much of the matter and of his own feeling. The evening passed off safely on its human merits—for it was the living voice of

Carlyle that we heard saying "the newspapers were shrill" about something, and with the hand that wrote The French Revolution we saw him carefully reach the kettle from the fire for his wife when she made tea. As for her, she was very kind, taking me into her own room to remove my wraps and helping me to put them on again afterwards with motherly tenderness. There were two other people there, Sir Walter and Lady Trevelyan, and all was friendly. A faint impression remains of Carlyle coming down to the door with pleasant words of parting, and then we went home to the Carlyle of the bookshelves whom we knew so much better than this one.

CHAPTER XIV

JOY AND SORROW TO SHARE
1863-1864

THE time that passed between our return to England and the autumn of 1864 seems in my memory like one long year, full of brightness and vitality, but so much of the same character that it would be difficult to preserve the exact sequence of its minor scenes and facts; the important ones are more easily placed.

Edward had never become reconciled to the absence of his friend Cormell Price, and was troubled also by an impression that, though he sent us no details, the circumstances of his life in Russia were difficult. The letter given below refers to this.

"Come back to us, Crom, I am sure you are not happy over there—throw it up and come back. You shall live with me till you find something—do come. All the best years of your poor little life are going over there and we are wanting you so much all the time. Come and stay with us—we are beautifully situated opposite the Museum, with a clear view of the trees in Russell Square out of the top windows, and an easy walk from Tottenham Court Road and Holborn. My studio is the jolliest room except for dirt; how I should love to see you smoking a pipe this night, what toddy I would make for you, what coffee Georgie would make for you."

But in spite of these entreaties Cormell struggled on for another year.

Younger men now began to frequent the studio, some of them students of the Royal Academy, whose interest and curiosity had been aroused by Edward's work at the Ex-

hibition of the Hogarth Club: they were brought in the first instance, I believe, by Simeon Solomon, for whose gifts Edward had a sincere admiration. I remember his telling me before we were married about a book filled with Solomon's designs, which he said were as imaginative as anything he had ever seen—here was the rising genius—to which I listened with a jealous pang! This artist afterwards became a friend of mine as well as Edward's, and the tragedy of his broken career is one before which I am dumb; but all the more do I cling to recollections of hope and promise surely not false, though unfulfilled in this world.

Our friendship with William De Morgan, son of Professor Augustus De Morgan, began in Great Russell Street, when his rare wit attracted us before we knew his other loveable qualities. He remembers asking Edward one day about a fresh canvas he saw in the studio—was it for a new picture? "Yes," said Edward, quoting the stereotyped newspaper criticism of Pre-Raphaelite work; "I am going to cover that canvas with flagrant violations of perspective and drawing and crude inharmonious colour"; but later in the evening he said to De Morgan, "You know that was all gammon I was talking about perspective and drawing—I only do things badly because I don't know how to do them well; I do want to do them well." And another time: "Why should people attack pictures as they do? Artists mean no harm—at least I don't; I only want to make a beautiful thing, that will remain beautiful after I'm a bogey, and give people pleasure when they look at it."

Whilst Mr. Ruskin was abroad early in 1863, his father bought the water-colour of "Fair Rosamond" on which Edward was at work. The transaction was a pretty one, for his son knew nothing of it, but writing to us shortly afterwards the old gentleman says, "I keep nothing long from John. He was glad I had got the picture because he liked it very much himself"; and when Mr. Ruskin heard what had happened he wrote, "I'm pleased more than you are that my father likes Rosamond."

I have always treasured the few notes and letters received

from Mr. John James Ruskin, and find amongst them one that came after this picture was finished and sent to Denmark Hill.

"The picture came home last evening. I was charmed—excited—exalted by it, and I doubly thank Mr. Jones for getting me a frame in such fine taste. Would he kindly tell the frame-maker to bring his account to No. 7, Billiter Street, City, for payment.

"I have Rosamond now before me. I spent part of the morning at Mr. Bicknell's, whose pictures you will see on 25th and 29th April will bring many Thousands, and after my eye had dwelt on the canvases and paper of the first names of the Century I am happy to say my evening Contemplation of Rosamond yields me the greater satisfaction. I rejoice that I can truly say this because I believe my son would have it so, if he could."

All that we saw of the relations between this father and son interested us deeply, and helped us afterwards to appreciate the genius for truth which marks that wonderful piece of autobiography, Praeterita, where the very forms of the Ruskin family walk alive.

About the "Rosamond" time Mrs. Ruskin asked to see her son's godchild, and was evidently distressed when on inquiry she found that no visible sign of the spiritual relationship between him and his godfather existed. In vain I urged that we had stipulated for no christening present; she was determined to remedy what she considered neglect, and presently we received from her a kind parcel containing the orthodox knife, fork and spoon.

During a visit to our friend Spencer Stanhope at his house near Cobham, where our host's cheery companionship indoors did him as much good as the fresh country air outside, Edward painted on the water-colour "Annunciation" in which the Virgin kneels by her bed while the Angel appears amongst blossoming apple-trees. He also made studies in the woods for the background of "The Merciful Knight," but the town-garden of Russell Square furnished the marigolds that fill the space in the foreground beneath

the wayside shrine. This picture of "The Merciful Knight" seems to me to sum up and seal the ten years that had passed since Edward first went to Oxford.

The world of models is closely connected with artistic life, and those who sat to Edward were, like any other class of people, some interesting and some not. I remember a splendid Italian one, Ciamelli by name, whose head with its bush of blue-black hair may be seen in the triptych "Adoration" as one of the Kings. He ground an organ in the streets and sang to it very finely out of his southern heart when he was not sitting, and sometimes brought it with him when he came to sit. His name is always associated in my mind with a ludicrous scene that happened one day when he was left to wait in the studio and it occurred to him to beguile the time with music. Edward was in the next room hastening over breakfast, but even through a wall the noise of the organ became so intolerable that he jumped up to stop it, as he thought, with a word: a harsh braying gust of tune, however, simply buffeted his ears as he opened the door and drove the words back into his throat, while Ciamelli, seated on the floor with his back against the wall and wrapped in a whirlwind of sound through which nothing could penetrate, ground on, unconscious of offence.

There was a very handsome German woman, too, from whom Edward sometimes drew, and who was known to us by the name of Norma. I think, looking back, that she must have been entangled in a kind of life that she hated and wished to get out of, and the door which it occurred to us in our simplicity to open that she might do so was that of our nursery. It touches me now to remember how much she seemed to like the idea of coming to take care of our baby. At first the arrangement appeared quite easy to make, but afterwards difficulties arose, and I do believe that Norma withdrew from it for our sakes and not because she did not wish to come.

Knowing the mischievous effect on work of letting his models get dull or cross, Edward always took pains to amuse them and often was amused in return: some, of course, he

reckoned as friends. Italian ones he said were the best sitters and the most conscientious in keeping engagements; amongst the English there was no tradition of art, and the women with few exceptions seemed unable to understand that an artist's work was serious or that it could matter if they failed him at the last moment.

In the beginning of August, 1863, we paid a visit to Miss Bell and her school at Winnington Hall, Cheshire. This was the school referred to by Mr. Ruskin in his preface to the Ethics of the Dust, and his visits to it were a source of the greatest delight to everybody there and of much pleasure to himself. He had brought Miss Bell to Great Russell Street one day in the summer, when she warmly invited us to accompany him on his next visit to Winnington, and as we would have gone anywhere with him if he had urged it—and he did urge it in this case—Edward put everything on one side and went. We travelled down with him, and I remember how the train drew up to wait outside Crewe Station exactly in time for us to prevent some children near the line from eating berries of deadly nightshade which they were busily gathering.

Miss Bell was an extremely clever woman of a powerful and masterful turn of mind, evidently understanding that Ruskin was the greatest man she had ever seen, and that she must make the utmost use of the intimacy he accorded her and the interest he took in her school. At dinner the first evening she talked as much as if it were her last opportunity of speech, and as one listened to her it seemed that no subject could be too high and no difficulty too great for her to deal with. She accepted Edward at first as from Ruskin's hand and afterwards for his own sake. I do not think he had known any one of her type before, and he thoroughly enjoyed her brilliance. Then, this stimulating hour over, we were introduced to a large room where the school was assembled to welcome Mr. Ruskin. There was no doubt that his personality was felt through the whole house. The pupils looked a delightful set of girls, and Miss Bell brought some few chosen ones of them after-

wards into the drawing-room, where we saw them more closely and found them still more pleasing. Her staff of teachers, too, was an unusual one, formed of most different materials, and yet at that time united as if it had but one mind and heart. Absolute submission to their Principal was expected and given, and in return life was made so vigorous and so many interests were presented to them that it was long before the bond of obedience felt irksome. This must have been one of the first schools—I do not know if it was literally the first—where girls were taught to play cricket. To dancing also Miss Bell gave an important place, and a pretty sight it was to see the long schoolroom or the gallery filled with white-frocked, light-hearted girls dancing together. Mr. Ruskin paid his tribute of admiration both in words and by taking his place occasionally in a quadrille or country dance. He looked very thin, scarcely more than a black line, as he moved about amongst the white girls in his evening dress.

A case of infectious illness, which developed at our own house directly we had left it, recalled us suddenly to London, but after due quarantine we accepted Miss Bell's invitation to return to Winnington, and as Mr. Ruskin, who had been paying visits in the North, came back also, we still had a happy week there together. He dismayed us, however, by speaking of a plan that had taken shape in his mind for building a house near Bonneville and going to live there—he had even begun negotiations for a piece of land on the mountain-side, and we saw before us a grievous prospect of separation. From a letter of Mr. J. J. Ruskin's, dated September 4th, it is evident I had written off hot-pen to tell him our trouble, and the sweet dignity and wisdom of the old gentleman's answer remains unchanged by time.

"I am happy," he begins, "to think of my Son possessing so much of your and Mr. Jones' regard and to hear of so many excellent people desiring to keep him at home: my own earnest wishes are, and since his visits to Winnington, to Thirsk, and to Wallington my hopes are, that my Son may ultimately settle in England; but these hopes would

not be strengthened by his too suddenly changing his mind, throwing up his Engagements, breaking his Appointments or at all acting on the whim of the moment. He has so far proceeded towards a settlement in Savoy as to have begun treating with a Commune about a purchase of Land. His duty is therefore to go to Savoy and honourably withdraw from the Affair by paying for all Trouble occasioned, and I fully expect the Savoyards will afford him some grounds for declining a purchase by the exorbitant price they will ask for their Land. As for the ground he has bought at Chamouni, it will be a pleasure to him to keep it though he saw it not once in seven years. It is the Building Plan near Bonneville that I should rejoice to see resigned—but not suddenly abandoned for a momentary Indulgence among the Delights of Winnington, but deliberately and after some goings and comings and Comparisons between Weeks spent abroad and Weeks spent at home. He has made a short engagement to go to Switzerland with the Rev. Osborne Gordon which I hope he will keep, and I shall endeavour to hope that his Engagements abroad may in future be confined to a Tour with a friend and that Home Influences may in the end prevail. Tell Mr. Jones I think I know enough of him not to be jealous of any Influence he may have with my Son—I cannot be jealous of the Influence of Anyone on this Subject because I do not attempt to exercise any—I want my Son to find out for himself where he is likely to be most happy and am ready to acquiesce in any plan Swiss or English that shall most thoroughly secure this end.

"My Son's fellow Traveller now is the best he could possibly go with.—Being rather cynical in his views generally and not over enthusiastic upon Alps, he is not likely to much approve of the middle heights of the Brezon for a Building Site."

It was natural that the son should spare his father any expression of the melancholy that drove him about seeking rest and finding none, but from those whom it would pain less it was not concealed. The following letter was in answer

to one from Edward suggesting a scheme by which, instead of seeking solitude abroad, Mr. Ruskin might find it at some place in England where he could either be quite alone or easily rejoin the world when he wished. For this imagined house a centre was to be made in the shape of a room, for which Edward intended to design a set of hangings covered with figures from Chaucer's Legend of Good Women, all to be embroidered by Winnington girls, with me as the captain of their industry. He had already begun a series of small figures from the Morte d'Arthur, of which I had finished Merlin and Morgan le Fay and begun Arthur and Lancelot, so that it seemed easy with so many willing hands to carry out a bigger scheme. Mr. Ruskin's reply was written from Denmark Hill on the morning of the day he went abroad: we were still at Winnington, whence a kind of round-robin on the subject had been sent to him.

"I am very deeply moved and comforted by all your letters—as who would not be, unless he were himself rock—instead of merely wishing to live among rocks. You would make me entirely happy with your loves if I felt strong and as if I should have life and time to stay with you—but I have a great feeling of its being too late. But do with me and for me as you will—that will be best for me. All that I mean to do, at the worst, is to buy this bit of rock land as I would a picture; you may like, some day some of you, to climb to it, with children's feet among Alpine Roses. And I've another notion of a thing the great cliff above may be useful for, some day—or night: but, for this time, have your own way. I daresay love is very nice when it doesn't always mean leaving people, as it always does with me, somehow: and if you can find this dream of yours with its walled garden, I don't think I should want to leave it, when I got in. And for the tapestry, please begin that directly—*that* at least I can live with—and let it be as you say, Chaucer's Legend. I should like that better than any—any—anything; and it is very beautiful and kind and lovely of the 12 damosels to work it for me; and I would not have had any others if I had chosen.

And it will be very wonderful and helpful and holy to me.

"I hope it will make you very happy to be there [at Winnington] as far as any outward thing can make you and Georgie happier than you always are, but I like so much to think of you there, and I can't bear to think of you in London. It is the only quite pleasant thing I have to think of in all the world. So stay as long as you can, that I may have it to think of."

Edward's answer to this was found after Mr. Ruskin's death put away by itself in a cabinet.

"I have not written to you since that sad letter you sent just before starting. I want to comment on every line of it at great length, but how can I now? for I write in the midst of damozels. It is such a comfort to begin the tapestry—already I have schemed it all out, assigned the figures and ordered the embroidery frames (*i.e.* Miss Bell ordered them) and the holland for working upon and the wools for working with, and now Winnington is full of excitement about it, and you are to have the sweetest and costliest room in all the world. But, dear, please never again say that about the little mountain spot you may want some day or night.

"Oh, don't despair about health, or ever think it is too late; you must and shall grow strong, and do lots of work, and when you are very old you shall sleep somewhere where we can kiss every stone or blade of grass that covers you. I sometimes think of that sad time when my light will go out when you are withdrawn, but when that comes I must spend my love about the place, and paint the place and make it pretty, and that shall be years to come when I am old myself, and worthy of doing it. So never any more mention that mountain top please, dear.

"And now about health and life—yesterday afternoon your cheery letter came and made us happy.

"We have found in very scientific maps that between Ross and Hereford on the Wye there are nearly fifty fine days in the year more than in London, sixty more than in

Manchester, and seventy more than in some other place, and the tourist books speak of abrupt precipices and jagged somethings and steep something elses—and the country is full of orchards and has mountains and mountains (some smaller peaks whereof Georgie says might be whitewashed to remind you of perpetual snow). We had a long hunt for a moral map to find out what kind of people live there, but the map wouldn't be found—only you see, if they are good so much the better, and if they are bad so much the better, you can set them right. I know all that country, and it is very lovely, and as warm as Devonshire. Also I believe Old Red Sandstone prevails there, which I am told is full of fascination for you: and a thousand advantages which you are to hear at full length. Are you so fixed to try —— There, now for the twentieth time I have left off writing to listen, and don't know what I was going to write.

"May we begin to advertise now for a suitable house, to be ready by next Lady Day? and if so will you let us know how many rooms you would want and any other requirements you might have—then we will do everything else, advertising, examining the place, building up the tapestry room, and so on. As far as I can calculate it will take nearly a year to get all the figures ready. They are about fourteen or fifteen in number, but are only half the work, for scrolls, roses, daisies and birds will more than double it. The design I think you will like.

"I have had to give much explanation about the subject, for damozels such as these at Winnington can't see how Cleopatra and Medea can be good women—but now they are persuaded. We are all so happy about it; all pictures seem small matters till I can get the designs finished: we will fill the room with everything you delight in, and make it a Joyous Gard for you, if it is possible for us. How sweet it is of you to promise to give way to us—but it is worth trying.

"I think you may have as much quiet as possible there, in Ross or some place near, and only see those you want, and only them when you want; we only bargain to be

asked to tea one night in the tapestried room. Let me describe that tapestry.

"The ground thereof will be green cloth or serge, and a fence of roses will run all along behind the figures, about half way up them, these roses to be cabbage and dog, red and white. All the ground will be powdered with daisies —only where Dido, Hypsipyle, and Medea and Ariadne come there will be sea instead of grass, and shells instead of daisies. First will come Chaucer, looking very frightened according to the poem, and inditing the poem with a thrush upon his shoulder — then comes Love, a little angry, bringing Alcestis: Chaucer in black, Love in red and white, and Alcestis in green. Then a tree, and a vision of ladies begins, all to have scrolls with their name and life and death written, above their heads. The ladies are to be in uniforms of blue and white, and red and white, alternately, and at the end of all—to come by your fireplace—will be Edward the Third and Philippa sitting and looking on. So on one side of your fireplace will be Chaucer beginning the subject, and on the other side of it the king and queen.

"Shall you like it, dear, and will it ever make a little amends for sorrow? I know it won't, only you will pretend it will. I suppose nothing can ever make amends for your troubles—I think and think about it—it is so detestable for me to be happy and you not—I can't bear that sometimes.

"By this time I almost fit into Winnington like a brick that was meant for it—after much chipping and smoothing. I can look six in the face at one time, I can play at cricket, and read aloud, and even paint with three or four looking on, and I am deeply in love with several at a time, and don't want to leave a bit: and am altogether feeling well and peaceful and happy. I tell you this because I know you wanted it to be so. I am not as much good to them as they are to me at present—but that will come; meantime I am establishing enduring friendships with my six sisters to whom I am vowed henceforth to be loyal and obedient and to think of them a great deal."

As far as I know, the mention in this letter of our friend's sorrow had no reference to special trouble, but only to an excess of general sadness which we felt to be beyond anything personal.

Another letter from Mr. Ruskin, senior, reports: "My Son left us on Tuesday at 12 o'clock and this afternoon I have a telegram from Geneva, he and Mr. Gordon having arrived there quite well. His Letter received this morning is only from Boulogne but written in a fine Spirit. That short visit to the North was wonderfully effective: He never came home looking so well and he never left home with apparently so much of a feeling that he would be glad to come back again. I am pleased that he goes again to Savoy. He may waste a little money but he will gain some experience. He may perhaps buy the Ground and not build at all. I have, since I last saw him, a growing belief that my Son will be more at home for the future than he has been for these thirty years, for he was a young Traveller and we have all been abroad a great part of every year. His old guide Joseph Coutêt dissuades him from Bonneville but only to get him to his own Valley, and if he must be abroad he gives many reasons for choosing the Spot selected. I am somewhat appalled by the drawbacks of the Bonneville quarter. The Desolation that breaks in upon the beauty—the turbid and unruly River that knows no bounds and the sight of those crawling tottering Cretins looking so yellow, dropsical and idiotic, spoils the whole Scene, but higher up where John means to be are a fine peasantry and clear Streams, and some sheltered Nooks. We would have preferred the vicinity of Chamouni, but there is too much Glacier temperature and too much Snow for the Eyes: but why mind what there is—He comes back to us please God in Novr: for the Winter, and I find that every time he goes abroad his stay is shorter, and without thwarting him or making him uncomfortable I trust we may have him more and more at home, and perhaps we should rather be pleased that he chuses a spot when building abroad that is not habitable half the year."

An impression of almost passionate tenderness for his son, breaking through the measured wisdom of these words, was deepened in our minds by old Mr. Ruskin's manner one evening when, after our return to London, we dined alone with him and his wife at Denmark Hill. Of course we talked chiefly about the absent one, and just before we left "John's" father fetched a copy of Poems by J. R. and gave them to us, charging us, however, not to tell his son, who did not like to have them mentioned. The old gentleman seemed to be far away in the past as he stood turning over the leaves of the book which contained so many references to a lost love, and tears coursed down his face while he told us how he should never forget the day when he and his son took "Adèle" to the ship that was to carry her from England, or the agony that the separation caused the youth. The old lady also sat brooding over bygone years, but she was dry-eyed, and only said thoughtfully, "Yes, any trouble that has happened to him since then was nothing compared to that." Apart from its own weight this scene is stamped on my memory because it was the last time we ever saw Mr. John James Ruskin.

It was during our stay at Winnington, I believe, that Edward shewed his copy of Omar Khayyám to Mr. Ruskin; certainly I remember that he was so delighted with it that before going abroad he wrote a letter of thanks addressed simply "To the Translator of Omar Khayyám" and gave it into our care, charging us to deliver it to the author if ever we learned his name.

After his return from Switzerland Mr. Ruskin wrote eagerly to Edward of a scheme in which he needed his help: "I want you to do me a set of simple line illustrations of mythology and figurative creatures, to be engraved and to make a lovely book of my four Political Economy papers in Fraser, with a bit I'm just adding. I want to print it beautifully and make it a book everybody *must* have. And I want a Ceres for it, and a Proserpine, and a Plutus, and a Pluto, and a Circe, and an Helen, and a Tisiphone, and an Ἀνάγκη, and a Prudentia, and a Sapientia, and a

Temperantia, and a Fortitudo, and a JUSTITIA, and a CHARITAS, and a FIDES, and a Charybdis and a Scylla and a Leucothea and a Portia, and a Miranda, and an Ἀρετή, and an Ophelia, and a Lady Poverty, and ever so many people more, and I'll have them all engraved so beautifully, you can't think—and then I'll cut up my text into little bits and put it all about them, so that people must swallow all at once, and it will do them so much good. Please think of it directly."

I do not know exactly where to place a class of drawings for which Edward was famous in our closest circle. We called them "Bogey drawings," and they dealt fearlessly with the fearful subject. We shuddered and laughed as we saw the old fears of our childhood embodied in the march of a Bogey up the floor of a bedroom towards two children who have leapt out of bed and cling together yelling into each others' faces with fright—whilst terrors which it was not yet too late to learn were suggested to us by a ghost

who pushes open with his thin arm the door of an old clock-case on a dark landing, and leans forward to startle a girl who comes slowly and unconsciously upstairs, candle in hand. A third subject dealt with the new and terrible idea of "a Bogey come home from the wash," who lies neatly folded up in a drawer which another girl, alone in her chamber at night, has just drawn out, and turns from with a shriek that one all but hears. The imperturbable Charles Faulkner had a collection of these.

In February and March, 1864, we were at Winnington again, by ourselves this time, Edward hard at work on the cartoons for Chaucer's Good Women, one of which (Hypsipyle) was actually begun whilst we were there. Morris had not yet thought of weaving tapestry, but he had studied the kind of needlework that goes by the name, and had taught his wife and me what stitches to use and how to place them: my own experience was that his instructions could not be improved upon and that disaster followed their neglect. After the girls should have been fairly started at their work we had a half-formed plan of going with Mr. Ruskin to Florence this spring. He had proposed it long ago, and no one need be told how great was the temptation, but Edward dreaded breaking away again from his work, and only personal affection made him discuss the idea. A second visit to Florence, which he had already seen in 1859, was a luxury that he felt he had not yet earned. The thing was settled for us, however, very suddenly, by the death of Mr. Ruskin's father a week after we reached Winnington. The last words we received from him were of congratulation upon Edward's election as an associate of the Old Water Colour Society on February 8th.

"John did care," he wrote, "and we all cared very much, and I was myself really anxious about the Election, and I rejoice at Mr. Jones' success, for latterly there appears to be very great difficulty in obtaining admission into this Society. It has done nothing for years more likely to strengthen its hold on the public to whose enjoyment and

admiration it has always contributed more largely than larger exhibitions, and if it has a weakness it is just where Mr. Jones will prove a host of power and strength to it." Then the kind voice was silenced.

Edward received the following letter from Mr. Ruskin two days after his father's death:

"I am at this moment more anxious about the effect upon *you* of this thing, than about anything else. My mother has behaved so wisely, as well as bravely, that my chief anxiety for her is passed. She slept a little last night, and this morning, when a woman who felt less would have insisted on staying beside the body, she let me take her away in five minutes: and has since been sitting quietly beside me, telling me directions of letters and talking just a little now and then, and I hope the deadliest of the shock is passed.

"But I'm very anxious about you and your fretting for me—not to speak of the disappointment about Florence.

"I must have you and Georgie go as *comfortably* as if I were with you: that 's the only thing you can do for me (that, and not drawing melancholy subjects, nor ill-made hands), so I mean to get you a courier who will insist on your doing things correctly.

"I'm used to live in pain, and this pain does not kill by withering as other sorts of pain do; I have no feeling of weakness nor of fever, and slept without dreaming last night—though the last forty hours were enough to make one dream, one should have thought. The *quite* wonderful thing to me is the way that it changes one's notion of the past character. I had often measured my feelings to my father, as I thought, but I never had any conception of the way I should have to mourn—not over what I lose, now, but over what I *have* lost, until now. I'll tell you more of this afterwards."

And Edward answered:

"What can I possibly write to you! I want to do everything you wish, and stay or go when you wish—but now I want to be in London even if I could only see you once or

twice this Spring. It is so hard not to do anything for one I love as I do you. I am so, so grieved, for we loved your father and admired him, and shall never forget him in the least, or have anything but the sweetest remembrance of him.

"There is no disappointment about Florence, for Florence meant you, and everything is swallowed up now in such a grief that the journey becomes a trifle. Be kind and say no more about it, I should hate every day of the time, and every step of the journey: it may happen some better year. We will begin the design for the Political Economy all the sooner, and have colossal schemes for work. I think we are both happier when we get through a great deal of work. May we come back presently? Georgie would love to be hours and hours with your mother, and would never tire of reading to her; it would be kind to call us back for any use like that. And as the Spring goes on Winnington would be so nice and good for her, if you could bring her."

I do not know with whom the idea of bringing Mrs. Ruskin to Winnington originated, but it never came to anything—though in her zeal for the plan Miss Bell arranged which set of rooms on the ground floor should be devoted to the use of the possible visitor, and sent at once for a carpenter to cut and rehang the heavy mahogany doors of the passages leading to them, so that they should swing backwards and forwards noiselessly.

In another of Mr. Ruskin's letters at this time are words whose truth few people who have known the two sorrows will dispute: "I find a curious thing, that natural sorrow does not destroy strength, but gives it—while an irregular, out of the way, avoidable sorrow kills—according to its weight." And again, about the funeral: "No, there's no day worse than the first. You don't suppose that the dramatic performances of upholsterers trouble me, worse than a nightmare—and I'm the only person they *can* trouble." Then he turns to the needlework scheme: "The tapestry is just as much to me as it ever was, and far more likely to come into direct use now, than it was before—

not that I either have—or can form—any plans yet; my mother would live wherever I asked her to live, but I am not at all sure that I shall wish her to live elsewhere than here. Her old friends are useful to her—and I find that beautiful things don't make one happy (except only eyes and hair, and Turner drawings—but there are more of those in England than elsewhere) but only one's own quiet order and work and progress."

We stayed on at Winnington until Edward had finished many cartoons of "Good Women," but the joint embroidery scheme proved impracticable, and the drawings alone remained as a symbol of loving intentions.

On St. Patrick's Day the girls had a dance in the evening, and a very charming Irish girl made Edward dance with her and then declare himself an Irishman—a fact that he never forgot; and often has he called me to witness that he was indeed a sworn "Paddy."

"The Merciful Knight" was exhibited this year at the Old Water Colour Society, where it was regarded with great disfavour by some of the members. Of this the new associate, who was not personally known to them, was made clearly aware when he entered the gallery on "touching-up day." His friendship, however, with Sir Frederick (then Mr.) Burton was strengthened by this connexion with the Society.

Garibaldi's brief visit to England in April is fixed in my memory by his coming one day to see his friend Panizzi at the British Museum, when from our windows we saw him arrive, followed and surrounded by a great cheering crowd that surged through the gates and up to the house. There he stopped before entering, and as he turned on the top step and stood bareheaded for a moment, his red-shirted figure shewed clear above the dark mass of people below.

According to the book kept between Edward and the Firm their weekly meetings in Red Lion Square were quite regular until the end of the March quarter of 1864, when Faulkner went back to Oxford and resumed his place as

resident Fellow and Tutor of his own college. The post of book-keeper and business manager to the firm was not one to be held permanently by him, and he would gladly have found more congenial work in London, but could not.

After three years of daily travelling between Upton and London it was no wonder Morris began to feel the journey a waste of time and strength. There was land to be had near Red House where workshops might be built, and if only Edward came to live there also, how much more could be got through together than separately. The idea was timely so far as we were concerned, for our rooms in Great Russell Street were now too small for our needs and we had thought of removing elsewhere; Edward says in the Notes: "A lovely plan was made, too happy ever to come about. It was that Morris should add to his house, making it a full quadrangle, and Webb made a design for it so beautiful that life seemed to have no more in it to desire —but when the estimates came out it was clear that enthusiasm had outrun our wisdom and modifications had sadly to be made."

The two sets of plans lie before me now, clean and unused, and it is curious to think how differently all our lives would have gone if this scheme had been carried out. We were not to have actually shared the house with the Morrises; there were separate entrances and rooms for the two families; but all was to have been under one roof with the garden in common. We looked forward to building in the spring of 1865, and meanwhile, in order to lose no chance of being together, it was arranged that the Morrises, the Faulkners and we should all meet for our autumn holiday at Littlehampton, on the Sussex coast.

One day in August Mrs. Ruskin asked me to bring my child out to Denmark Hill, and the effort of kindness this involved was betrayed by her nervous anxiety for his safety as he ran about her sitting-room. She was no longer the same woman who had said, some five and forty years before, when her own child stretched out his little hand to the hot, shining tea-urn, "Let him touch it, nurse," as the shortest

lesson *not* to touch. It was the first time I had seen her since the death of her husband and I noticed that she wore no widow's cap. Afterwards I learned that this was from love of her son, for, knowing how much he disliked that conventional sign of mourning, she never put one on, but had instead a soft, closely-fitting cap of another shape, with delicate net quillings round the face and narrow white satin strings. These were pinned with a fine diamond and emerald brooch, and later on she told me with tender remorse why she always wore this bright fastening upon her mourning dress. She said it had been given to her by her husband not very long before he died, and that she had received it with the remark that it was a pity he had chosen a coloured stone for the centre, as, if it had been all diamonds, she could have worn it when she was in mourning. So now she pinned her cap-strings with the green and white jewel for his sake. She talked to me once also about her youth; how she had gone as an orphan to live with her aunt, who was her husband's mother, and how her love for him had grown. The vain effort at self-reproach that she made, when she told of a night of passionate grief and tears spent upon the floor of her bedroom after he had first left home and gone away to business in London, was a clue to her nature that I never let go.

Sitting opposite to Mrs. Ruskin in her yellow drawing-room at Denmark Hill on the day in August that I have mentioned was a young girl, Joanna Ruskin Agnew, whose fresh, sweet presence made itself felt at once through a film of Scotch reserve and youthful modesty, but no one could have dreamed then of the strength that was to come forth from that sweetness. Her name will be known as long as Praeterita is read.

The Littlehampton plan was carried out, and three most happy September weeks we spent there. The presence of Faulkner's mother and sisters was an addition to our pleasure, and Kate's gentle nature, sympathetic understanding and keen sense of humour were especially attractive to Edward. Time passed lightly for Janey and me, with all

responsibility of housekeeping taken from us by kind Mrs. Faulkner, and the evenings were always merry with Red House jokes revived and amplified: laughs with so little cause, and yet the cause remembered still! For instance; the broken spectacles hurled from the window one night by Morris, in momentary rage at their failure and in firm belief that he had another pair to replace them—then his discovery that spectacles number two were not at hand, his wretchedness at having cast away number one, and his search for them before breakfast next morning, bareheaded, painfully examining every step of the road in front of the house on the chance of finding and humbly taking them to be mended. This sight was made the subject of some words for his good which neither Faulkner nor Edward ever grudged him, especially when they had a satisfactory audience in the background. Details of the scene have faded, but if it passed through the usual stages it is likely that Morris first answered with heat and then burst into laughter, while the sermon upon hasty temper was continued in a monotonous voice by the two other men.

One day when Morris had to go up to London on business they devised an elaborate trick in his absence, and Faulkner spent hours in its preparation. The three friends used sometimes to play whist with a dummy, which Morris took, and into the heads of the two others entered the idea of a game so arranged that it should seem at first sight that dummy had a splendid hand and must win gloriously; but not so really, for the enemy always held higher cards, and destruction must gradually close round Morris. Janey and I went to bed early, and the game began as soon as the men were alone. Morris sniffed with joy when he had looked over his own hand and cast an eye on dummy's—and Edward and Faulkner bore up like those who saw that fate was against them. But presently it was impossible for Morris not to see that, however beautiful the balance between himself and dummy, the confederate partners were always lucky enough to be able to trump it. First came irritation and astonishment, then, as the well-laid scheme

revealed itself, shoutings and fury—and finally laughter such as few could equal; while we smiled in our beds at the sound of the distant explosion.

Occasionally also Edward would take some trifle as text and preach us a sermon in exact imitation of the style of different preachers; convulsing us one evening, I remember, as he turned with solemn pomposity to the two girls, Lucy and Kate Faulkner, saying, "And now I address myself more particularly to the younger female portion of my congregation."

But the thought of his father alone in Birmingham with the sad anniversaries of this month underlay all merriment, and Edward was not content until he had persuaded him to come and join us. The old gentleman and his little grandson were very happy together on the acres of brown-sugar sands which then spread up to meet the edge of a green common as yet unruled by an esplanade; and Edward would go down to them and build sandbanks and throw stones into the sea, and was as near idle as I ever saw him.

The old church at Climping had not yet been restored, and when we found it in one of our walks it was neglected enough to give the excuse for which the restorer was waiting; worm-eaten pews were hung with spiders' webs and the floor was green with damp. Amongst its many smooth-worn gravestones there was a tiny sandwich of one to the memory of a child who had died a hundred and twenty years before, and with no sense of foreboding we read and sighed over its inscription:

> This little lamb that was so small
> Did taste of death when Christ did call.

Edward made one unsuccessful attempt to work out of doors, but he said that first of all flies came and settled on his drawing, and then rain came and glued them on, so not much resulted. Indeed, after painting "Green Summer" in the studio of Red House as he had done this year, there seemed little reason for him to torment himself by a struggle with the outer world, and as a rule he painted his back-

grounds from notes of nature made here, there, and everywhere, and then dealt with by memory and imagination.

We wrote to Mr. Ruskin at Denmark Hill telling him, amongst other things, about Climping, and how while we were there a passing flock of sheep had played follow-my-leader into the churchyard and been fetched out again by the sheep-dog in a masterly way. Our tale evidently fitted in with some train of his own thoughts, for he answered at once, "I wish with all my heart that all churches were damp and full of spiders, and that churchyards were full of nothing but sheep. The canine St. Peter coming round the corner must have been delightful."

The holiday went by very quickly, and little did any of us think that this would be our last time of careless happiness all together or that illness and death were to be the next experience of the happy party. The report we sent of ourselves on the day we left Littlehampton was "We are all looking robust, especially Phil," but the next thing that happened after we were settled at home was that the child had scarlet fever, which was the beginning of much trouble. Considering the way in which we treated this most infectious disease, the wonder is that we failed to spread it right and left; for as it was a mild case we took no serious precautions. Our friend Miss Catherwood—"ye Ladye Annie" of Addington Place—used to come constantly to sit with and amuse the small patient, and with incredible rashness we sent for dame Wheeler, whose presence we had expected in December, to come and nurse him; whilst, as soon as he was well enough to be left, Edward and I actually went down, by the invitation of our friends, to Red House, where there were now two little children.

When Gabriel heard that Mrs. Wheeler was in Great Russell Street, he wrote asking me to tell her that she would soon receive from him a photograph of his wife which he had long intended her to have. Naturally I enquired at once what photograph he meant, for I did not know there were any and was eager to have one; but he answered, "The photographs of Lizzie are only from two of my sketches. On

several occasions when attempts were made to photograph her from life, they were all so bad that none have been retained." He said also that he would send them both for me to see and choose whichever I preferred. The one I kept was from a drawing made shortly after their marriage, when Lizzie was ill, but it is extremely like her and gives the peculiar lustre of her downcast eyes.

Immediately after our return from Red House, where, thank God, we left no mischief behind us, I developed the fever. Together with it came the premature birth of a second son, who struggled against the disease through all the time that I was delirious and unable to notice him, but died just as we were hoping he would be spared for us to cherish. And because he had borne so heavy a weight as he crossed through the troubled waters of his short life, his father named him Christopher. In all this evil time Edward was surrounded by the love and sympathy of friends, though some were absent in the body, for Morris himself had fallen ill of rheumatic fever, Cormell Price was now a master at Haileybury, and Gabriel was in Paris. Those who might come without risk for others were constantly at the house, and I remember gratefully the sympathetic kindness of Mr. Poynter, Mr. Burton, and Mr. De Morgan, who sat up with Edward through the long hours of one intolerable night. Ruskin watched over us with the most thoughtful and practical kindness: it was he who had the street laid as deep as a riding-school with tan that kept the horses' feet from my brain; and Swinburne, prevented by the fears of a delicate mother and sisters from entering the house, wrote, "I would rather have undertaken to keep out of *their* way, if I could have hoped to be much with you or of any use or help to you." His unfeigned love for children also made him realize the death of our little Christopher in a way that few did. "You know how sorry I am," he wrote, "and how much more than I can say. The news has struck half my pleasure in anything away for the present—I had been quite counting on the life of your poor little child and wondering when I might see it."

Rossetti wrote to Edward from Paris, at a time when he believed things were better with us than they really were —and after some sympathetic and hopeful words, his letter turns to speak in a weary tone of himself: "I have done no work at all here for three weeks, and am sorely wanting to get home, but I stick in the mud everywhere and day after day I fail to get away." However, if he had done no work himself he been looking at that of others. "Really," he says, "Gerome is not a painter, though a stunner of a sort. There is a man named Millet who is the best going by far. Old Ingres is done for. Delacroix is worth the journey with all his faults, and I have looked a great deal at his collected works which are to close at the end of this month." A postscript adds, "To-day I went to the Zool: Gardens and scratched a wombat, who liked it."

If only on this visit to Paris Gabriel had met the "man named Millet," it would have been happy for them both. Millet was bound for Paris just then, we learn from his biographer Mrs. Ady, to see the Delacroix exhibition for the second time, but illness prevented the journey—otherwise one feels as if he and Rossetti must have recognized each other somewhere, in gallery or street, and taken and given fresh courage. A letter of Millet's to M. Sensier, written on the same day as Rossetti's to Edward, asks about some reproductions of Giotto's work which he heard were "superb and touching." "Where are the originals?" he asks. "How many subjects are there, and by whom are they published?" How Gabriel would have told him all!

Meanwhile anxiety about health was over at our house, and as soon as we could travel we went down to Hastings, but first Edward had to write to Morris and tell him that he feared our scheme for building and living together at Upton was at an end, as he could undertake no fresh expense of any kind. This letter has not been preserved, but the answer to it shows that it must have been sad and dispirited enough. Morris dates from "Bed, Red House," and the handwriting is feeble, but he was already recovering, and as he lay there with time to think over everything,

both his friend's and his own trouble seemed to him no more than a temporary obstruction to their settled plans.

"As to our palace of Art," he writes, "I confess your letter was a blow to me at first, though hardly an unexpected one—in short I cried; but I have got over it now. As to our being a miserable lot, old chap, speaking for myself I don't know, I refuse to make myself really unhappy for anything short of the loss of friends one can't do without. Suppose in all these troubles you had given us the slip what the devil should I have done? I am sure I couldn't have had the heart to have gone on with the firm: all our jolly subjects would have gone to pot—it frightens me to think of, Ned. But now I am only 30 years old, I shan't always have the rheumatism, and we shall have a lot of jolly years of invention and lustre plates together I hope. I need hardly tell you how I suffered for you in the worst of your troubles; on the Saturday I had begun a letter to you but it read so dismal (as indeed I felt little hope) that I burnt it.

"I have been resting and thinking of what you are to do: I really think you must take some sort of house in London —unless indeed you might think of living a little way out and having a studio in town: Stanhope and I might join you in this you know. I don't see how you can do with chambers, and it would be too like the old way of living—but all this you have probably thought of yourself. There is only one other thing I can think of, which is when you come back from Hastings come and stay with me for a month or two, there is plenty of room for everybody and everything: you can do your work quietly and uninterruptedly; I shall have a good horse by then and Georgie and J. will be able to drive about with the kids jollily, meantime you need not be hurried in taking your new crib. Janey is exceedingly anxious that you should come and it is in her opinion the best thing you could do. I would give £5 to see you, old chap; wouldn't it be safe for you to come down here one day before you go?"

This was not possible, however, nor could the kind sug-

gestion of a longer visit be thought of; for, worn as he was with fatigue and care, the only thing Edward saw before him was to find some place where he could settle and begin work again directly. "For these two months," he wrote to Allingham, "I have done no work, but lived most anxiously from day to day. The whole period has been so horrible and dismal that I try to forget it and will write no more about it."

My own memory of those sad days is fragmentary, and distorted by the delirium which made even the room where I had lain ill such an incarnate terror that Edward never let me enter it again, but, after Hastings, sent me home to my parents for Christmas, and with incredible quickness removed during my absence into a fresh house. His friend Cormell came to him and they managed it together.

A story from Hastings comes through De Morgan, who was there with his family and remembers walking by the sea with Edward and his little boy one day when a man was shooting gulls, and that Edward, turning to the child, said deliberately, "That man is a fool." Then, after a pause, "Now what 's that man?" And the answer coming correctly, he went on, "Now mind you never forget when you see a man with a thing like that, that he 's a fool." Which sounds to me quite typically true, for I know what Edward thought about wanton destruction of life. "Teach children to draw animals," he said, "and they won't wish to kill them."

CHAPTER XV

1865-1867

Alas, that spring should vanish with the rose,
That youth's sweet-scented manuscript should close.

THE house where we began life afresh was in Kensington Square, and we thought, when we took possession of it and closed the door behind us, that we should go on from where we left off in Great Russell Street. "Home is very nice again," wrote Edward; "last night I had the old songs over again." But when we turned to look around us something was gone, something had been left behind—and it was our first youth.

I have heard Edward say that his memory of the time spent in this house was dim, especially as to his intercourse with Morris, although he knew that they used to meet every week. But it was a self-absorbed time and one of restlessness and transition for all the friends: Edward setting himself hard to make up for lack of earlier training; Morris, beside his work as head of the firm, brooding over the gigantic scheme of The Earthly Paradise; Madox Brown engrossed by the exhibition of his collected work and all that came of it; and Swinburne awaking suddenly to fame on the appearance of his Atalanta. The apostolical succession of our friends was broken; new ones were made and new views of life were opening. So much for the inner history of our two years and ten months in Kensington Square.

The place itself was not strange to us, for once, when seeking rooms, we had gone as far as Kensington and seen its old square lying back undisturbed by the world, with

nothing except gardens between it and the narrow High Street. The turnpike through which Edward took me to Little Holland House the first time we went there together had been removed, but the parish church was not yet rebuilt and the whole neighbourhood was quiet and self-contained in comparison with that of Holborn. Our house, No. 41, was on the north side of the square, a great drawback, because the south light was bad for painting and the only rooms with a north aspect were very small; Edward, however, was so eager to begin work that he put up with these difficulties. His friends did not find the distance too far to follow him, and he was soon surrounded by them again. At the end of January he writes to Allingham:

"We are settling fast, even looking a bit comfortable—Topsy has given us a Persian prayer-carpet which amply furnishes one room. I have a little crib which I call a library because there I keep my tobacco and my borrowed books—this room shall be yours for quiet when you come. We have a garden, ever so long—how shall our garden grow? I am the veriest cockney and know no times or seasons of planting, but I want a quiet summer at the back here to pay me for all my bothers—there I will pitch a little pavilion on warm days and lie in the shade of it—I must have a pavilion. And this luck has happened to me, of all lucks the best that could have happened, Ruskin has given me the four great engravings of Albert Durer—the Knight, Melancholy, St. Hubert, and Adam and Eve—all perfect impressions; also many woodcuts of the same and the great designs of the Apocalypse, glorious to behold."

Gabriel was well, the letter adds, and seriously thinking of buying a lion which he learned could be got quite a bargain somewhere in Ratcliffe Highway. The reason current among Gabriel's friends for his not finally buying the lion was, I remember, that he found he would have had to heat the garden with hot-water pipes for him in the winter. There was another story about Rossetti's wishing to have a young elephant, and the answer he gave to Browning, who, with momentary dearth of imagination enquired: "What on earth

do you mean to do with him when you have him?" "I mean him," said Gabriel, "to clean the windows; and then, when some one passes by the house, they will see the elephant cleaning the windows, and will say, 'Who lives in that house?' And people will tell them, 'Oh, that 's a painter called Rossetti.' And they will say, 'I think I should like to buy one of that man's pictures'—and so they will ring, and come in and buy my pictures."

Our Bohemian days were over now, and De Morgan sighed for the old Great Russell Street evenings, when our little Yorkshire maid came in and asked, "'As any of you gentlemen seen the key of the beer-barrel?" The oak dining-table and painted sideboard soon made themselves at home in the new house, and the sideboard was varnished so that its colour showed up finely, while the firm supplied any fresh furniture that we needed. Some letters written home by my sister Agnes, who was with us this spring, form a diary that supplements and confirms my own memory. She speaks of sitting with Edward while he worked, and talking, "after their old custom in the studio, about all things in the world," and most people who came to the house are named day by day. Morris, now perfectly recovered from his illness, is described as seeming to her "so nice and kind, pleasanter than ever he was," and on the first evening he came, she says, "Mr. Poynter and Mr. Burton were here also, so we were a goodly company." This mention of Mr. Burton reminds me that in those days we thought he much resembled Garibaldi in appearance. Gabriel, too, dropped in one night, bringing with him "a Frenchman of great celebrity named Legros," and another time Morris arrived with "a glorious haul of picture-books—black letter and old engravings—a History of the Cross, a Biblia Pauperum, and a Looking Glass of Human Salvation."

Indeed it was so unusual a thing for no one to come in the evening that when that happened it was described as an event. "We had an evening entirely to ourselves yesterday, which was jolly. Ned was drawing, Georgie making a new and brilliant watch-pocket, while I read aloud

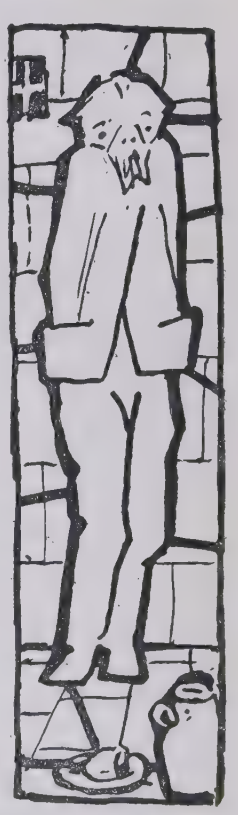
a most delightful Arabian Night story, the Story of Joodar." The brilliant watch-pocket here mentioned belonged to a still more brilliant watch, entirely covered with chrysolites, which Edward had bought for me in Wardour Street a couple of years before, with almost the last eight pounds we possessed, but with such a certainty of its unusual beauty that he never hesitated. In the same way I remember his giving nearly all that he had for a set of photographs of Memling's "St. Ursula and her eleven thousand Virgins" which made the glory of our sitting-room in Great Russell Street.

This old home of ours was now occupied by our friend E. J. Poynter, and one evening whilst my sister was in town we went with her to revisit the familiar place. In spite of all the changes made, none of us could quite realize at first what had happened, and the freedom with which Poynter comported himself in "our rooms" was a subject of open comment on the part of his guests. The last joke was that after saying good night, Edward ostentatiously proceeded *upstairs*, with the tramp of a tired man in his own house.

Our Kensington garden was just large enough for a game of bowls, and many a game was played there. It was a pretty spot in springtime, when together with its neighbour-gardens it made a mass of fruit-blossom surrounded by red roofs. Edward Poynter began a water-colour drawing of it, which was never finished, but remains a faithful document so far as it goes. "American bowls" too was a game that Edward, Morris, Webb and Faulkner often played in town; dining together at some "pot-house" afterwards and never tired of each other's company.

My father was now living in Wolverhampton, and this year would have brought with it yet another removal for him, but his health and strength had been failing for some time, and we had the grief of seeing him sink into the condition of a perpetual invalid, instead of continuing the active round of his life. Some irritation of the spine was supposed to be the cause of his illness, but the diagnosis was not very clear, and in those days many people were still content to say "the doctors do not know what it is," and to seek more

earnestly for patience under suffering than for its removal. It was understood, however, that all unnecessary excitement was bad for him, and so in March the marriage of my sister Alice with Mr. John Lockwood Kipling before he went out to India took place very quietly from our house. The death of Wilfred Heeley's wife in India had been a shock to us all, and our parents trembled at sending a daughter into the same risk, but the appointment was to Bombay, with its sea-breezes, was terminable at pleasure after three years, and seemed so exactly suited to John Kipling's talents and taste, that they refused to take the responsibility of urging him to remain in England. Cold was the March morning when we stood by our bride and bridegroom at the altar of St. Mary Abbott's Church, but no one doubted the good choice they had made of each other, and we were cheerful, if not merry. Our brother Frederick, through whom they had first known each other, had been ordained as a Wesleyan Methodist minister some little time now, and he came to give away his sister to his friend. Madox Brown, to our great joy, when speaking of the marriage, alluded to the bridegroom as "John Gilpin."



With the early days of Kensington Square is associated the memory of Warrington Taylor. We had known him first in Great Russell Street, but I cannot remember how he came amongst us: a tall, thin man with a very large Roman nose and an excitable and enthusiastic way of speaking. He had been at Eton, in the same division with Swinburne, and afterwards had become a Catholic, and entered the army, was married and had one child, but had not yet found

his place in life. He knew and cared a great deal about the arts. At the time we first made his acquaintance his fortunes were low and his actual position was that of check-taker at Her Majesty's Theatre—then an Opera House. His strong individuality was not affected by circumstances, however, and was so well understood by Morris and others that as the work of the firm increased they began to consider the question of making him its business-manager. It was no easy thing to find any one capable of filling the place, but this strange, wild-looking Warrington Taylor proved to have the qualities wanted. Within a few weeks of his appointment the rumour spread amongst us that he was keeping the accounts of the firm like a dragon, attending to the orders of customers, and actually getting Morris to work at one thing at a time. He must have been happier in some ways during the five years of life that remained to him than he had ever been, for he loved the men he was associated with and the work he had to do.

Two small parchment-bound volumes of accounts between Edward and the firm, covering the years 1861-1898, are excellent reading: on his side torrents of fun and on the other bald statements and figures. There are drawings also, in the form of sketches for stained-glass windows, in one of which Morris is represented plump and prosperous against a background of the vine, holding a brimming beaker in his outstretched hand, while opposite to him stands Edward, a thin and starving prisoner.

The exact date of a party given by Rossetti in April is fixed as the 12th by its being the day that the Lockwood Kiplings, who were to have been amongst the guests, left

England: it had been put off because Gabriel could not get the workmen out of the house who were doing something to his dining-room. Originally the invitations had been to dinner, but, with the frankness that reigned amongst us, as time went on Gabriel announced that he had asked too many people for that—he could not afford it—and it must be an evening party instead. No Thames Embankment had reached Chelsea then, and only a narrow road lay between the tall iron gates of the forecourt of 16, Cheyne Walk, and the wide river which was lit up that evening by a full moon. Gabriel had hung Lizzie's beautiful pen-and-ink and water-colour designs in the long drawing-room with its seven windows looking south, where if ever a ghost returned to earth hers must have come to seek him: but we did not sit in that room, the studio was the centre of the house. For the sake of those vanishing days let me name some of the people present that evening. William Rossetti and William Bell Scott were there; and Swinburne, who I think was then sharing the house with Gabriel; Morris and his wife had dined with us first, and we all came on together. Of course there were the Madox Browns, and with them were their two daughters—nothing further from expectation at the moment than a marriage that took place nine years later between the elder of these and William Rossetti. Munro the sculptor and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hughes, and the Warrington Taylors came, as well as Legros with his pale, handsome English wife: Christina Rossetti and Mrs. Bell Scott would have been there, we were told, but that it was Passion Week. I remember noticing that night a sign that we were mortal in the fact of Madox Brown's beautifully-thick thatch of hair having turned very grey, at which his wife when the men were not in the room expressed great vexation. He was not changed otherwise though, and made us happy with a long, characteristic description of the way by which he had brought his wife and daughters from Kentish Town in order to save cab-fare. First of all they had taken train for Kew, because he thought it must be near Chelsea. At Kew they were advised to wait half an hour and then go on to Clapham

Junction, where they would catch a train for Chelsea: this they exactly missed, and found there was no other for three-quarters of an hour. Finally, on reaching Chelsea Station, it proved to be so far from Cheyne Walk that they then took a cab, and arrived smiling and unruffled at Gabriel's door after two hours and a half by road and rail. I wish I could recall more details of the evening, which is still present to me as a scene, but nothing else of interest detaches itself from the background of house and studio.

Before the chronicle closes, however, one more delightful evening must be named; it is the last that I remember at the Madox Browns' house in Kentish Town. Many of the same people were there, but I think it may have been Legros' first formal visit to the Browns, for our host placed him next to himself at supper and, oblivious of everything else, spent the time in giving him an outline of the story of Sidonia in French. A slender vision of Swinburne in evening dress is presented to my mind, but I cannot be sure whether the custom of dressing was only his own or if the cloven foot of conformity to fashion had at this time shewn itself amongst us. And Whistler was there, looking ten times more like a Frenchman than Legros did, his face working with vivacity, his thick black hair curling down to his eyebrows, with an angry eye-glass fixed beneath it. But his rather alarming appearance was balanced by rumours of his tenderness to a widowed mother; how he took her to church on weekday mornings and otherwise comforted her. Gabriel was there in a magnificent mood—no other word describes it when he passed through a room bringing pleasure to great and small by his beautiful urbanity, a prince amongst men. With Morris and his wife came Miss Burden, Janey's sister, then and for some years afterwards living with them; Warrington Taylor also I remember, and Christina Rossetti, gently caustic of tongue. The little ten-year-old Nolly sat up all evening and clung most of the time to kind Charles Faulkner, demanding amusing stories from him, and yet finding time to ask Rossetti "what he thought Pompeii must have looked like." He had not quite lost his baby face, but

it had grown thinner and longer. And on this day of the union and reunion of friends there was one who had come amongst us in friend's clothing, but inwardly he was a stranger to all that our life meant. This was Mr. Howell.

One of the happiest chapters of our life was closed this year by the sale of Red House. But it had to go, for Morris, having decided in his unflinching way that he must come up and live at his business in London, could not bear to play landlord to the house he loved so well—it must be sold outright and he would never see it again. Nor did he; but some of us saw it in our dreams for years afterwards as one does a house known in childhood.

The last visit we paid to Upton was in September, 1865, when on a lovely afternoon Morris and Janey, and Edward and I, took a farewell drive through some of the beautiful little out-of-the-way places that were still to be found in the neighbourhood. Indoors the talk of the men was much about The Earthly Paradise, which was to be illustrated by two or three hundred woodcuts, many of them already designed and some even drawn on the block.

About this plan my sister Louie was of course eager, for she was to help in the engraving, on which she dreamed of spending quiet, busy years. But she was mistaken in her reckoning, for love and marriage claimed her instead, and as her sister-friend had led the way upon this new path by becoming engaged to Mr. Poynter in the early summer, we had to look forward to the loss of both our playmates. The news of her engagement to Mr. Alfred Baldwin drew the following note from Edward to the younger of the two "wenches," as he called them amongst a score of other pet names:

"I am unchangeable in my love for you, don't doubt it: nothing will ever divide us—no chance nor circumstance will bring that about—but a little gloomy sulkiness is excusable in me. I only had two wenches, and they are both gone, and I am very much past thirty and growing selfish as Georgie will tell you. Tell the other wench she's another's and doesn't care for me."

In the figures of the two girls at a frozen fountain in the foreground of "Theophilus and the Angel" there is a reminiscence of these sisters.

But if this year threatened the loss of some of his companions, it also brought back to Edward a very welcome one in the shape of his friend Spencer Stanhope. A capricious asthma, on account of which he had first gone to live in the country, had now driven him away again, and he was trying whether it would be appeased if he wintered abroad and lived on Campden Hill when in England. He arrived fresh from his first winter in Florence in the highest spirits, though houseless at the time—but most things at which other people grumbled made him laugh. The picture he had painted during the winter, "Beauty and the Beast," was on view for a couple of days at Edward's studio before "sending in," and amongst those who came there to see it was Millais, very friendly and kind in manner.

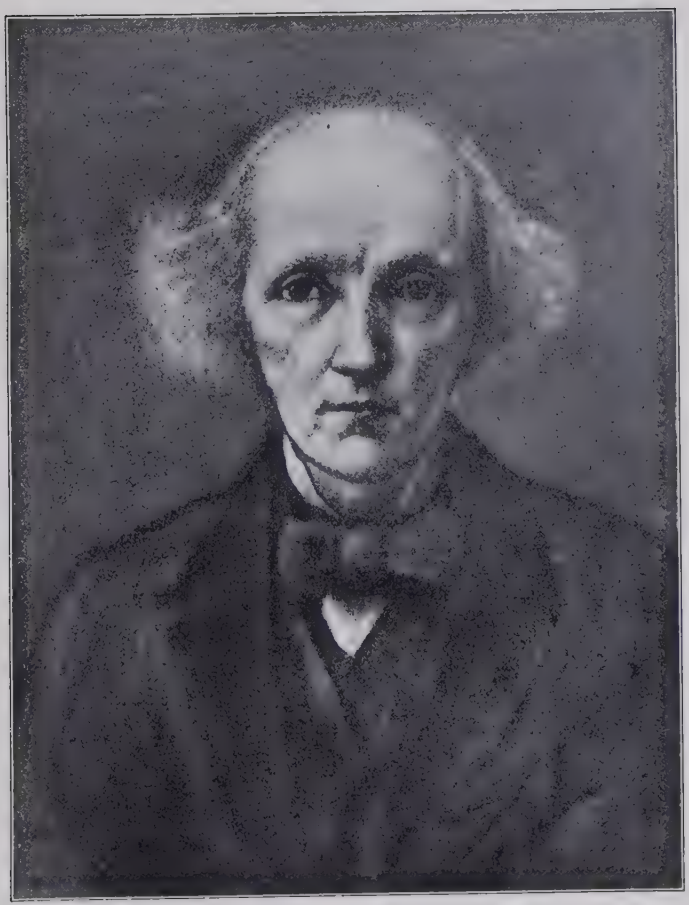
The exhibition of his own pictures at the gallery of the Old Water Colour Society this summer gained Edward new believers. Two men especially, Mr. William Graham, M.P. for Glasgow, and Mr. F. R. Leyland of Liverpool, seemed to make up their minds firmly about his work: to them for some years went the most important things Edward did, and each of these shrewd business men became his real friend. He also received a commission from Mr. Birket Foster, to paint the story of St. George and the Dragon in seven pictures for the decoration of his house in Surrey. It was not the first time that Edward's pictures had been wanted by brother artists, and that they cared to possess them gave him the purest pleasure. Both Watts and Leighton, besides Mr. Boyce and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wells, already had some of his earlier work.

When first Mr. Graham came to the studio he was a man of about forty-eight and Edward was some fifteen years younger. Their friendship lasted for nearly twenty years without a cloud, and then was only ended by Graham's death. Keen man of business though he was, simplicity and devotion of soul were as evident in him as in a cloistered

monk. His face was that of a saint, and at times like one transfigured. He had an inborn perception about painting, and an instinct for old pictures that was marvellous. His eye was so keen that Edward said he knew good work even when it was upside down. Once this faculty helped him to see at a glance from the top of an omnibus that in the front room of a little house he was passing there was a picture worth looking at; so he got down at once, knocked at the door, found the picture good enough to buy and carried it home. His library at Grosvenor Place was filled with treasures he had gathered for himself. He liked to come and look on while Edward painted, appearing and disappearing very swiftly, but bringing no sense of disturbance with him. I believe Edward cared for his sympathy about his pictures next to that of Gabriel and missed it almost as much when it was gone. Morris's sympathy was another matter; that was a part of himself.

In a letter after Graham's death Edward says: "I am making my Sleeping Queen; I want her to be finished by Christmas and to look exceedingly splendid. But he who would most have liked it wouldn't stoop to see such a poor thing now—and my loss is perpetual." It was Graham who did a thing that surely no other man ever did, for Edward said that once when he shewed him a picture, "it had a part of it painted so much to his mind that he went up to it and kissed the panel."

When Mr. Birket Foster many years afterwards left the house for which the "St. George" series was painted, the pictures were sent to Christie's, and on going there to see them again before the sale I was surprised by their dramatic character, especially in the scenes where the King looks at the blood-stained clothes of the girls who have been devoured by the Dragon, and where the poor mothers crowd into the Temple while the Princess draws the lot. I spoke of this to Edward afterwards, asking him whether he had not purposely suppressed the dramatic element in his later work, and he said yes, that was so—for no one can get every quality into a picture, and there were others that he desired



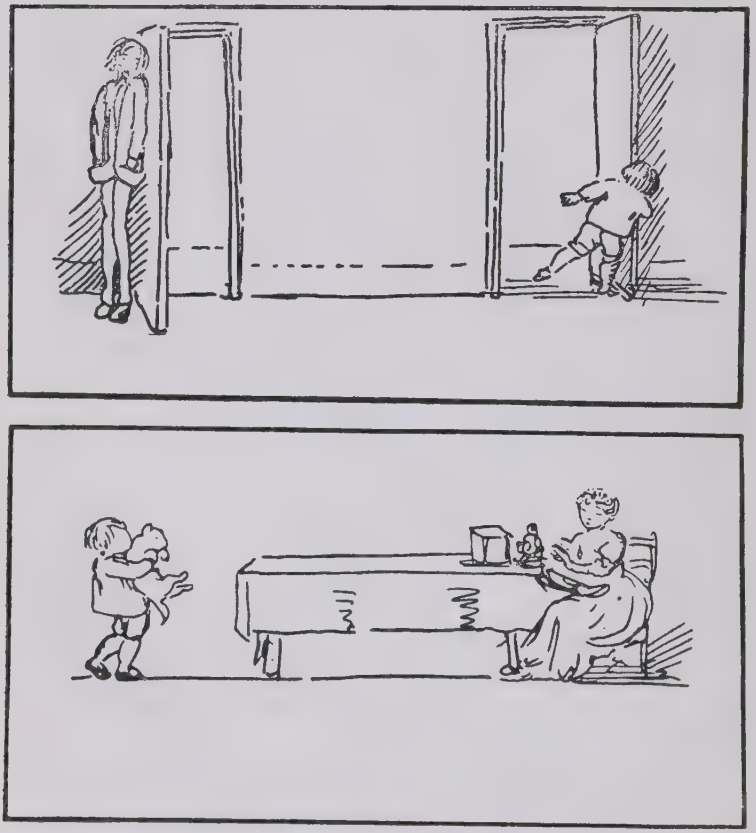
Mr. William Graham.

more than the dramatic. It was seldom that his own family asked him any questions about his work as he did it, for we saw how little he liked to talk of a thing before it was done, and realized what would be the irksomeness to him of anything like a running commentary on it.

When it was finished, too, he wanted every one to see in it what they could for themselves. He was often amused by the anxiety people had to be told what they ought to think about his pictures as well as by their determination to find a deep meaning in every line he drew. A rumour once reached him that there was a mystic intention in the number of beads that are threaded on a string held by *bambini* in the background of "Fides": and many were the letters he received from different parts of the world, asking for an "explanation" of "The Golden Stairs." It was to this that he refers in a letter written in one of his wearied hours. "If you had to paint pictures now, what would you do? Should you feel as bewildered as I do, who sit and stare at them and wonder why I began them and what I meant? I feel inclined to write to Mr. Burne-Jones and apologize for troubling him, but should be so grateful if he would tell me the hidden meaning of these pictures." Morris, on the other hand, always talked freely beforehand of plans and purposes of work, besides bringing every poem of The Earthly Paradise to read to us as soon as it was written. I remember, with shame, often falling asleep to the steady rhythm of the reading voice, or biting my fingers and stabbing myself with pins in order to keep awake. But no one ever reproached me.

Seventy designs for "Cupid and Psyche" were made this year; and we had the joy of giving them to Mr. Ruskin in fulfilment of the wish that Edward had expressed in one of his letters from Venice three years before. It was a busy household altogether now, and some of the duties that fell to my share were illustrated by Edward in various little family sketches that still exist. The sewing-machine in one of the drawings was a gift from Mr. Watts, whose kind imagination realized how many stitches had to be set,

and was described by Edward as "a most clever little thing that makes dresses and buys the stuff and almost pays for it." This same year he very narrowly escaped losing his life in Spencer Stanhope's garden, by the fall of a great elm-tree which was blown down suddenly across his path.



In November the Morrises made their removal to London. A house in Queen Square, Bloomsbury, had been found, large enough for them to live in the upper part, while the ground floor and outbuildings were used as showroom and workshops. In this particular spot the dinginess of the neighbourhood was conquered, and it had been made to

shine with whitewash and white paint, a background that shewed better than any other the beautiful fabrics with which the house was furnished. Yet nothing ever made it a home like the one they had left, nor did they really take root anywhere else, until six years later they found Kelmscott Manor on the upper Thames.

A pleasant custom soon began of our dining in Queen Square once a week to meet other members of the Firm, and in these evenings the merriment of our youth was revived for a time, but Janey was now so much out of health that I fear her share of the entertainments was more fatigue than pleasure, and gradually they came to an end. The men never ceased to meet regularly, though, at one house or the other.

News came to us from Bombay at the beginning of 1866 that the Lockwood Kiplings had a son, and the youngest of the "wenches" was asked to be his godmother. She chose for him the name of Rudyard, the place where his parents had first seen each other.

We now saw a good deal of Mr. Ruskin again, and one April afternoon I remember his carrying us off to a performance of the Christy Minstrels, where he was received as an honoured patron, and something (I forget what) was added to the programme at his request. At this time he wished Edward to paint his portrait, and there were drawings made for it, but as these were not preserved I suppose they were unsatisfactory and the plan was never carried out. Truth to tell, portrait-painting was distasteful to Edward, who always said so on occasion, but special reasons overcame the feeling from time to time. He once wrote: "I do not easily get portraiture, and the perpetual hunt to find in a face what I like, and leave out what mislikes me, is a bad school for it." In one of Mr. Ruskin's notes of appointment for sittings there is a portrait in words (under the name Proserpine) of the fair-haired girl to whom as she grew up he gave his heart, with the tragic result that she could love no one else but him, yet not him completely. "I'll come on Monday and then be steady I hope to every

other day—Proserpine permitting. Did you see the gleam of sunshine yesterday afternoon? If you had only seen her in it, bareheaded, between *my* laurels and *my* primrose bank!"

He used still to fetch or send for us to Denmark Hill to dine with him and his mother, whose demands upon his patience he met with indescribable gentleness. Her instinct for contradiction was revealed to me soon after we first knew her. I was sitting with her alone very happily, when she suddenly said, "Do you love God?" Overwhelmed with shyness at such a question, but feeling it would be a lie to say "No," I tried to appease the inquisition by the simplest form of what I meant, and humbly answered "Yes." On this reply she pounced, with the unlooked-for exclamation "I don't!" and, while I shrank within myself, discoursed to me upon the arrogance of any creature daring to say such a thing about the Creator, so great and so far above us all. But I believe it was sheer love of contradiction that led her on. I remember, too, an evening spent with her and her son, when Edward read aloud, from Lane's Arabian Nights, the Story of the Barber, in which there is scarce a a paragraph without some mention of God, the High, the Great, and at its conclusion Ruskin expressed great admiration for it. "God forgive you, my child," said a pitying voice from the fireside; and as we waited in silent astonishment for some explanation, she continued, "for taking His name in vain." Her son listened with perfect patience and dignity, and then, almost as if thinking aloud, answered with a solemn and simple refutation of the charge and a noble definition of what taking the name of God in vain really was. Would that I could remember his words! His mother seemed quite unmoved.

Old Anne, nurse for two generations in the house, was alive in those days; a white-haired, light-eyed, spare little figure, harsh and unattractive to our southern feeling. She had come as a bare-foot child into the service of the family, and was passionately devoted to her master and his son; but between her and her mistress relations were evidently

strained, for I once heard Mrs. Ruskin address the aged dame in a tone such as one might use to a tiresome child, whilst Anne retorted with a want of deference that was certainly not the growth of the moment. But the best image to keep of the old nurse is that of her, having thrust all others aside, being first to mount the ladder reared in alarm against her old master's window and to enter the locked room where he lay seized with mortal illness. Of her, in Fors Clavigera, her second nursling, when he had become a man of fifty-four, wrote that she was the one being whom, next to father and mother, he "practically and truly missed the most."

A letter from Edward in June tells his "dearest little wenches" of the birth of a daughter, whom he describes as "a maid some nine hours old," and adds: "So Phil's conjecture that it would be either a boy or a girl was not unfounded." But the arrival of this little girl prevented our carrying out a plan we had looked forward to, of going some time in the summer to North France with the Morrises, Philip Webb and Warrington Taylor, who now went without us. An expressive drawing at the end of a note of farewell to the travellers shews Edward standing desolate upon the English coast, with a long-clothed infant in his arms and a tall chimney smoking in the background, whilst the others, in an open boat, speed to the opposite shore where the sun shines brightly.

All this time the number of our general acquaintance was enlarging, while among our friends were some whose importance to us increased and that of others lessened. De Morgan used to come over to us from Haverstock Hill at least once a week; Henry Holiday and his wife were already much more than names to us, and there was Edward Clifford, one of a new group of Royal Academy students who had discovered and were enthusiastic about some pencil heads that Edward sent to a Winter Exhibition of the Old Water Colour Society. He came to ask from whom they were drawn, "for," says Mr. Clifford, "we did not fully realize that the drawings depended more on him than on the model." But he went away taking with him the address of Miss Augusta Jones, a noble-looking girl, who sat for "Astrologia" amongst many other things, and for whom Edward had much regard and respect.

The name of Mr. Henry Ellis Wooldridge, now Slade Professor at Oxford, is also connected with these days, but with him our chief bond was music. He introduced us to a new world of beauty in Italian songs of the seventeenth century—then almost entirely unknown—and his singing of Carissimi and Stradella gave us the keenest pleasure: Edward used to ask him for the same things over and over again. Most of these treasures Mr. Wooldridge had discovered for himself among manuscripts in the British Museum, and others he brought afterwards from the Bodleian and Christ Church Libraries and from Rome. I think the one that moved us all most deeply was a recitative and trio by Carissimi, which Mr. Hullah had cited in his course of lectures upon musical history. It was the cry of the lost souls who "walk ever in the darkness," saying, *Heu, heu, nos miseros*—with *Pereat nox* repeated like a passing bell, and at the last a whisper of despair breathed through the words *in qua concepti fuimus*, which seemed to drop into fathomless depths of silence as the lips of the singers closed.

The Madox Browns had now left Kentish Town and were settled in Fitzroy Square, which was nearer to us

materially, but in the new house we never felt the same joy as in the old, and slowly—with no word to mark the change—as time went on we felt that our old friends had drifted apart from us. In later life we stretched out hands to each other again which touched but did not clasp, and it is by its early years that our friendship is reckoned in my mind.

I cannot remember when Mr. and Mrs. George Howard (now Lord and Lady Carlisle) first came to our house, but the image of them there, young, fresh, and eager about everything, is clear. Mr. Howard's gift as a painter of romantic landscape made him welcome in the studio at once, while the two wives drew more slowly, but quite steadily, together, and a friendship between our daughters perpetuates the one then begun. To Mr. Howard we owed a first knowledge of Mazzini's writings.

Another and very noticeable introduction of these days was to a part of what may be called the Greek colony in London. Before this we had had the pleasure of meeting the beautiful Miss Spartali and her sister, daughters of the Greek consul, but now, I forget in what way, we became acquainted with one or two other families of her nation.

Instead of going to Troyes with the Morrises in June, we went in August to Lymington, so as to be near Allingham, who had an appointment in the Customs there. One day the two men crossed over to the Isle of Wight and called on Tennyson, to whom Ruskin sent a message of thanks by Edward for the "noble sermon" contained in his poem of Aylmer's Field. We made an expedition also to Winchester, when Morris came down from London to meet us, and as we waited for him at the door of our hotel I remember his swinging towards us along the High Street with a look as if he had easily walked all the way. Then we went on together over the water meadows to St. Cross, and mourned over the "restoration" it was suffering. The whole time at Lymington increased our affection for Allingham, and made us wish that we lived nearer to each other. To bridge over the distance from his friends, he used often to run up to London at the week's end, and many were

glad to welcome him. When he came to us, he and Edward generally took a walk on the Sunday afternoon if it was fit weather, and sometimes I was with them. On one of these walks we saw for the first time the house to which we were next to remove and where the rest of our life together was to be spent: I am glad to remember that it attracted our notice and indeed made a strong impression upon us as it stood there empty and waiting.

Meanwhile, whatever else happened, work never stopped. Illustrations for The Earthly Paradise went on steadily, and twenty subjects from the Hill of Venus were designed this year. Also, with help, the last four pictures of "St. George and the Dragon" were finished: the other three were already in place. This was the first time that Edward called in aid to carry out his designs, and in his assistant he was fortunate beyond expectation. Mr. Charles Fairfax Murray was then a mere youth, but one whose intellectual and artistic power was visible at first sight. He soon became a trusted friend, in whose work Edward took great interest.

June, 1867, found us still in Kensington Square, but the house had been sold during our tenancy, and as the new owner refused to extend our term, we were compelled for the third time in seven years to seek another home. Before this fresh upheaval we had one more holiday, which was our last with the Morrises; and the place and time chosen for it was Oxford in the Long Vacation. We, with our children, took some undergraduates' rooms in St. Giles', while the Morris family lodged in Beaumont Street: Faulkner was in college, but we met every evening, and then Morris read what he had written or the men played whist—without practical jokes now. I remember noticing how beautifully Faulkner shuffled the cards with his skilful fingers.

A small pocket-book of this time contains a note made by Edward from a canal-bridge in a poor quarter of the city, which nearly thirty years afterwards he developed into the background of his "Aurora." The main outlines of building and canal are preserved in the picture, and

Aurora with her cymbals comes lightly stepping along a waterside path from which in the original sketch a woman stoops to bathe her baby, but the canal has changed into an arm of a river and the houses have been welded into the long, low storage-places of a wharf, crowned by a great church lifted up against the sky. He enjoyed making up stories to himself about his backgrounds, as he painted them; and one day as he was working at "Aurora" he did a very unusual thing, for the humour seized him to think aloud, and he spun out a whole history of the place. "You see the city gets poorer as it gets towards the church," he said, "which makes it more interesting—the rich people have gone to live further off. It has had many epochs: first the Roman—you may see remains of that in the foundations: then was an oligarchic government, following on a time of anarchy and disaster, that put up many fine buildings, and some of them still remain. Then came an epoch of trade, capricious and varying in locality, that produced the strangest results on its architecture, one part of the town cutting out another by setting up nearer the sea further down the river, then being driven back again for reasons that can't be found out now—traces of prosperity and decay succeeding each other."

We kept Edward's birthday on the 28th of August, by all going down the river as far as Wallingford, and stayed on at Oxford till after St. Giles' Fair—a fine treat for the little ones, but Edward was restless to be back in his studio. "Tell me how your work prospers—mention Mantegna to me: I am doing nothing—can't in lodgings with the noise of children," he wrote to Mr. Murray. Indeed it always surprised me that a man of his nervous temperament was able to work as he did amongst the inevitable noises of a household; but they seldom seemed to fidget him, and any distraction they caused was less than he would have felt in going through the streets to a separate studio. Morning was the time when he arranged all his work, and he liked to rise quietly from the breakfast table, carrying his second cup of coffee with him straight to the painting-room.

It was our friend Robert Martineau, the artist, who first told us of the Grange, North End Lane, Fulham, being to let, and on going to see the house we found it to be the very one we had noticed in our walk with Allingham the year before. We were again strongly impressed by the place, and began to consider whether there would be any possibility of our taking it. The rent was a third more than we had yet paid, rates were high in Fulham, and the house was bigger than we needed, but there was a large room on the first floor with an east light, and that was temptation. We thought if some one shared it with us for a while we might perhaps venture, and then it occurred to us that Wilfred Heeley was in England for a year and seeking a home in London for himself and his second wife: our old friendship was unchanged, and as at first mention of the idea Wilfred wrote to say how well it would suit them to join us, the matter was settled.

On looking closely at the Grange we had found that what at first seemed like one house was in reality two, between which we could take our choice, as both were empty. Though belonging to different owners, they had been thrown together for the last tenant, and doors of communication were still open between them on different landings of the staircase. The whole building was some hundred and fifty years old, but the front of the northern part had been stuccoed in the beginning of the century and its many narrow windows replaced by two square ones, while a modern staircase had been introduced: the southern house still kept its original character. We went carefully over both, weighing their different advantages and finally deciding for the north because of its studio possibilities. But there was a room on the ground floor that perplexed Edward, for some one had covered its walls with pictures. They were apparently copies of various originals, and we never learned who did them, though rumour said they were recent creations. Their workmanship had no distinction and the scheme no connecting idea, varying in subject from a large Italian landscape to a study of the Farnese Hercules balanced by

a chubby Cupid of equal size, while the shutter-boxes were painted in patches of separate raw colours. Still it had cost some fellow-creature both time and trouble, and Edward did not find in his heart to cover it up until the incongruity of the thing became so irksome that a veil of Morris paper and green paint was finally drawn over the whole.

The Grange had a beautiful garden of about three-quarters of an acre, with a fine old mulberry on its lawn, peaches against the walls, and apple-trees enough to justify us in calling part of it an orchard. The full charm of all this was not visible when first we took possession in November, but still we found late-blooming monthly roses and a hedge of lavender, whose sweet scent and soft pink and grey colour are inseparably connected in memory with the place and time.

A few days before leaving Kensington Square, Edward opened an account with a bank. Naturally he chose that of Morris, and was introduced by him to Messrs. Praeds of Fleet Street. I see that he placed with them on November 11th the sum of £127 10*s.* and in return they gave him a cheque-book which he did not know how to use, for I distinctly remember seeing Mr. Leyland shew him how to fill up the first cheque he drew—not without a protest from Edward at its being called "drawing." A legacy from Mr. Samuel Perry, his mother's half-brother, was of great help to us in the course of this winter, and enabled us for the first time to lay something by. I know now that Edward had more anxiety about money in those early days than I then realized; for it was not a subject he talked much about, and it never occurred to me that we should not have our wants supplied. Yet if his responsibilities weighed heavily upon him at times, it was not a very grievous burden that he bore, for his children were a joy to him from the first and grew dearer every year.

It might be said on reckoning the whole number of the years of his life that by this time Edward had passed through half of it, but the halves were not of the same

kind. In the first must be reckoned forgotten infancy and sheltered childhood; it was now but twelve years since he had begun his special work, and much of this time had been passed lightly in the enjoyment of friendship and love and the exercise of new-found power. After this came the burden and heat of the day, in which as often as possible I shall let his own voice be heard or his work shall speak, for during it he passed, as does every man, through lonely places of which nothing can be known to his fellows except by a sign from himself.

Large schemes of work were always in his mind, "huge cloudy symbols of a high romance" that never failed him, though life failed before he could make a tithe of it visible to others. He had already begun a big picture of the Fates. They were seated aloft on a throne and below them were a man and a woman standing together, the woman's hand lightly resting on a sundial. For these figures he made numberless drawings, recognizable amongst his life-studies by their solemn and typical air. In 1872 he wrote down the names of four other subjects, saying: "These I desire to paint above all others." Nor was this an aspiration only, for at the time he wrote they were all begun in one form or other. They were:

"The Chariot of Love, to be painted life-size.

"The Vision of Britomart, also life-size.

"The Sirens, small life-size.

"And a picture of the beginning of the world, with Pan and Echo and sylvan gods, and a forest full of centaurs, and a wild background of woods, mountains, and rivers."

Before these he was at work upon a great triptych with predella pictures that was to tell the whole story of Troy; fragments of this scheme are known as "The Wheel of Fortune" and "The Feast of Peleus." A large "Fountain of Youth" was designed in 1873, and the great "Arthur in Avalon" in 1881. A still vaster scheme than any of these is suggested by some pencil notes made long afterwards, shewing a plan for a series of pictures which deal with the whole history of the world, for they were to repre-

sent its Four Ages. About the Golden Age his words, "Sin comes down to talk with men," are fearful in their simplicity of vision: I do not know if any drawing of it was made. His note for the Iron Age says: "Crime has the upper hand," and ends with "Scoundrel on a throne—soldiers—violence—injustice—folly—war."

Henceforth the number of people who surround the image of Edward in my mind is very great, and cannot be dealt with separately. I believe one thing that drew both men and women to him was that he never suspected them beforehand: to him each fresh acquaintance was new-born. Never in any sense did he become a man of the world, and up to a certain point it was always easy to take advantage of him: press that advantage too far, however, and he was gone like a bird from the snare. Two things had tremendous power over him—beauty and misfortune—and far would he go to serve either; indeed his impulse to comfort those in trouble was so strong that while the trouble lasted the sufferer took precedence of every one else. Beauty, so much rarer than misfortune, he was quick to recognize in spiritual form as well as physical. Some of the last words he uttered were about a plain woman who had done excellent work in the world. "What a beautiful soul that woman has," he exclaimed; "but," he added, with gentle humour, "I think I'd better not see her."

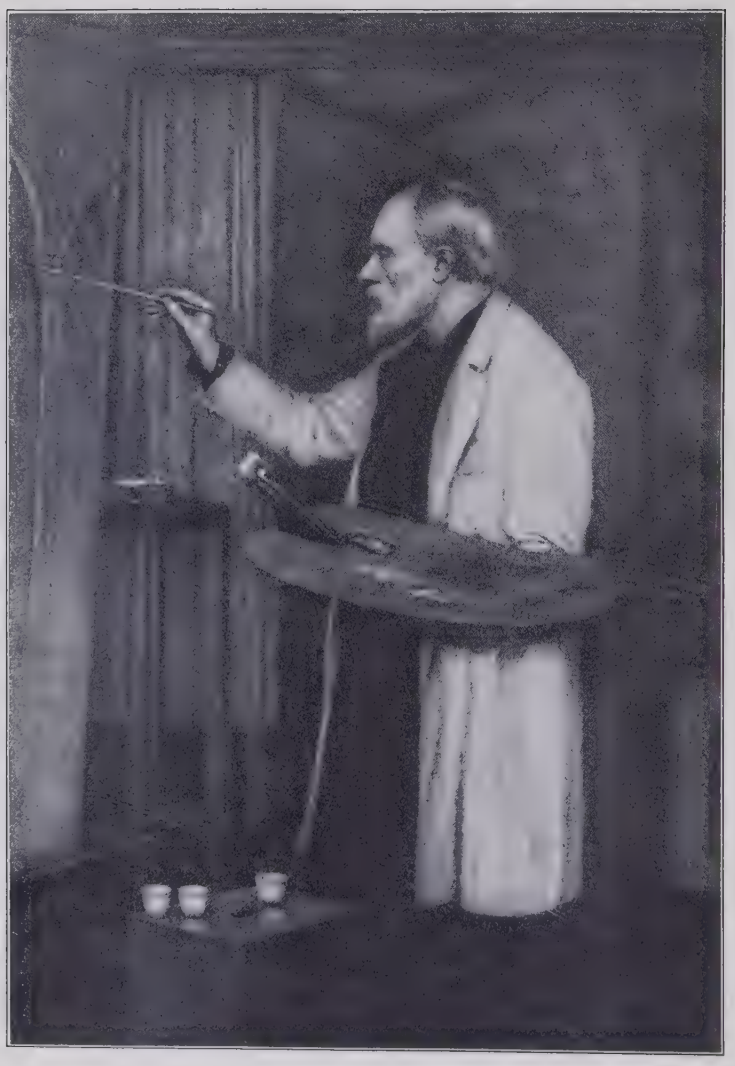
Our life at the Grange lasted thirty years, which were in themselves a second life, for there we finally put away childish things and had our share of sorrow; but I remember no more premonition when we entered the house than a wandering on the staircase and looking around with the thought, "What will happen to us here?"

END OF VOLUME I

RED HOUSE, UPTON, KENT

VOLUME II

1868–1898



EDWARD BURNE-JONES.
Æt. 64.
From a portrait by his son.

MEMORIALS OF
EDWARD BURNE-JONES

CHAPTER XVI

1868-1871

Heart, thou and I are here, sad and alone.

EDWARD himself questioned the possibility of writing the biography of any but men of action. "You can tell the life of those who have fought and won and been beaten," he said, "because it is clear and definite—but what is there to say about a poet or an artist? I never want a life of any man whose work I know, for that is his day of judgment and that is his doom; the shapeless mess that other people make for one to deal with I won't have called a life. It's more like one's death—so many things are one's death more than the pale face that looks in at the door one day. My life is what I long for and love and regret and desire." Yet he realized in late years that some memorial of him would certainly be written, and even spoke to me once of the possibility of my doing it. The reason he gave for wishing this was uttered almost parenthetically—"For you *know*": and although he never returned to the subject again those words give me courage.

In a certain sense it may be true that a man's work is his best biography, but there are some whose personality is so strong as to give a fresh aspect to everything they say and do, so that when they are gone, however well known their work may be, their friends think of them first of all

as human beings. Of such men a supplemental record in the form of some written memorial must be made, unless a great part of the fragrance of their names is to perish. Remembering, however, that to no one person can any human soul fully reveal itself, I have sought Edward's reflection in the minds of others as well as my own, and with that help have told the tale so far. Canon Dixon with the kindest sympathy stopped in his own literary work to write down the recollections of school and college life which have been already given; but suddenly his words ceased and he himself has left us. The deep impression of Edward's earliest years which I received both from his own words and from my knowledge of his father has been confirmed, corrected, and largely added to by Mr. Price; whilst Miss Choyce's wonderful memory showed me the summers at Harris Bridge fifty and sixty years ago so clearly that I all but heard the voices of the girls and boys there, "in the field, by the fold." But now the words "He is of age, let him speak for himself" sound in my ears, for who else can say what things he "longed for and loved and regretted and desired"? Take this letter to Watts in the early years of the Grange, filled with devouring sadness. "Of myself I have had nothing to write to you or I would have done so—these three months have been so like any other three months. I suppose I have done something, but I look in vain for it, and about every fifth day I fall into despair as usual. Yesterday it culminated and I walked about like an exposed impostor, feeling as contemptible as the worst of them could feel; and if it were not for old pictures that make one forget oneself for a time I don't know how I should ever get to work again. I miss you very much, for it has always been a real comfort to run over to Little Holland House and grumble myself out to you. At present I have evil nights and am most often awake at three, with some four hours of blank time to lie on my back and think over all my days—many and evil they seem—and when I think of the confidence and conceit and blindness and ignorance of ten years ago I don't know whether most to lament that

I was ever like that, or that I ever woke out of such a baseless dream. All this letter shan't be about my grumps, but I am really at present at the very lowest ebb of hope. A little bit is overwork, a bit is weakness of body, but most by a thousand times is a clear certainty that I shall never do what I thought I had already done."

"This year did little work through illness" is Edward's entry for 1868 in his list of pictures. About the subject of his health, although it was so often a source of suffering and anxiety, I shall say as little as possible, for it has already been dwelt upon, and must take its place as one of the understood influences of his life. With him, as with other sensitive natures, body and mind acted and reacted on each other; so that trouble would break him as effectually as illness, whilst in times of physical weakness he could upon occasion flare up with nervous energy of an astonishing kind. The peals of laughter that came from his sick-room would have puzzled a stranger. His dread of pain was great; but the thing he talked about with fear beforehand was endured with courage when it came. "It's very nasty being ill—it has no merits," was his own comprehensive verdict on the matter.

The pleasure and hope we had from our beautiful old garden as soon as the first winter at the Grange was over is seen in a letter to one of my sisters. "We are enjoying our garden much already, both to look at and walk in occasionally. We have found a bed of lilies of the valley about 20 feet long; our wall-fruit is in splendid blossom—may it not be nipped by unkindly frosts." This wish was granted, for peaches, plums and apricots shone on the walls in their season. There were still large elms growing in the roadway of North End, and wild roses could be gathered in a turning out of it. The space at the end of our garden was all fields, and two trees flourishing there were worth many of the houses that displaced them. One was a walnut, and the other a huge elm, through whose branches we saw the high moon shine as we paced to and fro in the summer evenings. The walnut-tree field was

used for various purposes, including carpet-beating—the sound of which Edward explained to an Italian model as that of Englishmen beating their wives. We did not know until we had been there for some time, that one part of the Grange had once been the home of Samuel Richardson. He lived there from 1739 to 1754, and during those years Clarissa, Pamela, and Sir Charles Grandison were all published.

One Sunday afternoon in February of this year we first saw George Eliot. It was at her own house, and from that day began our friendship with her and Mr. Lewes. She was very like Burton's portrait-drawing of her, but with more keenness of expression; the eyes especially, clear and grey, were piercing: I used to think they looked as if they had been washed by many waters. Her voice was a beautiful one, sometimes full and strong and at others as tender as a dove's. Greatly as Edward admired her early work, he was astonished by her intellectual power when he came to know her personally. "There is no one living better to talk to," he wrote the year before her death, "for she speaks carefully, so that nothing has to be taken back or qualified in any way. Her knowledge is really deep, and her heart one of the most sympathetic to me I ever knew." The crowded Sunday afternoons at the Priory were not the happiest way of seeing her, but he went there from time to time rather as he might have gone to write his name in a visitors' book. Occasionally we dined there, or they drove over to the Grange on a weekday afternoon—they never dined out—and the general conversation that went on at such times, I am bound to own, was chiefly very funny, with much laughter and many anecdotes.

The arrival of Professor Charles Eliot Norton from America this spring was a great gain to us. With Mr. Norton came his wife and children, his mother, and other members of his and his wife's family—a group of three generations of people all admirable in their own way. The grandmother and the aunts were as charming as if on them depended the happiness of every visitor, yet always leaving to young

THE GRANGE.

Mrs. Norton her due place as mistress in the house—there was neither self-assertion nor suppression in the whole company. A sentence in a note from Edward to Mr. Norton in February, 1869, shews him as one of our intimate circle: "O do tell—am I to wear togs to-night? really tell me—I should not like to be less fashionable than Topsy." To none but trusted friends did he allow himself a joke about Morris: I shall never forget his grave reproach to me for having allowed the name "Topsy" to escape before a comparative stranger. Nothing ever interrupted the intimacy with Morris; that friendship was like one of the forces of nature. "When we came to live at the Grange, and by this removal were so much further from Morris in Queen Square," Edward's notes say, "I wrote and proposed that he and Webb should come every Sunday, to bind us together, and I remember, but have lost, a letter he wrote in answer, more full of warm response to this than he often permitted himself." This was the beginning of the Sunday meetings of which mention will often be made. At first they were in the evening, but when Morris left Queen Square and came to live nearer the Grange the plan was altered, and he used to breakfast with us every Sunday and spend the morning in the studio with Edward. Before he left they always either invited me to join them for a little while or else sallied forth from the studio to pay me a call: but it was their hour and power, and I did not proffer my company. Rossetti still came to see us. I remember an evening on which he read aloud his poem of "Troy Town," and how his voice when he began with "Heaven-born Helen, Sparta's queen," sounded like a challenge to the world. Of another time I have this record: "Gabriel came in the evening—I sang to him a long time while Ned worked and Murray"—friend of us all by this time—"made himself happy in the background." This mention of Edward working in the evening recalls how many such scenes! It was generally upon full-size stained-glass cartoons, the strainers for which were brought downstairs and begun upon very soon after dinner.

He made the designs without hesitation; the result of incessant study from life shewing itself in these large, free drawings, which came out upon the paper so quickly that it seemed as if they must have been already there and his hand were only removing a veil. The soft scraping sound of the charcoal in the long smooth lines comes back to me, together with his momentary exclamation of impatience when the stick snapped off short, as it so often did, and fell to the ground. He always stood at this work. If we were alone I read aloud as a matter of course—Carlyle's translation of Wilhelm Meister was one of our books during the first winter at the Grange—but if any one else was there we had music or talk, while the drawing still went on. Sometimes, after a day in the studio, he would go for a change to the South Kensington Museum in the evening, either to draw or to look at books in the Reference Library. "I thank the Lord in heaven that he gave me a savage passion for work," he once exclaimed.

His drawing at home in the evening never separated him from us, for he heard everything that went on and talked also: as for laughter, that fount never ran dry. Afterwards, when the cartoons were put away, he would throw himself down on the sofa and fairly luxuriate in the rest to his tired body; and sometimes he would doze off in the middle of reading or talk, but if we stopped he would wake directly and cry "Don't stop, I love to hear the sound of voices—I wish there was no night and no bed—only to lie like this when one is tired and hear friends talking around one." The "evil nights" of which he speaks to Watts became an increasingly serious trouble, and he suffered many things in dreams. In his letters are frequent allusions to this. "I dreamed of you last night," he writes to most of his friends in the course of correspondence, and to those who lived with him it was often said. But he seldom told us any details, only such things as "you were kind to me," or "you were not," or "I dreamed so and so was dead." Mrs. Morris too was a great dreamer, and they used to compare notes together.

There was a dream of hers that impressed me deeply when we were still young. It was that she found herself quite alone in the market-place of some town she did not know, when an old-fashioned coach drove up and stopped near her; and as its door was opened and a rickety flight of steps let down, there descended from it a little old woman with white hair, who was I—and we exchanged doleful greetings, and she said to me, "They are all gone, Georgie" —and we wept together. One of Edward's dreams remains in a letter about "a shadowy girl who was by a well in that mournful twilight that is the sky of dreams. 'Now listen to the noise of my heart,' she said, and dropped a vast stone into the well—which boomed and boomed until it grew a roar unbearable, and I awoke." A happy dream he called a cruel mockery, and an unhappy one a needless cruelty.

His daily life, however, was active, practical, and apparently cheerful. If one wanted counsel in any puzzling moment of life, his advice was of the soundest, and nobody ever went away depressed from an interview with him.

The success of sharing our house with the Heeleys for a year was complete, in spite of the birth of a small son of theirs whose approach they had not known of when the plan was first made. But Josephine Heeley's sweetness and simplicity would have smoothed away any difficulties if it had not prevented them. The following note from Edward to Allingham will serve for a description of Wilfred at this time.

"Wilfred Heeley—very learned (says he ain't but is, very), best of men, simple, affectionate, full of all kinds of good things—sympathetic, thinks as we do—you will like him very much and all kindness done to him is done to me—and you will find his talk varied and accurate and interesting, and all he says is truthful and you'll like him much." A letter that Heeley, the most undemonstrative of men, wrote to Edward on leaving England, shews that on his side the time spent together in such close quarters had not lessened affection.

"I should like to tell you," he says, "that there is nothing in all our English visit which I shall look back to with more pleasure than what I have seen of you. It was such a comfort at the first not to be disenchanted—to find a man worth all he promised to be, and keeping up a genial life and growth; most of the men I knew have given in to the world, you and Topsy I think have alone escaped. Now I don't suppose you'll believe me, but it 's much truer than gospel, that I have always looked upon your society and your talk as my greatest pleasure; I say this as a sort of excuse for sundry acts of boredom wittingly committed by me, and especially the great boredom of remaining in the house after the kid was born. You have had the opportunity of making lots of friends; I have not; and even if I had, you would still, and I believe always, be A.1. to me, and there is nothing I am more thankful for than having seen so much of you. I am stupid in expressing myself, and always was and will be, quite a Carlylic hero of stupidity; but I must say what I think for once, and tell you how much I delight in your work, in your talk, and in yourself. God bless you and Georgie and the kids." We did not see Wilfred after this for seven years, and when we met again the first glance told us to our sorrow that he had only come home to die.

Heeley was right in saying that Edward and Morris had not given in to the world, though to add that they alone amongst his old friends had escaped it was but a word of the moment.

Morris never either drew near to or seemed to take the least possible pleasure in "the world"—Edward from time to time did both. He loved many who belonged to it, and the whole spectacle interested and beguiled him amidst the stress of his own life and work. In these very days a letter of mine says: "I don't quite know what is coming to us, we go out so much more than we have ever done before, and Edward seems to like it instead of not liking as he used to do. It is very queer to watch how one changes insensibly as time goes on—sometimes I think I feel a kind

of power at work changing me, but can't lay my hand on it or name it." So it was; before we had learned anything of the ways of the world, life closed in upon us with its demands on every side.

"Circe" was finished in time for the Old Water Colour Exhibition of 1869, and there is a short note of Edward's to Rossetti about it. "I didn't like again to mention Circe, but now you have been to see it I can say how pleased is my vanity. I want a very few to think about me, and you are one, and it will be happy for me to have a word from you." Rossetti's "word" in the form of his sonnet called The Wine of Circe was a lasting one.

A mixture of friendship and sensitiveness in business dealings was shown by Mr. Leyland, to whom the picture of "Circe" belonged, when upon its completion he sent a cheque of one hundred pounds beyond its stipulated price, accompanied by words that made its acceptance possible. Edward answered him: "You had no need to feel uncomfortable about Circe—all the work I gave to her was needful, and if she is the better for it I am only glad a dear friend has it instead of a stranger; you really owed me nothing, dear fellow. I never for one moment thought anything about the value of the picture really, and I was glad enough when you and friends generally seemed content with it. I have been perplexed what to answer, because as I never thought about it being cheap or dear I never looked for you to do so, and your letter was a surprise to me and at first I thought I ought not to take it. But it would be rubbish to be proud to you, and doubly ridiculous as I was of course on the extreme point of writing for tin on account of the other 'Seasons'—so, look, my dear, I'll take without more words what you offer so gracefully."

The whole scheme of "The Seasons" together with "Day and Night" is given in letters to Mr. Leyland, for whom they were finally completed. "Here comes the Spring at last," he writes in 1868; "I've been seedy and out of town, so that I couldn't send it you when I meant. I send Autumn with it for you to see. I intend doing four more

figures to complete the set—a Summer nearly naked, a Winter heavily draped, and a Day and Night—by degrees. Of course I should like them all to go together, but you needn't feel tied by that, for it is not of vast importance, but I think they would make a nice set of decorative pictures for one room." Mr. Leyland thought so too, and when they are mentioned again a place had been arranged for them in his dining-room—"where," says Edward, "I hope you will eat and drink with friends in their company for fifty years to come."

He goes into detail also of the colour he intended to make them. "This is to be the plan of them all: first Day, naked, with a blue sky at the back of him and yellow marble to stand on—then Spring, which you know—then Summer, with a green curtain and a rose-garden at the back, standing on blue marble and forget-me-nots in the water. Then Autumn, which you know—then Winter, in light blue and brown fur, and a brown curtain and black marble and frozen water—and last, Night in grey, shutting a door after her, standing on blue marble, with a torch held down and her eyes closed. There is a plan throughout, of colour and expression and everything."

One result of his having so many things on hand at the same time was, of course, delay in finishing pictures, but he reckoned this a great advantage to them, and their owners were generally of the same opinion. This, however, made payments on account necessary, and it was quite late in his working life before he was able to wait for the whole price of any picture until it was done. The system had its anxieties too, of which expression is found in a note about the "Seasons" themselves, when Mr. Leyland sent a cheque completing payment beforehand for them all.

"How kind of you, but it makes me feel horribly in debt and nervous about finishing them. I must carry them on together though, if they are to look well as a whole. 'Day' was paid for: I keep careful notes of my affairs now. Do come up—I can't promise to return with you, and you mustn't press me, for I cannot escape work and grow nerv-

ous and maddened if I fall in arrears more than I can feel master of. I owe you and Graham and Hamilton, all three, very much work,—and though my studio is full and I keep hard at it, I cannot help growing nervous, can I?" Another tone is equally natural to him when answering the same friend's urgent enquiries as to when "The Beguiling of Merlin" was likely to be finished: "Don't be dismayed—and never write to remind me of what I never forget."

In 1870 Edward's connexion with the Old Water Colour Society came to an end. The chief picture that he sent for exhibition that year was one belonging to Mr. Leyland, the water-colour of "Phyllis and Demophoön," where Phyllis leans for a moment out of her almond-tree to throw forgiving arms round her faithless lover. After the opening of the Gallery an anonymous letter addressed to the Society, objecting to the nude figure of Demophoön, disturbed the committee, and they deputed their President, Mr. Frederick Tayler, to call on Edward and lay the matter before him. Mr. Tayler, a gentle and refined man, with less strength than his position demanded, was met more than halfway when he made it evident how much relieved he would feel if the picture could be removed. About the removal there was no difficulty, but Edward declined to help them further. The President's suggestion that if a picture by Mr. Carl Haag, of about the same size as the "Phyllis and Demophoön," were substituted for it, every one would be satisfied, is contained in the following letter to Edward:

"Dear Sir, I have seen Mr. Carl Haag and he expresses his willingness to lend to *you* any work he may have at all near the size of your drawing if you will do him the honour to call and select it. He will shew you anything and everything he has, and will be at home all the forenoon of tomorrow, Thursday. I sincerely hope you will not object to this arrangement, as we shall then surmount a difficulty as great as it is unlooked for and provoking.

"The only set-off to my annoyance and loss of time has been the pleasure of a further acquaintance with yourself,

and a recollection of the courteous manner in which I was received yesterday at the Grange.

"P.S. The party spirit of some wretched newspapers, which have, it appears, set your Art and his in opposition, makes him feel that he stands on ticklish ground in supplying your place in the Gallery and has led him to this proposal of your choosing his picture."

To which this rejoinder was made: "Dear Sir, I have just received your note, and hasten to say that I am so unwell that it would be quite impossible for me to call upon Mr. Carl Haag to-morrow morning—but must also add that I cannot look upon myself as having anything to do with the re-filling of the space now occupied by my picture, or accept any work intended for that purpose as lent to *me*. Pray, however, express my obligation to Mr. Haag for his politeness, and receive the acknowledgement of my regret for the personal annoyance you suffer in this unexpected difficulty." I forget—if we ever knew—what took the place of the "Phyllis and Demophoön"; but Edward did nothing further till the end of July, and then wrote:

"Gentlemen, I have waited until the close of the Exhibition before sending in a formal resignation of my position as Member of the Old Water Colour Society, but it can be no matter of surprise for you to receive it now. The conviction that my work is antagonistic to yours has grown in my mind for some years past, and cannot have been felt only on my side—therefore I accept your desertion of me this year merely as the result of so complete a want of sympathy between us in matters of Art, that it is useless for my name to be enrolled amongst yours any longer. Accept my acknowledgements of the personal courtesy with which the Society has always treated me, and my regret at this termination of our public relation to each other—but in so grave a matter as this I cannot allow any feeling except the necessity for absolute freedom in my work to move me." A request from the committee, that he would reconsider this decision, was refused.

Our friend Burton was abroad when all this happened,

but on his return to England he viewed the matter so seriously as to send in his own resignation to the Society, and also refused to withdraw it when asked. Nothing more about the matter comes back to me now, but I know it was a relief to Edward to regain his freedom. Speaking of it long afterwards he said: "Upon that followed the seven blissfullest years of work that I ever had; no fuss, no publicity, no teasing about exhibiting, no getting pictures done against time." They certainly were seven plenteous years, and, if this were a detailed history of his work, it would be well to compare their fruitfulness with that of any other equal space of time in his life. He did not, of course, wish his work unseen, but the whole system of exhibitions was distasteful to him, and an easel picture but a makeshift: what he always sought for was to design on a large scale for special places and to paint his pictures *in situ*. "I want big things to do and vast spaces, and for common people to see them and say Oh!—only Oh!" was one way in which he put it. The mosaics that he designed for the American church at Rome were the nearest approach that he ever knew to a fulfilment of this wish, but he did not see them after they were carried out. "The chance of doing public work seldom comes to me," he wrote in 1888; "if I could I would work only in public buildings and in choirs and places where they sing."

Edward's visits home became rarer as time went on; his father coming to us instead for some weeks every year, and Miss Sampson occasionally. The friends in Birmingham who had been sympathetic in his youth were mostly dead or had left the place, and he did not try to keep up intercourse with those whom he had only known involuntarily. He used to deny that it was possible to preserve warmth of feeling towards people merely because he had known them as a child, and said plainly what every one knows, that a friendship may be outgrown. "I cut old friends when they fit no more," he said once when this subject was talked of; "I can't wear the clothes I had when I was a child—my clothes are unbecoming enough as it is—what should

I be in a braided frock?" Yet ancient kindness was never forgotten. I remember once going into the dining-room and seeing there an old gentleman whom I did not know, and whose name was unfamiliar when I learned it. Afterwards Edward told me that he had known him as a boy, but they had not met since then, and I doubt if the old gentleman had heard anything of his young friend meantime. But remembering a peculiarity of his in those days, he kindly enquired, "Do you draw still?" and on learning that he did, said with such simplicity how much he would like to have a drawing as a memento of his visit, that Edward fetched one directly and gave it to him. "But not the frame!" the dear old gentleman exclaimed; "you don't mean to give me the frame!"

The power that artists have of really giving a part of themselves, in the work of their brain and hand, to any one they choose, has always seemed to me royal, and I believe its exercise is one of their great pleasures. Never can I forget the very benevolence of kindness with which Watts told me that he was going to paint the portrait of Edward and give it to me, or my feeling of the incomparable value of the gift. A note from him in answer to the question whether I might finally leave it to the National Gallery is as characteristic of the painter as words can be. "When I promised to paint the portrait for you I intended it should be your very own to do what you pleased with. It gives me the greatest pleasure to find you so satisfied, and I should be proud to think the picture deemed worthy as a likeness and a painting to become national property; I would rather be little among the great than great among the little."

As long as the Prinseps and Watts lived together in London, their house retained its charm for us, but its brightest days were those when Edward knew it first. Gradually the buildings of Kensington crept up to its garden gate, and at last Little Holland House was pulled down, while its lawns and trees were divided and apportioned amongst a number of new houses in Melbury Road.

There are hundreds of letters from Edward to his children

still in existence. In these, from the first, he often jestingly assumed the character of an old man, and this led to his establishing a caricature likeness of himself which became as well known to his friends as any written signature. One of these, from a letter to Ruskin, is reproduced here.

To his boy of eight he signs himself "your loving withered old Papa." The children and I were then staying at Whitby. "I hope," he writes to the child, "the next sea-side will not be such a long way from me, but somewhere near, where at least I can feel as if I could quickly see you—but where you are it is a heavy day's journey, too long for an old man. I think nothing has changed since you went away, except the fruit that is ripening ready for you when you come back—and the house is very still without you, and feels as if nothing could happen. I paint all day long and want to cry sometimes because after a long day no nice work has been done, and I have often spoiled my pictures for a time—then I want to be comforted with little arms about me; but often the work goes well and I feel proud—only I want you back, my little. To-morrow is Sunday, and then in one more week you will be back to me. I very much liked the little red picture you made for me of Whitby—it was better than I made at your age, and I want you to look at every lovely thing in the world and remember it, and forget about the rest."

The reason for our being at far-off Whitby was a suggestion of George Eliot's, that the children and I should take our seaside holiday there to meet her and Mr. Lewes. Our rooms were near them and we met daily; a pleasure that atoned for the long journey.

See in these words to the youngest "wench"—written later in the year—how the past is already touched for Edward by Death in Life. "It was most pretty of you to write for my birthday; one of my few little treasures is

this letter I enclose [one she had written him when a child], do you remember it? Send it me back. I keep it in a drawer sacred to treasures. And don't make fun of its arithmetic, because it has been a great comfort to me. I'm a deadly age, dear; not 'twice as old as you and four over,' any longer, but still something portentous. The little letter as I take it out is full of such old autumns—Gordon Place and Topsy's first poems, and pen-and-ink drawings—what nice years.

"My dear, I can scarcely write to you—a short letter seems so little, and a long one is impossible; you must take me for granted as the same old Ned and many of them. By this time we can scarcely guess what each other is most thinking of, but I want to keep as much of what you give me in this kid's letter as I can. Be sure to send it me back."

Ruskin was amongst those who remembered this particular birthday. "I would have asked you to spend your birthday here, but I am so inconceivably more than usually dead and stupid—not depressed, but lifeless and dreamy—that I can't but think you will both be happier by yourselves. Besides Sunday's always wretched here—from old idle habits—and the servants 'keep it' by going out larking, and are piously vicious if one asks them to do anything. Many and many happy returns of day—and of strength renewed with it."

Strong as were Edward's personal preoccupations, he seemed, unless with his closest friends, always to prefer talking with people upon their own subjects; nor was he ever unconscious of the great outer ring of contemporary life. The siege of Paris during the Franco-German War was a waking nightmare to him. In the autumn of 1870 he wrote to a friend: "We are inundated with Paris models, ten and twelve will call in a morning—there art is over for these many years—it is very miserable. You left me glad of the injured winning [at first his sympathy was with Germany as having suffered provocation], but now they have won enough to my mind, and though I can't change about the origin of things I feel touched with extreme pity

for the French." He rejoiced over the proclamation of the Republic. "Vive la République," he exclaims in a note to Allingham; "if talk could make that go right, how it would swim! Still, Vive that République and down with an immense number of things." For party politics he cared nothing. He said that the system of voting which commended itself to him was "one man, one vote," because for only one man to vote, and once only, got it all over so quickly. As early as 1871 he writes: "Last evening was short, and ruffled by politics, to which I now bid an everlasting adieu." Yet the air of liberal, radical, and revolutionary thought was necessary to him. "I'm a born rebel," he said; "that 's my position and utility in the world. I am not, and never was, fitted to belong to any institutions."

Besides models, the siege of Paris sent some remarkable people to London, and amongst them Tourgenief, whom George Eliot invited us to meet at lunch one Sunday. Not a word then said remains in my mind, but his fine, manly presence made a lasting impression upon us both, and we agreed in thinking him like Val Prinsep in type. As a rule Edward was a little irritated by people finding likenesses in one face to another: "It is difference, not likeness, that I see," he would say.

Another Sunday I recall Madame Viardot Garcia being there, and the delight she gave us by singing Gluck's great Orfeo song, *Che farò*, to her own accompaniment on the piano, translating it from a magnificent operatic performance into one exactly suited to the environment of the time.

It is startling to find these words in a letter to Mr. Norton: "And Ruskin I see never—and when I see him he angers me, which is bad." But such a time as this was bound to come before the friends could reach their final relationship. We have seen how at the beginning Edward threw himself at Ruskin's feet and made a law of the lightest word spoken by that splendid teacher; but this could not last as the strength and confidence of the disciple asserted themselves. Ruskin was distressed by Edward's plan of work, which did not include the kind of study he con-

sidered essential; whilst imagination—Edward's life-breath—he mistrusted and looked at as a thing that could be used or laid down at pleasure. An object must be exactly copied by a student, no matter what it was, and good was to come of the copying. I remember him once in the studio taking a piece of pumice-stone for a model and painting it—wishing Edward at the same time to make a study of fruit with the minuteness of William Hunt; but here the "rebel" revealed itself in his pupil. The drawing of white lilies that I have mentioned gave Ruskin great satisfaction, but the following words from one of his letters shew him without that love of the human form which to an artist makes each fold of drapery that clothes it alive. "Nothing," he says, "puzzles me more than the delight that painters have in drawing mere folds of drapery and their carelessness about the folds of water and clouds, or hills, or branches. Why should the tuckings in and out of muslin be eternally interesting?" But the thing which at this time most spoilt the happiness of their intercourse was division of feeling about the art of past times. Not, I believe, ever as to architecture, but certainly they differed vitally about various painters and schools of painting. Ten years after the evening at Denmark Hill when the thing happened, Edward said of Ruskin's lecture on Michael Angelo: "He read it to me just after he had written it, and as I went home I wanted to drown myself in the Surrey Canal or get drunk in a tavern—it didn't seem worth while to strive any more if he could think it and write it."

In 1871 Edward writes again about Ruskin to Mr. Norton: "You know more of him than I do, for literally I never see him nor hear from him, and when we meet we clip as of old and look as of old, but he quarrels with my pictures and I with his writing, and there is no peace between us—and you know all is up when friends don't admire each other's work." The old word "clip" exactly describes the greeting that usually passed between him and Ruskin in their own houses: it was an impulsive movement forward by Edward, to whom his friend's visible

presence was always a joy, and a curious half-embracing action of Ruskin's in return, which clasped his arm up to the elbow and drew them quite closely together. Later still another letter to Mr. Norton says: "Ruskin is back—came one day last week, and I forgave him all his blasphemies against my Gods—he looked so good through and through. But I want you to keep the peace between us, for after a month I shall begin to quarrel again."

The Nortons left England all too soon for us, but they had a scheme for Continental travel laid out and time called for them to go. Before leaving, Mr. Norton told Edward that he had sent to America for a picture he had there and wished to give to him, a small panel, painted by Giorgione; and eagerly was its arrival expected. Its subject, however, struck Edward at first sight as rather inexplicable: a girl sitting sideways on a green bank, holding on, as it were, to the branch of a stunted tree which grew from it: a want of reason in the composition aroused his suspicions, and he came to the conclusion that it had been tampered with. The story of its triumphant cleaning follows—told by himself to Mr. Norton.

"It was two months after you had gone before it came, and all that time it had grown bigger and beautifuller in my expectations, and at first, shall I say it, my heart failed me, for it was duller and poorer than I wanted it to be. But in a day or two I cheered up and began to caress it and poke into it, and watch its spots and specks and chills like a good parent—and lo! I saw the unmistakeable poisonous hand of the toucher everywhere—on face and arm and foot and sky—so I got the cunningest and safest of men, who has the National Gallery under his treatment; I made friends with him and carried my treasure to him and left with a bosom contracted. On the second day after he sent for me, and shewed me—O such a sight! a little bright jewel of Venice: so fresh and clear that I never saw its better. Dull sky had gone and green meadows come, and golden city; and stunted tree had gone and Europa's own very bull was trotting off with the frightened thing and

jolting along out of the sweetest meadows. When I shew it people they all say—all, all, say—is it painted on gold? The arches are so bright and deep; as for the green you know what that would be. Now, my dear, do you want it back? it isn't what you gave me. O, such a picture! It is to have a glorious curly-wurly frame, a piece of wholesale upholstery round it to make it shine like a jewel as it is, and a room is to be emptied for it, and the public may see it at stated hours by applying for a ticket during the season, and I shall have a catalogue printed—as:

A. Andrea del Sarto. Not in my possession.
B. Bonifazio. Not in my possession.
C. Correggio. Not in my possession.
D. Dosso Dossi. Not in my possession.
&c. &c.
G. Giorgione. A sublime example of this unrivalled master &c. &c. &c:

And some day I shall have a correspondence with a German Professor and see my name in print. Now I must have more. O my dear friend, find me a Michael Angelo or Signorelli or Mantegna—I deserve them. There are thousands of pictures under pictures—belike this is a fragment of a big one full of maidens running, and had a shore and a sea and woods down to the water's edge; and the subject mispleased some one and so it was cut up and painted over. Some day I would like to paint it, if not too impudent—copying my damsel and her red bull and carrying on the city."

Mr. Norton did not find any more masterpieces for him, but used to send catalogues of reproductions—engravings or photographs—over which Edward brooded. Another letter continues the subject.

"O but, my dear, there was no Mantegna in your letter —no, not the least. Whenever one writes 'I enclose' one never does. I read the catalogue and hungered. I want them all. Select some for me, will you—I can't judge of them, can I, and you know what I like—the more finished the better. I love Da Vinci and Michael Angelo most of all.

I ought not to buy a hundred, and yet I could soon choose a hundred. I *do* enclose a note of what strikes me at this distance, but will you choose me fifty, and let me meditate over a further number. And choose as you would for yourself. You know what I like—all helpful pieces of modelling and sweet head-drawing, and nakeds by Leonardo and M. Angelo and Raphael—all round, fat babies—O you know so well.

"I like the Florentine men more than all others—any M. Angelo that you think glorious add over and above the number fifty—the same of Leonardo. If Ghirlandajo draws sweet girls running, and their dresses blown about, O please not to let me lose one.

"Do you know real Michael Angelos? So many of the studies were copied by Volterra and Bronzino that sometimes one gets let in. All their shading looks niggling, and his as if he used a pen like a chisel—but I bought a Jonah that I was deceived in and found not to be his. Dear, send them soon—I long for them."

A letter of Edward's three years later proves that in spite of their lasting difference with regard to some of these great names, he still felt confident of sympathy in telling Ruskin about a book of old Italian drawings that had been offered to the British Museum and which the Museum had not then the means to buy. Ruskin answers eagerly:

"So many thanks for your letter. If the British Museum won't buy that book, I will on your further report and recommendation, buy it myself, but I don't want to do it unless absolutely necessary—I mean, if the Museum can be got to buy it. How many drawings are there. Paduan—*i.e.* Mantegna?—or what like?"

Then follows an almost pathetic recognition of their "quarrel," with a fling at Signorelli and Pollajuolo, whom he knew Edward specially honoured. "I never thought you and I should ever differ about *figure* drawings till that great schism about the Orvieto man—I forget his name—it 's cold to-day and my brain frozen—(Pollajuolo also I can't stand). But I will trust to your dealing in this matter. The

Baldinis I got (on your judgment partly) are among the most precious things I have—and these Sibyls make my mouth water."

Mr. Fairfax Murray tells me that Ruskin bought the book of drawings for a thousand pounds, but years afterwards let the British Museum have it for the same price. It was at one time attributed to Benozzo Gozzoli, and later to various other painters, resting now under the name of Finiguerra. Mr. Colvin, the keeper of the Print Room, after he had secured it for the Museum, did an excellent deed in publishing a volume of facsimiles from it. The Baldinis referred to are a famous series of Prophets and Sibyls by that engraver.

There is a postscript to Ruskin's letter, which, though it has nothing to do with our present subject, is so interesting that it shall be given.

"What, think you, came to me yesterday, Ash Wednesday—see over—." And over page he begins again: "Yesterday, at midday came to me—from Florence—two of the corner stones, uprights, of the Font that Dante broke—and an angel between St. Mark and Luke from the middle of it. [Here came a rough drawing of the figure with lion and ox on either side.] The two uprights are each two angels kneeling and blowing of trumpets. He could have broken a trumpet or wing merely by leaning against them."

In 1871 both Morris and Edward went abroad, not at the same time, or to the same place, but each where instinct drew him. Morris' two months' journey in Iceland was over and he had returned to us safely, when in September Edward suddenly resolved to go to Italy. A note to Mr. Fairfax Murray explains this. "I have been seedy again, no sleep to speak of for four or five nights—and I'm done up—and the doctor says will I, nill I, go away I must. So go away I do, and that on Monday, but where to I don't know, except that it will be southwards because the doctor said northwards would be best."

He believed the Nortons to be still in Florence, and was greatly disappointed on enquiry to find that they had

left and gone to Dresden, for which, in a letter to Mr. Norton after his own return to England, he reproaches him roundly. "I wish you would come back—it is so understandable going to Italy and never never coming back or even remembering us—but Dresden! Berlin next—O why? London is so nasty—harsh-voiced, ugly-faced, squalid-looking, drunken, but men can make gardens bloom in winter here, as the wizard in Boccace. How could you leave Italy? I went to Orvieto I did, and Assisi—and I am intolerable by reason of it. I come down in dull, foggy mornings (which have begun already) with an odious smile that means 'Yes, I know, English weather: in Italy now—' But seriously this short three weeks in that seventh heaven of a place has made me live again; for, what with overwork, and the increasing feeling of its eccentricity as every year I found myself more alone in it, the miserable feeling of being a mistake was growing; and towards the last though I worked harder and harder it brought me no comfort—but now I am well. I belong to old Florence and have brought over to a large mercantile city a collection of fourth-rate Italian pictures, and when the stock is exhausted I shall go back to my native country. And really I think I don't care now one bit for the way they are received—though I want some people to like them. I have sixty pictures, oil and water, in my studio, and every day I would gladly begin a new one."

Of Morris he writes: "He behaves as badly to you as I do —fifty-two times a year we say to each other 'Have you written to Norton?' But the like of him doesn't exist for dearness and goodness and simplicity—nothing like him ever was or will be." And then he tells of Morris' Love is Enough. "He makes a poem these days—in dismal Queen Square in black old filthy London in dull end of October he makes a pretty poem that is to be wondrously happy; and it has four sets of lovers in it and THEY ARE ALL HAPPY and it ends well, and will come out some time next summer and I shall make little ornaments to it—such is Top in these days. As for Gabriel I have seen him but little, for he glooms much and dulls himself and gets ill and better and is restless,

and wants and wants, and I can't amuse him. But he writes too, pretty constantly, sets of lovers, *un*happy—so Top and he are exhausting all poetry between them you see."

The idea of an illustrated Love is Enough excited both Morris and Edward: one full-page design was completed and some smaller ones begun, as well as several borders that Morris drew and engraved himself—but there were so many difficulties in the whole scheme that it had to be laid aside for that time, and the poem appeared without any ornament towards the end of 1872. Five and twenty years later it was re-published as the last volume from the Kelmscott Press, with Edward's original illustration and another that he made freshly for it.

The two friends, who kept pace in so many things, had flagged together and took heart again at the same time. "There," wrote Morris, when he came back from Iceland, "it was worth doing and has been of great service to me. I was getting nervous and depressed and very much wanted a rest, and I don't think anything would have given me so complete a one." He was happy too in having found what was to atone to him for the loss of Red House: "We have taken a little place deep down in the country, where my wife and the children are to spend some months every year, as they did this—a beautiful and strangely naif house, Elizabethan in appearance though much later in date, as in that out of the way corner people built Gothic till the beginning or middle of last century. It is on the S.W. extremity of Oxfordshire, within a stone's throw of the baby Thames, in the most beautiful grey little hamlet called Kelmscott."

For Edward this third visit to Italy was a real home-coming after his nine years of absence. The children and I went into the country while he was out of England, our friend Mr. Rooke staying at the Grange meanwhile—so that Edward felt, as he said, "everything safe behind him."

On the way to Rome, between Monte Fiascone and Viterbo, Edward fell asleep and had a dream of the nine Muses on Mount Helicon, so distinct that he drew it on

THE MUSES (A DREAM), 1871.

awaking. I do not remember his having any other of the same sort, but I do recollect his once laughing at the raptures he had fallen into in a dream about an illuminated manuscript; "which of course I'd made myself," he said.

A letter to Mr. Rooke shews the good effect of the journey upon his health and spirits by the time he had been gone a fortnight:

"This is Rome where I am, and I have got your most acceptable letter. I can't write you a letter about Italy because the theme is inexhaustible, but I know your friendly heart will be satisfied that I have got well under the divine influence of it, and that, for a time at least, I feel no sort of sadness or depression, and am in better health than I have been for I think three or four years. I have been to Genoa, Pisa, Florence, S. Gemignano, Siena, Orvieto; and am here in Rome. Accept my love and thanks for your faithful friendship."

To Genoa, Florence, Pisa, and Siena he had been before, in 1859, but now for the first time he saw San Gemignano, Orvieto and Rome, besides Assisi, Perugia, Cortona and Arezzo. With Rome he felt a disappointment, which enabled him afterwards to understand the same feeling in his friend Mr. Fairfax Murray, and to write to him sympathetically: "Were you disappointed with Rome then? Take an old man's advice and be silent on these first impressions. It isn't possible not to be disappointed with finding that one has made up an image out of hearsays and one's own invention which has to be destroyed again—but if you have any luck a new Rome will soon construct itself, and you will want to recall every hasty word you said in the first spiteful hours of disappointment."

St. Peter's, however, had not at any time the least charm for him: he wrote that he did not even feel it to be vast, but merely "pompous and empty." There is no trace of it in his sketch-book, but there are many of the cavernous depths of architecture and ruined magnificence in the palace of Nero and the baths of Caracalla. In the Sistine Chapel he was made happy by finding the ruin of the frescoes, as well as

their obscurity, much exaggerated by report. So he bought the best opera-glass he could find, folded his railway rug thickly, and, lying down on his back, read the ceiling from beginning to end, peering into every corner and revelling in its execution. The landscape of Italy was his lasting delight, especially in the volcanic regions where hills rose suddenly from the plain and cities grew out of the hills. Orvieto and Assisi he learned by heart, and recollections of San Gemignano fill the background of a "St. Nicholas" that he did after his return; but with Cortona, from which he expected most of all, he confessed great disappointment: "It is melancholy and squalid; the architecture dull and monotonous; and although the site is like Assisi and Gemignano and Siena, still the streets are characterless; the people seem wretched and have not the heart to be clean, and the look of the city is tame from the valley: every other city built on a hill looks more like the name Cortona." The types of faces in different places interested him deeply, and I give his words about some of them. First of all he put the Romans as quite beautiful: "No men or women on earth look out of their eyes as they do." The Florentines he called not beautiful, but bright and interesting; the Genoese very handsome, "especially the men by the sea." The Orvietans he thought the saddest-looking people; with beautiful eyes and expressions, but not beautiful features like the Romans. The Pisans he called plain, and the least interesting of the Italians he saw. "Faces in Perugia, thin and poor—very like Perugino saints—thin-nosed and lipped. Faces in Cortona clever and good."

Looking back over all that he had seen in his journey, he wrote that to the names of painters whose work he loved must now be added those of Paolo Uccello, Orcagna, and Piero della Francesca; "so that now I care most for Michael Angelo, Luca Signorelli, Mantegna, Giotto, Botticelli, Andrea del Sarto, Paolo Uccello, and Piero della Francesca." He notes also: "This time, for some reason, artistic excellence *alone* had little charm for me—so that I never wanted even to look at Titian, and saw the Raphaels

at Rome for the first time as unaffected by them as I can see the cartoons in London. But Giotto at Santa Croce, and Botticelli everywhere, and Orcagna in the Inferno at Santa Maria Novella, and Luca Signorelli at Orvieto, and Michael Angelo always—and the green cloister at Florence—seemed full of the inspiration that I went to look for." Returning as he did, filled with fresh enthusiasm for this work and for the men who did it, how could he but "quarrel" in defence of them—even with Ruskin?

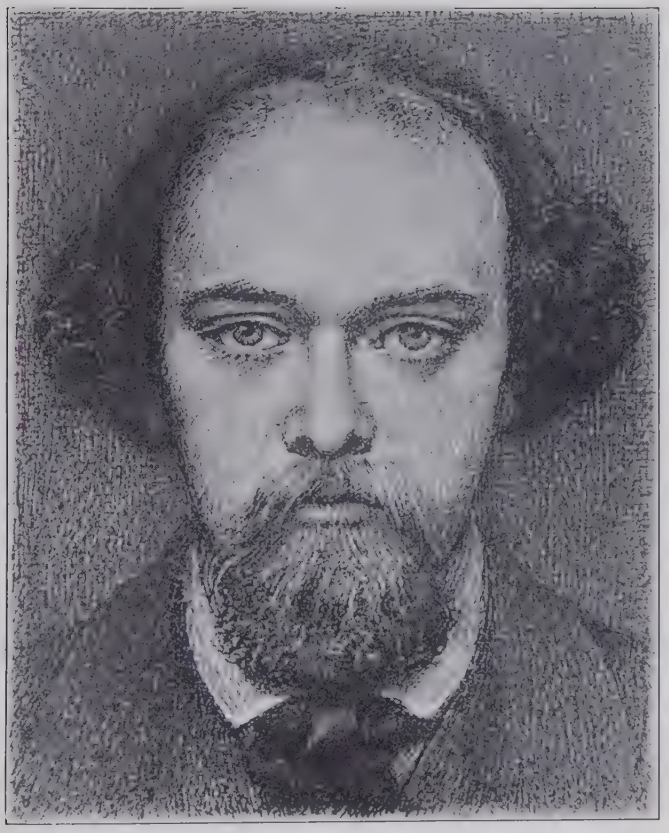
CHAPTER XVII

HAND AND SOUL
1872-1874

THE year 1872 was marked for us and our intimate circle by illness, trouble and death: yet it was one of the most productive in Edward's life. Its beginning was clouded by the loss of our newly-won friend, young Mrs. Norton, who died unexpectedly at Dresden in the midst of her happy family, and from that time our sympathy with her husband changed affection into devotion. "There was no need for you to be dearer to your friends," Edward wrote to him, "but you will be."

Then followed the breaking of an old and tender bond by the death of Mrs. Catherwood, the little aunt at Camberwell. We had been with her a week before, on her seventy-second birthday, and death was not looked for then; nor when it came was there time to warn Edward. One of the recollections of our life that is as unlike its general tenor as possible is her conventional and unimpressive funeral, and the shuttered room where we afterwards heard the will read by candlelight. What touched us, though, was to see the desk, which no hand but her own was used to open, unlocked by the executor with fumbling amongst her keys, and in the middle of this the postman's dump-dump upon the door bringing letters for her.

But the disaster of the year was Rossetti's terrible illness in June; for when once we realized that his brain was touched, however slightly, the pillars of our life felt shaken. Guardedly, as in all such cases, we spoke of it to most people, but Edward in writing to Mr. Norton goes near to expressing our worst fears.



Dante Gabriel Rossetti.
Æt. circ. 44.
From a drawing by himself.

"There is no news yet sufficiently good for us to build upon—he is utterly broken down, and the most hopeful view the doctor has given points to three or four months of slow recovery. He is away now in Scotland with Madox Brown, who sends frequent bulletins and makes them as cheerful as possible, but fluctuations of better or worse from day to day I believe are little guide in his case, and we must wait. It has been the saddest sight I have had in my days, and seems to tinge everything with melancholy and foreboding. There is more than any tenderness of friendship in what I feel for him—he is the beginning of everything in me that I care for, and it is quite dreadful."

And all these sorrowful thoughts were justified, for though before three months were over Gabriel had recovered so far as to begin painting again, and although he did great work in the remaining ten years of his life, yet a sad inertia slowly changed him, and soon Edward had to realize that all joy in their intercourse belonged to the past. I never remember Rossetti again under our roof, but Edward continued to go to him: sometimes wondering almost bitterly whether if he ceased doing so it would be noticed.

The tremendous impetus of his Italian journey is shewn in the amount of work begun and carried on during this year, and it was now that he wrote down the scheme, already given, of the subjects which he most wanted to paint in time to come. A transcript of the year's list names the pictures upon which he was actually at work.

"Four pictures of 'Sleeping Beauty,' painted in oil—begun in 1871.

"'Fides,' in water-colour, large figure in niche, serpents at her feet.

"'Temperantia,' pouring water on flames.

"Many designs for 'Love is Enough.'

"Studied much for two subjects from 'The Ring given to Venus.'

"Copy of 'Vesper,' but much altered in colour from the first, and with a face in profile.

"Small water-colour on canvas of 'Two Sleeping Girls, in blue dresses.

"Finished large 'Cupid and Psyche' in oils.

"A picture in oil of a man playing at an organ.

"Began a figure of 'Hope,' in water-colour—this is a companion to the 'Temperantia' and 'Faith.'

"A small oil picture on panel, of 'Danaë looking at the Brazen Tower.'

"An oil picture on canvas of 'Pan and Psyche.'

"An oil picture of 'Luna,' in tones of blue.

"A pencil design of 'Discord,' for Troy.

"Began also in large the designs of 'Fortune,' 'Fame,' 'Oblivion,' 'Love,' 'Venus' and 'Discord' in oil.

"Began the series of 'Angels of Creation.'

"Began an oil picture of 'St. Nicholas.'

"Made studies of heads for 'The Masque of Cupid.'

"Designed and began in oil on panel 'The Feast of Peleus,' for 'Troy.'

"Began a small panel in oil of another design of 'The Ring given to Venus.'

"Painted on the large 'Chant d'Amour.'

"Began a large oil picture of 'Merlin and Nimuë,' and the large 'Tristram and Yseult.'

"Worked much at 'Love in the Ruins' and 'Hesperides.'

"A small water-colour triptych on vellum of 'Pyramus and Thisbe.'

"Designed the story of 'Orpheus.'

"Began a large water-colour of a 'City at Night and Girls with Lanterns.'

"Designed and made studies for a procession of girls coming down a flight of stairs ['The Golden Stairs'].

"Arranged the story of 'Cupid and Psyche' for Howard's dining-room, and drew in the figures on canvas and painted some time at them."

October brought us a great pleasure in the return to England of Mr. Norton, whose serenity and self-forgetfulness under deep trouble made his house a haven

of peace for his friends. We were much there in the winter.

Edward's first entry of work in the new year (1873) was "Finished 'Love among the Ruins' and 'The Hesperides.'" These were both exhibited at the Dudley Gallery which opened in February, but I have no recollection why they were sent there. Certainly Edward was not then meaning to exhibit anywhere regularly, and all his work for some years was finished without reference to particular dates. A note from George Eliot which he received in March was full of delicately expressed sympathy and thanks. "I suppose my hesitation about writing to you to tell you of a debt I feel towards you is all vanity. If you did not know me you might think a great deal more of my judgment than it is worth, and I should feel bold in that possibility. But when judgment is understood to mean simply one's own impression of delight, one ought not to shrink from making one's small offering of burnt clay because others can give gold statues.

"It would be narrowness to suppose that an artist can only care for the impressions of those who know the methods of his art as well as feel its effects. Art works for all whom it can touch. And I want in gratitude to tell you that your work makes life larger and more beautiful to me—I mean that historical life of all the world in which our little personal share often seems a mere standing room from which we can look all round, and chiefly backward. Perhaps the work has a strain of special sadness in it—perhaps a deeper sense of the tremendous outer forces which urge us than of the inner impulse towards heroic struggle and achievement: but the sadness is so inwrought with pure elevating sensibility to all that is sweet and beautiful in the story of man and in the face of the Earth, that it can no more be found fault with than the sadness of midday when Pan is touchy —like the rest of us.

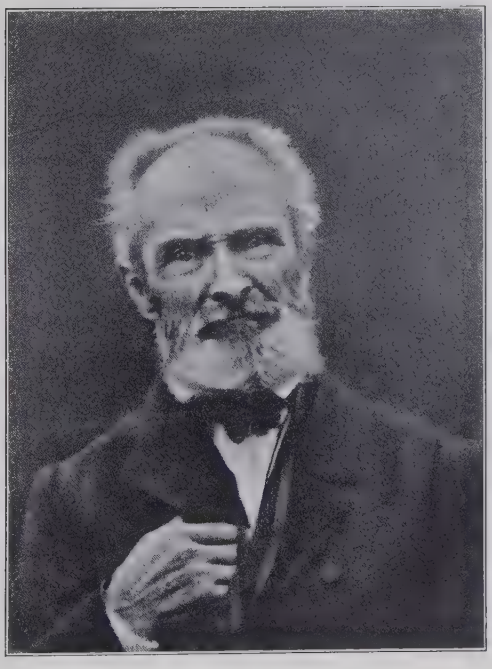
"I cannot help telling you a sign that my delight must have taken a little bit the same curve as yours. Looking, *à propos* of your picture, into Iphigenia in Aulis to read

the chorus you know of, I found my blue pencil marks made seven years ago (and gone into that forgetfulness which makes my mind seem very large and empty)—blue pencil marks against the dance-loving Kithara, and the footsteps of the Muses and the Nereids dancing on the shining sands. I was pleased to see that my mind had been touched in a dumb way by what has touched yours to fine utterance."

An invitation from Ruskin for me and my little six-year-old girl to visit him at Brantwood in the beginning of the year could not be refused. For Edward to go was an impossibility. He had run down to Oxford in December to hear Ruskin give one of the Ariadne Florentina lectures, but the longer journey was out of the question; so, leaving his father and Cormell Price with him for company at the Grange, we went on an embassy of love and fidelity, that no "quarrels" could shake. The thoughtful kindness of our host made him insist on our breaking the journey at Lancaster, where we found his attached servant Crawley (well known to us since our journey to Italy in 1862) waiting to take us to an hotel and bring us on next day to Brantwood. Ruskin had gone to live there a few months before: his mother had been dead a year, "Joan" was now Mrs. Arthur Severn, the Denmark Hill house was given up, and we sought him in a new world.

Some great change from the home of his parents seemed certain; filial piety alone, one thought, could have reconciled him to the heavy dulness of that; but lo, here was as nearly the same thing as possible, only that Brantwood was, if anything, the duller of the two. Even the feature of a "borrowed light" for a passage to rooms on the first floor was repeated. It has been said, however, that Ruskin decided to buy the house without seeing it, because he knew the situation, and was certain of the delight which that would give him—and it seems likely enough.

Only one day out of the ten we stayed there was fine, and yet with clearings and glimpses of great beauty. We drove to Colwith and Skelwith Forces in spite of rain, warming ourselves, I remember, when we got there



Edward Richard Jones.

by a fire lit with old cotton bobbins from some mill, and next day we splashed as far as Langdale Pikes, of which only a green and dropping impression remains.

One afternoon when it was too wet to go out at all, Mr. Ruskin took little Margaret with him into the drawing-room and played with her at jumping over piles of books that he built up upon the floor. Of course nothing was allowed to interfere with his ordered routine of life; which was literary work in the morning, bodily exercise in the afternoon, and music and reading aloud in the evening. Sometimes he invited visitors into his study, to shew them books and minerals and pictures, or the beautiful view of the "Old Man" across Coniston Water which lay beneath his window. This one room was light and bright and filled with his presence in a wonderful way.

We started on our journey home very early on a most beautiful morning, with the moon shining brightly and owls hooting in the woods. Our friend had arranged for us to drive along the shore of the lake and on to Ullswater before taking train, so that we might see something of the country in that direction, and as we drove the moon faded and the sun came up and shone gloriously, but the moon had risen again before the end of our twelve hours' journey. As for Ruskin, we seemed to leave him with the whole world for companion in his quiet room, and the lights of heaven for his candles.

The translator of the Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám was identified for us this spring by Mr. Norton, to whom we had shewn the book during his visit of 1868-9, and who also knew of Ruskin's letter for "the unknown translator" which was left in our charge. During the three years of Mr. Norton's absence we had heard vaguely that the quatrains had been done into English by a certain "Rev. Edward Fitzgerald," who lived somewhere in Norfolk and was fond of boating, but that was all. Why we did not write to question his publisher I cannot imagine, but meanwhile Morris, to do the poem honour, had borrowed the copy that Swinburne gave to Edward, and glorified it by

twice writing out the whole in an exquisite hand upon fine vellum, illuminated with flowers and gold and colour fit for the words. One of these versions was also painted by Edward throughout with pictures. The printed book had, however, passed (still anonymously) into a third edition, with many alterations, before we learnt definitely who was its author. I will give Mr. Norton's own words, in a letter just received, as to how this came about. He says:

"One day in the spring of 1873 when I was walking with Carlyle, I spoke to him of the little book, expressing my admiration for it. He had never heard of it. He asked me whose work it was, and I told him what I had heard, that the translation was made by a Rev. Edward Fitzgerald, who lived somewhere in Norfolk, and spent much time in his boat. 'The Reverend Fitzgerald!' said he in reply, 'why, he is no more Reverend than I am. He 's a very old friend of mine. I'm surprised, if the book be as good as you tell me it is, that my old friend has never mentioned it to me,'—and then he went on to give me a further account of FitzGerald. I told Carlyle I would send him the book, and did so the next day. Two or three days later, when we were walking together again, he said, 'I've read that little book you sent me, and I think my old friend FitzGerald might have spent his time to much better purpose than in busying himself with the verses of that old Mahometan Blackguard.' I could not prevail on him even to do credit to the noble English in which FitzGerald had rendered the audacious quatrains of the Persian poet; he held the whole thing as worse than a mere waste of labour. The next day I was unable to go out, and so wrote to you what Carlyle had told me. You sent me Ruskin's letter, asking me to get it to FitzGerald, and I enclosed it to Carlyle in a note, in which I said that if he did not object to giving FitzGerald pleasure on the score of his translation of the verses of the 'old Mahometan Blackguard,' you would be much obliged if he would put the right address upon the letter and forward it to the translator.

"A day or two afterwards I received a pleasant note from

FitzGerald himself, saying that Carlyle had enclosed my note to him, and so he learned that it was through my intervention that the letter of Ruskin had at last reached him. The note was the beginning of a delightful epistolary acquaintance—I might indeed more justly call it an epistolary friendship, which was drawn close during the ten years from its beginning till FitzGerald's death."

The "pleasant note" referred to by Mr. Norton is given in Mr. Aldis Wright's Letters and Literary Remains of Edward FitzGerald, together with the one from Carlyle enclosing Ruskin's letter. This is in a softened tone, speaking of "your notable Omar Khayyám, which I now possess and duly prize," while the oftentimes rugged man exults almost tenderly in finding that the "complete silence and unique modesty [of the translator] in regard to said meritorious and successful performance was simply a feature of my own Edward F." Ruskin's letter, about which all these words circle, is not given, but in a letter from FitzGerald to Fanny Kemble a last flash of light on the whole subject is given by his telling her incidentally that it had lain for ten years in the desk of "an American gentleman named Burne-Jones," to whom it had been intrusted.

As the spring advanced Edward's strength failed, and he made up his mind to go again to Italy, which had hitherto been for him a fountain of fresh life. Morris also, who was arranging for a repetition of his Icelandic journey when summer should come, made time to accompany him in April as far as Florence. There they found Mr. Spencer Stanhope living and working happily, and sat together with him in his studio at Bellosguardo, smoking and talking, just as they had been used to do in Oxford or London. About this Edward wrote to his little son: "Yesterday I walked up a hill to see Mr. Stanhope who has a pretty house that looks all over Florence, and you go up to it by a long wall with roses in full flower shewing over the top, and trees that you have never seen the like of all over the country, and there are Apennine Mountains at the back. Only it is still raining, and teases me."

Another letter says: "I dreadfully want the sun and warm days,—and it's very unlucky, for Mr. Morris has only a week here, and every day it has rained and been as cold as England: much to his joy though, because for all his life he can speak of the bleak days he spent in Italy." To Mr. Rooke he writes: "I'm doing very little —the energy of my former journey is wonderful to me. Now I am tired and tired and tired and have done so little that I shall have nothing to shew when I come back. But the rest, if not from fatigue at least from my own work, has been most fortunate, and I hope to come back ready for a furious summer's work."

From Florence he went to Siena, where he found Fairfax Murray. Here the Nortons had spent part of their time in Italy, and the thought of Mrs. Norton's death underlay everything he wrote to her husband.

"I got your letter yesterday, just before leaving Florence. Glad I was of it. Morris had left for London by an early train, and at night I came here. Write as often as you can to me, for I long for letters. I haven't been over-well all the time, and Italy breaks my heart always: it is one thing to talk of it with friends over a fire, but to be in it, and have all the pining and longing that it makes harrowing one's heart, and to feel a long way off and to see long, beautiful, desolate streets and thoughtful, sorrowful faces everywhere, you see, my dear, that makes tears come. I have been very full of you all day, wondering if you saw this and liked that, and where you walked, all of you, and the thought that possibly my eyes would never see yours again came over me so painfully that the evening is made quite sorrowful by it, and I want morning. I shall tell you later what I feel and think here; as it is I feel so full of friendship to-night that I want to talk of that only."

Again, in pencil, on the leaves of a pocket-book, he says: "I am writing in the train going to Bologna, that's why my handwriting is trembly, not because I am drunk—for it is eight in the morning and I am not. I have been round to Volterra, and Gemignano, and now am off to Ravenna.

The weather is still cold and stormy, and my cough shakes me a good deal and makes me feel weak and tired always, but good of other kind I am taking in. Can't you stop for me? [The Nortons were returning to America.] Is it impossible for me to see you all again? I shall be back now in less than a fortnight,—as I make out, just as you are leaving,—and somehow London will always be different to me now and as if I had lost something in it, and I want never again to go near Bayswater. How can you bear to leave us, and have you much better friends to go to? I get good news of you all and from home,—in every letter from Georgie much about you, so that while the letter is fresh I am back with you all; then I am away again. I draw very little, get up late, eat constantly, and am as weak as can be not to be fit for bed, but I feel that one week of burning sun would set all right. The poor people are in dismay at the weather, it is colder than it has been in winter. (Here we pass Prato.) When I get back I want to write much about Siena which has captivated my heart. Forgetting the name of the house where you lived sorely disappointed me, for I had a pretty plan of drawing it for you. I asked such people as I thought would know, but got so much information that I couldn't believe it; I think in their kindness they would have taken me to every house round the city. I drew there a good deal before I fell seedy, chiefly from the old floor of the Duomo, and left Murray there settling at work at the Pax in the Palazzo Publico. (Pistoja here.) Now the sun comes out, thanks to it. I want it, and so do the vines which are sorely nipped by the cold."

The Nortons had been gone a week when Edward arrived at home again in the middle of May, and his first letter to America tells the end of the Italian journey.

"I think one little pencil note I sent you on the way to Bologna was the last bit of work I did in Italy, for I fell ill directly of a sort of fever and never picked up after it till now, nor saw more of my dear country to happy myself with. I got to Ravenna the next day, and then grew ill,

and at Bologna was several days ill and some of them delirious, and after that it was slow travelling home and much weakness since, so that I am less well than I have been for a long time. All this was unlucky, and I lost my pretty plan of seeing Umbrian land and brought but little work back, but for all this it is a perfectly happy time to me, illness and all, and so long as I could go about and see, all my old passion for the country was revived and strengthened, and I have brought back a most sweet remembrance of it. If I could go across to-night to you, to empty my heart of it! It isn't the same, this writing; no looks to welcome what I say, and I could talk for hours and hours about it. As for me, I am just beginning to work a bit and feel that I want to work, but all else are well, and Morris is growing excited about Iceland: he starts there in a fortnight."

Dr. Radcliffe was distressed at Edward's condition when he returned, and said we could not expect him to shake off the effects of the Ravenna fever in less than a couple of months. It was in fact longer. But he never grudged the price paid for seeing Italy again, and very soon wrote: "I find myself pining to be back there, and thinking of little else than high-up cities and pictures. I may say quite literally that I walk about here and live in Italy."

As soon as possible he got to work again on the pictures of "Merlin and Nimuë" and "Venus' Mirror," both for Mr. Leyland. He had thought at first that the "Merlin" would go easily, and had been greatly vexed to find that it did not continue to do so, but was wholly unprepared for the difficulty thus described in a letter to Mr. Leyland: "When you come on Sunday I'll shew you the 'Mirror' which goes on prettily enough, but with 'Merlin' I'm in a miserable plight; not with the design, but with the damnable paint which seems everywhere insecure. I have had three wretched days since I first discovered the nature of the danger, but to-day I am convinced that it exists, and that for some reason or another there are spots innumerable in it where the paint will not bite the canvas, and where

eventually it will chip off and shew ruinous gaps. I'm half crazy about it, for I have spent so much time and work upon it, but nothing now is so disastrous as the annoyance we should both have if after a few years' possession it began to shew signs of decay. I have in about three hours taken out as many weeks' work and cannot calculate the extent of the mischief yet. I can only think of one remedy; to begin it all over again if you think it worth while, and if you are sick of the matter I will send you whatever I have received on account of it, but if you are ready to wait I will begin it again at once. I am so disheartened that I can scarcely think about it any more. Perhaps even I exaggerate the evil, but it is maddening to be the victim of some trumpery material in this way. Come on Sunday afternoon and let us talk it over, by that time I shall have recovered. My worst day was yesterday when I hoped for some better fortune about it, but as that has proved illusive I find some strength in knowing the worst, and am ready to begin it again to-morrow."

An entry in his work for 1873 records: "Began 'Merlin and Nimuë' afresh."

He says nothing of all this in writing to Mr. Norton, but only: "What can I say of what I am doing? I would shew it to you so gladly, certain of such loving sympathy, but to tell you the names of things you can't see is so useless. I work hard from nine till nearly dark, and work multiplies, but like enough you would care to see it more than anyone who does, or nearly anyone. I think it gets better too, but cannot tell you how, only I could shew it you if you were here."

He found it difficult to meet with a head whose type satisfied him to paint for Merlin, and the note that follows is in answer to a suggestion from Rossetti that he might find Mr. W. J. Stillman a good model for it.

"I really think Stillman would do for me, but how can I ask him! I must think about it incessantly for the next few days, and may the Almighty enlighten me. I don't think I *can* ask him, knowing him so little and the pose

being torture." But Mr. Stillman's kindness overcame all difficulties.

It surprises me in recalling the time with which we are now dealing to think that Edward this year reached his fortieth birthday; he seemed to me still so young, but eternal youth is a characteristic of the most gifted human beings. His own recognition of his age is expressed in a letter to "Louie" dated August 25th. "A little line of love and remembrance for your birthday from an old, old man—take no notice of his birthday, please, which comes so soon—I refuse to reckon on which day, and have forbidden all mention of it. I turn a corner quite dreadful to me, when 3, which is a pretty figure, changes to 4, which is dull and prosy." He had a personal feeling about numbers; would say that sixteen was commonplace, seventeen romantic, and so on.

There are several notes in this year to our very good friend Mr. F. S. Ellis the publisher: chiefly about books or the pictures of the Virtues that Edward was then painting for him. In 1872 he writes: "'Temperance' is nearly finished, and has taken much longer than 'Faith'—God who rules these matters knows why. I am afraid I must put down the frames for 'Faith' and 'Temperance' to you; they are not costly. 'Evidently not to you,' you reply." Another time: "I can't live without this Dante, I don't care for my life without it. Will you get me the copy from Quaritch, if it is still going. I suppose it is not a villainously bad copy; if the plates are pretty good I don't care what state the book is in, but the pictures excite my mind, and I must have it." And then: "I am interested about a work I see quoted often as the Four Ancient Books, a translation of old Welsh poems, and another work called 'Myvyrian Archaeology.' Can you tell me aught of them?" Acknowledging a sum of money he says: "Cheques are never useless, but there was no need for you to trouble your mind about dibs until you cared to; but that doesn't matter, you'll get it all the sooner,—for I am uneasy under debt. The other thing is getting on, but I don't like it yet,

no more will you, and until it looks prettier I would rather you shouldn't see it. The other day I thought it was finished, and was going to write an insolent and triumphant letter to you, but alas, with calm reflection of delay I incline to think it a worthless and dreary mess—dear at 7*d*., albeit I will do something to it some day to better it and then you shall see."

In November, 1873, he says: "I want sorely a Latin-Italian, or Italian-Latin Dictionary—there be such," which reminds me that at this time he was having Italian lessons in the evenings. A full prose translation of the Shah Nameh of Firdousi he was hunting for also. "I find only the poems of Firdousi translated by Jos: Champion, 1788, London, 4 vols. Now four volumes if big ones ought to be all the Shah Nameh. Could you find out about the book for me? One by Capt. Turner Macan, 1827, is I believe only the Persian text.

"P.S. There is a 'Hope' schemed out, same size as 'Faith,' but the Lord knows if I shall ever finish it or when. If I do I will let you have the first chance of it, but surely a figure of 'Drink' or 'Polygamy,' or some such, would be a pleasing variety after so much virtue."

"O thou," he writes reproachfully in one note, "that thinkest I can be at bowls at three in the afternoon; this fortnight I am working like a steam devil to get some work done, worked till seven last evening, and must pound away for a fortnight yet." Another note in July, 1873, says: "Haven't read and shan't read the Quarterly; never mean to read any reviews of anyone by anyone—anywhere or anyhow—may the devil get his own some day is the earnest prayer of your affec. E. B. J." He shared Morris' amazed wonder at a man "earning his living by selling his opinions about other men's work." Even of Byron's English Bards and Scotch Reviewers he said "It is only a criticism on critics, and that's nothing about nothing."

His question to Mr. Ellis about the Four Ancient Books and the Myvyrian Archaeology marks his love for Celtic literature. A phrase, a word, would be enough to set him

on the track of any vestige of it, though it lay embedded in the work of other races and times. In a letter of later years, recalling days of which we have already heard from Mr. Price, he dates the time that his conscious love of Celtic things began, from "when as a schoolboy that funny book called Macpherson's Ossian ate me up. I was about twelve, and a very few years later I was told it was a forgery and very deplorable even if it wasn't—bombastic and silly. But it couldn't be quite choked out of me and there was a forlorn note in it that gently broke my heart, like the blessed word 'Mesopotamia.'" It was not, he says, till much later that he worked seriously at the subject. "About 1880 and 1881 I began again to worry in those mines, and found out what that piercing strain came from. In brief, and to make no more words, I worked in all my leisure at Celtic Origins. Irish chiefly, Welsh of course, Breton French; everywhere that is Celt-land; and it took me about ten years to know a very little indeed at my slow rate of work. When I began to quarry there were no books to help; now it is simplified for me, and I have only to get books by Gaston Paris or d'Arbois de Joubainville and I have all I need, but it was slow drilling at first. I read so much more than was needed to get so little, because there was literally no one to help. Villemarqué, in one of his books about Wales and the Morte d'Arthur, says one would naturally expect the Prince of Wales who takes his title from that land would be the first to encourage learning in England about it—but a sort of shyness kept me from appealing to the Prince of Wales. There was a brilliant and really fine set of Essays by Matthew Arnold on the study of Celtic Literature, based entirely on guesses, but demonstrably right guesses. He knew absolutely nothing about the subject, but he scented the truth afar off. Besides that poor, thin little volume there is not a line that I know of in English to hint that anyone knows or cares for it. Even Morris doesn't, who knows about everything, and he won't leave Iceland or come south of Drontheim, but you see all this was my home, and it was natural I should care

so much for it. I wanted to track that blissful sweet song piteous into the thick of the forest, and I did it at last."

He knew it wherever he met it and in whatever form. Little did he expect to find it, though, when a friend carried him to hear Parsifal at the Albert Hall, in 1884, for he did not, as a rule, love Wagner's music—but see his account of the time: "I heard Wagner's Parsifal the other day—I nearly forgave him—he knew how to win me. He made sounds that are really and truly (I assure you, and I ought to know) the very sounds that were to be heard in the Sangraal Chapel, I recognized them in a moment and knew he had done it accurately."

The East as well as the West attracted him as far as Persia, but into India his spirit never entered: he said that in order to learn it he needed another lifetime. Arabian and Persian stories fascinated him so that he gathered a treasure of them in his memory, and loved to talk of them. We had a Greek friend, Mr. Luke Ionides, with whom he conversed about them almost every time they met during some thirty years, and neither of them ever grew tired of the subject. That corner of Asia was to him like a far-off country home, for in imagination he lived and travelled there from boyhood.

In the course of their correspondence Mr. Ellis writes to ask if there is anything big in the way of a drawing that he could have, to cheer up a large room of his in which little pictures looked lost. It was to hang "longways," and the answer was very characteristic: "It's strange, but I have a lengthwise sort of a water-colour nearly done which I was going to send to some one at Manchester, but, Lord, I like you much better, and you shall see it before I say anything about it, and if you like it, and its price is bearable, it is most gladly yours. Don't you see what a loophole I give you to get out of, if you don't like it, without your saying so and hurting my feelings? You can say 'it isn't long enough for what I want.'"

"Alack," writes Mr. Ellis across this note, "I heard no more of the picture referred to."

In the Firm's account-book which has been mentioned there are commentaries scattered through most years which are so typical of Edward's humour that I shall try if it is possible to extract some of them without too much loss of point. Their original setting, however, on blue-lined pages and amongst cash columns, gives them a charm of incongruity that nothing else can reproduce. One subject on which he harps for a long time is a request for payment in guineas, and is first found in a marginal note of 1866. "N.B. It is etiquette to pay in guineas, not pounds, be kind enough to remember this." Then blithely and for the only time in the book he puts a column of duplicate figures in shillings after the pounds. He forgets to do this again in the very next entry, but the joke survives, for we find three years later: "To Launcelot & Elaine, & I never asked why Launcelot & Elaine, £4 each—why not guineas?"

The entries, "To a masterly cartoon of Fra Angelico. Ditto of St. Philip. To one of my noblest works, a Matthew and Angel. To a less admirable but still excellent other apostle—forget his name—Saw in his hand," are followed by the question, "May I ask again why not guineas in dealings between gentlemen?" In December of the same year comes a genial suggestion: "I have often alluded to the subject of guineas, of which not the slightest notice has been taken; in all other commercial transactions between gentlemen the medium is usually guineas—what if the New Year were to begin with more courtesy between us?"

After this the matter drops till 1874, when having entered the names of Noah and Adam as just designed for Jesus College, Cambridge, he fills the rest of the page with "Strange, that no notice whatever has been taken of my biting allusions some pages back to the subject of guineas —surely if one's artistic profession were not accounted of sufficient dignity to merit such courtesy, at least the ecclesiastical purpose of one's work would be more reverentially expressed by such a medium."

The last reference of all, in December, 1887, is as fresh in tone as if made for the first time: "NOTICE: on &

after Jan. 1st. 1888 my prices will be governed by considerations of professional etiquette, and will be in the medium of GUINEAS."

Morris's return from Iceland in September, 1873, was announced to Mr. Fairfax Murray thus: "Mr. Morris has come back more enslaved with passion for ice and snow and raw fish than ever—I fear I shall never drag him to Italy again. He 's very well and in good spirits."

The feeling for the North which grew up in Edward during his enthusiasm for Fouqué's stories sprang from no real root, and his personal instinct was expressed long afterwards when he said that if he had his own way he would "never go further north than Hampstead." Morris also made some struggle to take the South to his heart, but when he writes, "I hope I shall one day see Italy—I think I can sympathize with that as well as Iceland," one feels how impossible it was. In this, as in one or two other things important, the friends differed entirely.

Christmas this year was marked by merriment made for the children in the hall of the Grange—a room whose dimensions I should feel it impious even now to calculate, but it was big enough to shew a magic lantern in and for us to play snap-dragon in, and it seemed very big to the little ones. They had with them their young cousin Rud-

yard Kipling, now beginning the Anglo-Indian child's experience of separation from his own home, and with our family of two thus increased by one half, we felt there was even more reason than usual for celebrating Christmas Eve. So we gathered together such grown-up friends as were not claimed elsewhere, and who could if needed still romp with a will; Jenny and May Morris brought their parents and Ambrose Poynter his; and they and Edward made for the children a memorable evening. Charles Faulkner and William De Morgan and Allingham enchanted us all by their pranks, in which Morris and Edward Poynter occasionally joined, and Burton's beautiful face beamed on the scene, while Mrs. Morris, placed safely out of the way, watched everything from her sofa. This is the last time of the kind that I remember. By the following Christmas the children's own world had begun, and it was their turn to amuse us.

Time did not fly as quickly in those days as when we were older, but already it began to gather up its skirts and quicken its pace; so that we were almost startled when in the spring of 1874 we found ourselves confronted by two children of twelve and seven years of age who must be educated. We had not hitherto felt much anxiety on the subject; the boy going to what was thought the best day school within reach, and the girl having home-lessons. Her preceptress was marked for the office, if she would accept it, from the moment Edward heard of her existence. Mr. Rooke was engaged to a young lady who lived in the Channel Islands; she and her sisters had a girls' school there, but were looking eagerly towards London. "Let her come here at once, Rooke, she shall teach Margaret—let her come, let there be no delay about it"—and, details of memory being dim, it seems as if the lady had arrived on a wishing carpet next morning. All this was characteristic of Edward as a thing could be; the swift circling view of possibilities, the certainty that at all events two people would be made happy by the arrangement, and the determination that it should therefore be satisfactory. And so

it was, until the child pined for companionship in her lessons; and now a school must be found for her as for her brother. How we came to decide finally upon sending him from home to school does not matter, but it will be easily understood that in doing this we thought of Morris' old school, Marlborough. So in June Edward went down with Morris to look at the place, and arranged that Philip should go there after the summer holidays. The letters he wrote to his boy while at school reveal him in a light that nothing else could. The fiction of the old, old father was generally kept up, with an occasional change to signing himself "Ned," but, in the first letter of all, things were yet too serious to allow of jesting.

"It is a very painful separation to us, as well as to you —we talk incessantly about you, and every morning's post is eagerly waited for. I will often send you drawings—not to-day, for I have strained my right hand and arm and cannot do anything with it without some little pain, but many and many a funny drawing shall pass between us.

"I went yesterday to Turnham Green to see Mr. Morris, who is kept to the house with rheumatism—so old do we get—and he gave me your letter to him. When it said that home-sickness was over I brought it to shew to your mother. Ah, my little dear, I do feel the loss of you so much, and more even than I thought I should, and I long for your coming back. I am afraid of seeming silly before everyone or I would run down to look at you soon, but it would be foolish: about half way in the term your mother will go and stay for a night at Dr. Farrar's, he has been very kind about it—I feel grateful to all who shew kindness to you. Yesterday I worked at my clay figure and finished it as much as I want, but to-day my arm is almost disabled for work. To-morrow I will rest and go down to the Museum to look at coins and antique things and comfort my heart. Kind people have translated and printed most ancient Assyrian and Egyptian writings which occupy my spare time and give me much to wonder at; they are so old that one can hardly say when they were made—long

before Troy time. I want to share my wonder with you, but how much you have to learn before you can quite tell how wonderful they are. Good-bye now, God bless you every minute. Soon you will be reconciled to the change and even glad of it perhaps—as certainly you will be one day. Though your little body is away you live as much as ever in our hearts and are not forgotten for five minutes of waking time."

A week later: "Is your life very changed from the home life? and in what way? You can make it much the same by thinking of the same things you remember us always talking of. Many things are very fortunate for you, my darling; in some ways it is a lucky time to be born in, for the world is widening all about us, and much can be known now that was not guessed when I was born—and if it had been known I was not in the road to know it—but for curious eyes and a reverent heart it is a wonderful place to be born into. Merely to watch new things and think over old things—it is such a life. Keep your little heart full of veneration, and leave no room in it for mockery of anything that might chance to be sacred—and God bless you every hour and minute."

In October there is a letter from Oxford: "I am here, my little, playing with Charley Faulkner—I came down yesterday in time to take a long walk round the spots I most liked when I was here. That was twenty years ago and more, and it feels half sad and half happy to come down sometimes and think over the life between, and how different it is to anything I could have dreamt of—how much happier than I ever hoped in some things and more calamitous than I ever dreaded in others. The bells are constantly chiming as they used to do and make me ready to cry. I think of the places now for the future, when I shall bring you here—and as I go about I chiefly hope this and that won't be destroyed, that you may take pleasure in it. For much has been destroyed since I was here—old trees in the streets have gone, and a line of poplars half a mile long by the river has all gone. I want

to bring you here early that you may finish your course and still be young enough to begin art if you like painting."

When back in London he writes: "I send you a little book I used to love very much, called Fouqué's Seasons —I have not read them for twenty-five years but I still think they must be very good. I believe Undine is the best, but I used to like Sintram most—it is a story made out of the engraving I have by Albert Dürer, of the Knight riding by a rock and horribles all about him. And it shews what a treasure such a design is in the world that it can suggest such beauty to another man, and I daresay fifty more lovely stories could be made of it." Did he remember the Heir of Redclyffe as he wrote this? Also there are words of ghostly counsel about school-troubles and school-fellows:

"At any rate don't yield at all to them, but take your own way and never change it—only in that way will you win either now or afterwards in life. It will always be so, dear, there will be always people telling you how you shall think and act and dress, and what you are to say and how you are to live, down to the tiniest trifle, meaning that you are to think and act and dress as they do; and some sort of penalty you must pay all your life for differing from them, and their tyranny is excessive and relentless, and they would mostly like to destroy what they cannot convert to their own likeness. With all this have nothing to do. Neither despise them for differing from you, for this is to be the same unjust thing yourself, but get away from it either in mind or body—the first is always possible. And think as little of all that side of life as you can—at the worst it is like the teasing of flies on a summer day—and there is left to think of sun and moon and seasons and earth and seas and monuments and images, and the lives of the great—all these may be your life if you will."

But hear this cry from his heart a few weeks later; a cry echoed by that of many another parent: "Don't send little Stan to school, Louie, it 's much worse than you would think, and I don't feel sure at all of the compensating good. It is really a constant blank and source of small heartache

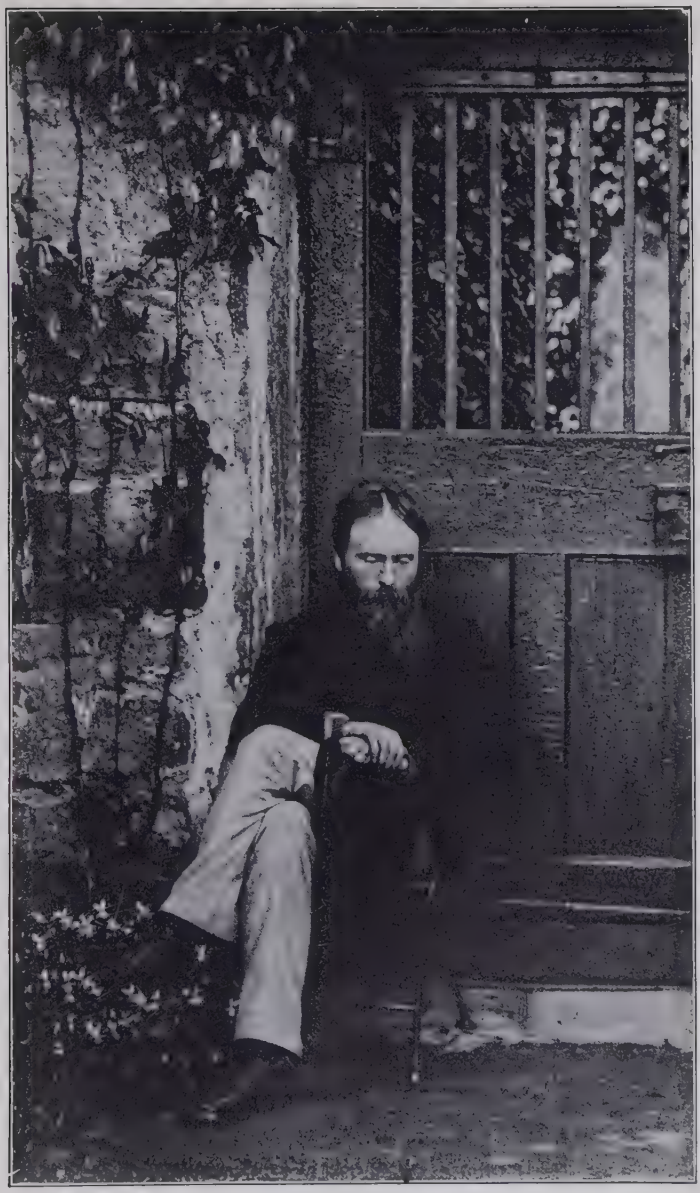
losing one's little companion. Two months are gone, and I am much less like an antique Roman than at first: the loss of daily sight and hearing seem to me things never to be paid for." This letter is signed by a drawing of himself as an aged man leaning on a stick. His conclusion upon the subject of school was, for the sake of the boys themselves, strongly against the indiscriminate practice of sending them from home.

In spite of Hampstead Heath being his northern limit of travel, the advice of his doctor and the invitation of Mr. and Mrs. George Howard drew Edward in August as far as Cumberland, to the beautiful Border castle of Naworth, where his friends received and cared for him affectionately. Morris joined him there, and they intended to have gone over to Carlisle to see Dixon, who was at this time a Minor Canon of the Cathedral, but it was arranged that he should come over to Naworth instead, and there the three friends spent a day together. Of this Dixon afterwards wrote to Cormell Price:

"Ned is in poor health, I grieve to find, and a little quieter in manner—otherwise unaltered. Topsy genial, gentle, delightful; both full of affection. It was a most happy meeting; would you had been there." And he signs himself: "yours for ever and ever." Mention of the time occurs also in a letter of Edward's: "My Naworth journey was very pleasant and I could well have prolonged it, but the horizon grew thick with gathering guests and I fled."

There was still no renewal of the old kind of intercourse with Rossetti, who had gradually ceased to ask what Edward was doing, or to shew him anything of his own; and the loss of the quick sympathy to which he had accustomed his friend was felt bitterly. Edward's delight, however, when he first saw "Proserpine" in the house of its owner made him forget everything else, and he hastened to write of it to Gabriel.

"I hear you are in town for a few days and I should like to see you. I was going to write to Kelmscott to say a little of the enthusiasm I feel for the Proserpine at Leyland's—



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it drew me out of myself as if something lucky had happened and I can't forget it. I wanted you to know, for it is such help to have one's work really loved—and is the only reward possible." And in another note upon a different subject he says, "But it 's a very good world after all that has Proserpine in it." He could complain, though, on occasion. "This is a letter of bitter reproach—you've finished a big picture and are sending it away to-day, and I do think it 's shabby not to tell me and let me see it. Nobody anywhere in the world cares for your pictures as I do, and nobody understands them as well, and I ought to see them. Tell me if it 's too late—I'd go to-morrow if you still have it—anyhow I'll run over and see you on Sunday at the end of the day." Then follows a pacified note on receiving Gabriel's answer: "Sunday at half past four, and I should like to stay; and am so glad it isn't gone. I don't care for anybody else's work a bit, and I am faithful to you."

The fact sounds abrupt, but it really came about quite naturally, that towards the end of this year a preliminary meeting was held in Queen Square in order to discuss the dissolution of the firm. The minutes of this meeting say: "It was agreed to have a balance sheet made out to Michaelmas, 1874, and to summon a general meeting of the firm at the earliest possible period after its completion, to endeavour if possible to come to an amicable adjustment of the process of dissolution." These words shew that difference of opinion had arisen amongst the partners—and so it was; not as to the nature of their work, but about claims and responsibilities connected with it. None of them doubted, however, but that the time had come for reconsidering engagements entered into thirteen years before; for the business was growing in various directions, and their liability was unlimited. On the other hand, though no one except Morris had put into it more than a nominal sum, and he had from the first supplied both capital and motive power, yet the others had a right by the terms of their partnership to demand from him an equal share in all the profits and property of the establishment. Madox Brown considered

that the goodwill of the business ought also to be taken at three years' purchase and included in the assets. In all this Morris stood in a way by himself, and the six others were equally divided. Edward, Faulkner, and Webb finally agreed that their legal claim did not to them represent the justice of the case, and they only wished to be released from responsibility, leaving Morris with a free hand. On this view they acted. Rossetti, Madox Brown, and Marshall stood upon their rights, and after four or five months' difficulty their terms were agreed to and the Firm was dissolved. At one time Edward dreaded "the ignominy of an open row," writing to Gabriel: "I must say I feel ashamed of the remarks of a philosophic world at the spectacle of a set of old friends breaking down in this humiliating way—if it goes to law and new anxieties begin for us in that vague region I must say it will be damnable."

This winter his general delicacy shewed itself in weakness of the chest again, and Dr. Radcliffe looked serious. In October Edward mentions it to Mr. Norton, who without knowing of his failure in health had written to suggest their going together to Athens: "If you were here I would start next week and it would do me good, for a lung has gone queer, says the doctor, and I may have to winter abroad. I hold that we shouldn't examine too curiously about the stuff that Providence has wisely hidden inside us—doubtless that we should not enquire—but I am a little uncomfortable at what he says and would like to forget it. In a week I'm to know." To Mr. Murray he writes of being kept indoors almost entirely, "doing myriads of cartoons, but growing so dull and stupid that the like never was before."

The company of friends, dear to him at any time, became doubly so when he was suffering either in body or mind; he never shut himself up from them or nursed a trouble, but practised the advice he gave to others: "Snatch at anything that brings reprieve—that lightens the hour and beguiles with some change however trifling." And this often helped him to roll back the clouds of depression. Then

was heard the laugh that made one join in it even through a closed door and knowing nothing of its cause; or he would talk so brilliantly, so funnily, that the hearts of all hearers were lightened. He made himself learn games, too, which broke an over-persistent chain of thought, and came to play backgammon, draughts, and dominoes with the keenest interest. Chess he began, but soon laid aside, saying it was a profession, not a game. Reading was done at odd times, and with care never to try his eyes. In comparison with early years he seemed to himself not to read at all, but that was the same kind of delusion as the one about his not writing. He was, as we have seen, never tired of being read to, and this year he and Morris went through Mommsen's History of Rome. Upon a new subject, or one needing pause and reference, he of course read for himself. A book of this sort that gave him great pleasure was the one that he told his boy, "kind people had translated and printed," and its name is given in a letter to Mr. Norton:

"Get from England a series of thin, cheap books published by Samuel Bagster & Co., called 'Records of the Past.' Two numbers are out, one more soon due—they are translations of cuneiform and hieroglyph, and make one happy. There is a descent of Ishtar, who is Aphrodite, into Persephone country, too beautiful—made long before the Greeks knew of her. An old world, and so beautiful, isn't it?"

But besides his love for having a tale read or told to him, he also had a gift for telling them. He would find the dry bones of some ancient story buried in scholarly notes, and make them live again, in a form of his own devising, neither old nor new, but strangely romantic. An instance of this is an ancient Irish story which he wrote down for a young girl:

THE STORY OF AILEEN AND BASILLE.

"Ages ago, before even the time of Ossian, there were two lovers in Ireland famous greatly for this, that they

could never meet together. He was a king's son in the north and she was a king's daughter in the south, and there never was such love as between those two. But there was a fate upon them and they couldn't ever meet to look at each other. Her name was Aileen and his, I think, was Basille, and he was a son of the King of Ulladh. I could tell you a thousand tales of the Kings of Ulladh.

"But one day Basille started from his stronghold to go and look once at Aileen. As he went by the seashore southwards there came a man amongst the crags, pale and shaggy, wretched to look at.

"'What news?' said Basille.

"'None to tell of,' said the pale man, 'but as I passed by a bower I heard the greeting of women and they said Aileen was dead.' Then and there Basille fell on the sand and gave up the ghost.

"Now at that very time Aileen was combing her hair in her bower, and suddenly there was at the door a white pale man, shaggy and wretched to look at.

"'What news is there?' said Aileen.

"'None to tell of,' said the pale man, 'but as I passed by a hold I heard greeting of women, and they said that Basille was dead.' Then and there Aileen fell and gave up the ghost.

"They buried Basille in the north and set a yew to grow by him, and they buried Aileen in the south and an apple-tree to grow by her. And they grew and grew and so ages passed.

"There was a King of Ireland long after, and as he went by he asked about the yew-tree and the apple-tree, and men told him the story of Aileen and Basille.

"'Cut down the trees,' said he, and upon a plank of the yew write the story of Basille, and upon a plank of the apple-tree write the story of Aileen.' And so they did. And they wrote in Ogham the tale of the king's son and kept it in the north, and the story of Aileen was kept safe in a city in the south.

"Three hundred years went by and there was a mighty

king, I think it was Conaire Môr, a splendid king he was, and he was sitting in Tara, and men were telling him ancient tales, of cattle-liftings and dooms, and inundations and burnings and elopements.

"Yes, I regret to say, there was an ancient book called The Book of Famous Elopements, but it is lost.

"And amongst other tales they told him of Aileen and Basille, and how the stories of them had been written in ancient times on wood and kept in far cities.

"So the king sent messengers through Ireland to find the wooden books, and after long searching and more years to go by they were found at last, brown and old and hardly to be read by the wisest.

"Conaire Môr was sitting in Tara, and through the doorway looking north men brought in the tablets of Basille, and through the doorway in the south men were bringing in the tablets of Aileen. But when those wooden tablets reached each other they sprang out of the hands of the bearers, and leapt upon each other, and clasped tight face to face. And no strength or skill of strong men or wizard could loosen their hold. Nor was the story they hid in their tight embrace ever read by man, and there it lies hidden to this day.

"I suppose when Tara was burnt that hidden book was burnt. And Tara was burnt more than a thousand years ago; it is such an ancient world.

"I have never told the tale till this hour to anyone for fear of the three laughters of the Fool.

"What were the three laughters of the Fool? It is a Welsh triad.

"He laughs at a thing because it is good.

"And he laughs at a thing because it is bad.

"And he laughs at a thing he cannot understand."

My reading aloud to him began soon after our marriage, with Plutarch's Lives—an old folio edition. Holland's translation of Pliny's Natural History was also a treasure for the purpose, and the Arabian Nights were ever fresh.

The description of "Mrs. Gamp's apartment in Kingsgate Street, High Holborn," was read over and over again until I, but not he, was wearied for a time. These were all classics admitting of no criticism, but some books were illuminated by commentary. For instance, the frequent comparison of Goethe with Shakespeare which G. H. Lewes makes in his Life of Goethe grew tiresome to the hearer, who quietly asked me to read the word Elephant instead of Shakespeare next time it occurred, and the change proved refreshing. But there was a kind of book that he reserved for himself and never liked any one to read to him—The Broad Stone of Honour and Mores Catholici are instances: they were kept in his own room, close to his hand, and often dipped into in wakeful nights or early mornings. "Sillyish books both," he once said, "but I can't help it, I like them." And no wonder, for his youth lay enclosed in them.

He was not sent abroad for the winter, and the only change he took was to enter on a fresh scheme of work which he describes to Mr. Norton: "Every Sunday morning you may think of Morris and me together—he reads a book to me and I make drawings for a big Virgil he is writing—it is to be wonderful and put an end to printing." This went on for more than a year. It was to have been a glorious vellum manuscript, with pictures painted from Edward's designs—twelve large ones and many initial letters —and filled with ornament by Morris. All the pictures were designed, but scarce half of the Aeneid was written out, and less was coloured. There were many things to prevent the completion of the scheme, amongst others the temptation Morris felt whilst following the Latin to turn the great poem into English verse—which he did. He was also busier than ever before with the management of the work at Queen Square, and, as he himself said, "up to his neck in designing papers, chintzes, and carpets."

The death of Oliver Madox Brown, always affectionately remembered by us as "Nolly," in the beginning of November, was a grief and loss to his parents of which we felt the

reflection. "Poor old Brown has lost his Nolly," Edward wrote out to Fairfax Murray in Italy, and it was sad to think that it would be no comfort to our ancient friend if we went to mourn with him; so written words of sympathy were all we could offer.

CHAPTER XVIII

AFTER SEVEN YEARS
1875—1878

AT Whitsuntide of 1875 Edward writes to his son: "I am going to Oxford to-day with Mr. Morris—we shall stay a couple of days, and then come back to work. If it 's fine I shall enjoy it very much and go on the river—for this warm weather has made me quite strong again. I shall see Mr. Ruskin and have a nice talk with him about old things, and walk about the streets and feel a bit unhappy of course. It 's only twenty years since, and that isn't long, but I ought to have done more in the time. I do want you to go there for two or three years—it is such a lovely place for work and thought. I have worked at the British Museum lately looking up all the most ancient ways of pourtraying Medusa, and they are very few but very interesting, and I know much more about it than I did, and will tell you about it some day." A week later he writes again: "I liked my little change so much—Mr. Morris and Mr. Faulkner and I almost lived on the river, Sunday and Monday, and on Tuesday I came back and began work again. How we teased Mr. Morris on the river. We took our lunch one day, and it was a fowl and a bottle of wine and some bread and salt —and Mr. Faulkner and I managed to hide the fowl away in the sheet of the sail, and when we anchored at a shady part of the river and undid the basket, lo! there was no fowl. And Mr. Morris looked like a disappointed little boy and then looked good, and filled his dry mouth with bread and said it didn't much matter, so we drew out the fowl and had great laughter. And the next day we pretended that no dinner had been ordered, through forgetfulness, and

that being Whit-Monday nothing could be got, and he prepared to eat bread and cheese, when lo! again, a delightful and varied dinner was served, and we were so merry. Mr. Ruskin also was in Oxford, and I spent some happy hours with him."

Another time Edward proposes that he and Mr. Morris should come down together to Marlborough and drive with Philip through Savernake Forest and to the big stones at Avebury, and that all three should dine happily somewhere before parting. There are drawings to illustrate these pretty plans, but I do not think they came to pass—one thing and another hindering.

The mention of his searching in the British Museum

"for the most ancient ways of pourtraying Medusa" means that Edward was now beginning to consider the set of Perseus designs upon which he afterwards worked for so many years. Not long before this Mr. Arthur Balfour had come with Lady Airlie one day to the Grange, and the result of his then making the acquaintance of Edward and his art had been an important commission. He wished for

a set of pictures to ornament a music-room in his house: the subject of the Perseus story was soon agreed upon, and much of the year went in arranging a scheme and making studies for the different pictures. There were to be eight of them, for special spaces, and at first Edward intended them to have a setting of ornamental raised plaster, the design for which is seen in a small water-colour that he made of the whole series: but finally this idea was given up. The Medusa part of the legend, which attracted him most, he studied deeply; the Andromeda scenes, though they came later in the story, were finished first.

About one of the pictures a letter to our boy says: "All evening your Mama and I have been shaping a cap for Perseus, and hosen for him and a sword." These words recall other strange inventions and substitutes for unattainable realities which were for studio use—such as a dummy musical instrument of the dulcimer kind, made of common deal by a carpenter, and a "tree" which was simply a wooden pole with a "branch" fastened on to it by a hinge. These things never struck me as funny, but only as necessary instruments for his work. Any jokes on this side of an artist's life were distasteful to him; the way in which he helped himself to produce a picture was no one's business but his own. A certain kind of humour about his work he shared with others, however, as when he says: "Early this morning I drew a Mermaid with a scaly tail, and when a model came and asked me what it was, I couldn't help saying it was a portrait of the Dowager Countess of Dorking, and she quite believed it." It would be difficult to explain where humour came to an end with him, or the way in which he would seem to give himself up entirely to it, yet never lose control of the direction in which it was moving.

"The Mirror of Venus' was all but finished early in 1875, and with this fact is connected in my mind one of Ruskin's visits to the Grange. As we lived so far apart he generally wrote beforehand to say when he was coming, but on the day I remember he arrived without any warning, and brought with him Cardinal Manning. Unfortunately Edward was out, and so, according to a rule that in his absence no one should be shewn into his working studio, I took the visitors upstairs into another room where he kept pictures that were either finished or waiting their turn. Here stood "The Mirror of Venus" on an easel, and they both looked at it for some time—the Cardinal not committing himself to any remark but a question: "Is it in oil or water-colour?" It was an oil picture, but that was a point in Edward's work not to be decided at a glance—his method in both mediums being very similar—

and Ruskin was silent until he had examined it carefully. Kneeling down so as to look more closely into the workmanship of the foreground, in a few seconds he came to a conclusion, and raising his eyes said, so quietly and authoritatively, "Pure water-colour, my lord," that I felt no inclination to contradict him.

This was the year in which we expected Wilfred Heeley in England again. "He has come," Edward writes to his son, "but so poorly that we are all distressed for him. And I had so looked forward to his company, for he knows so much and so wisely. I used to have such pleasant and happy hours with him, talking of ancient religions and the beginnings of things—and I hoped for such a summer of evening talks."

Already the law of Nature was making us turn towards the generation that should come after us, and that feeling helped us to understand a blow which fell upon our friend Mr. Graham this year; the loss of his only surviving son, a boy of fifteen, through a dose of poison mistaken for medicine on the last night of his summer holidays. The father's faith and patience were immoveable under this sorrow, and when we first saw him afterwards, we found him just as gentle, kind, and thoughtful about every one else as in the days when he had happiness to spare.

The letters which went to Marlborough at least once a week touch upon many subjects. These words about prayer are unusual ones, but quite comprehensible to the boy for whom they were written: "As I walked back from Turnham Green I thought about you and wanted you terribly—so I made a prayer or so, and prayed till I began to think of other things, and then it was time to leave off."

Competition at school is mentioned, and always in one way: "I do not much care whether you are at the top or bottom of your class, so that gently and seriously you take in some good thoughts every day and store them up—for I know often how hollow school and college display is—yes, and display afterwards; and all that does not matter." "Do what you can for love of the subjects, not desire to

get up in the class. I should hate it if you took all the honours at Oxford and had no enthusiasm for the subjects you were distinguished in—and that often happens and I have often seen it. But bother classes and places—I hate them. If there were a class of artists I should be at the bottom, but I am not really bottom." "These little matters of forms and classes and examinations and promotions and honours and distinctions are not life nor even a serious part of life." Then on some forgotten occasion, he sends these words of comfort: "God isn't angry with the funny little things he has made—he gives us hard exercises because it makes us stronger. He could have easily made us without faults, but what would have been the fun of that—and now it is something to save a bit out of the day for him, and he knows how hard it is."

The advice to choose one's path in life deliberately and pursue it is often repeated, and sometimes he writes about it as if communing with his own soul. "Remember always you are free, and nothing need change your plan for one moment. The world of men is just the same: if afterwards one gets any great enthusiasm people only mock, if one drops it to please them, they will still mock, if one were to die for it they would have no other way of expressing themselves—and still don't mean any evil but are only thoughtless and pitiable. Every way I had at College that was not quite like the ways of men about me was only derision to them, but I did learn out of it all to free myself, and you see as far as is good for me I live quite free. Presently you will get a companion, and then you will be not two but twenty suddenly."

In another letter he clothes his serious meaning in a fable: "I have gone down this week in painting—but hope to get up next week; my new master Dr. Senectus says there is no time to lose. I wrote to my old tutor Mr. Juventus to say good-bye to him, and told him how I was getting on. In reply he said that I should never see him again, for which I am very sorry, for I always liked him though he set me very hard tasks sometimes, and I don't like never seeing

people again. And old Senectus is such a dreary old chap —knows a lot but doesn't make it amusing, and there are no holidays, not even half-holidays. I sometimes wish I was back in Mr. Young's house—and think I would do so differently."

The established jest as to his great age is carried on in a number of letters written in the summer of 1876 to a young girl, one of Mr. Graham's daughters, but he does not draw pictures of himself in them. The Grahams were travelling on the Continent, and the 28th of August came whilst they were away; it is, I believe, to a promise of Miss Agnes Graham's that she would embroider something for Edward on his birthday that he refers in the following letter: "What will you work for me? A little skullcap of black velvet I need much, or a green shade for my eyes; I think of nothing but what is useful in old age, for all vanities are forbidden. Strips of flannel I think would be most useful, and might be embroidered with sayings of the wise. I am very flattered, dear, but must leave it to you." She chose to make a little bag, which he acknowledges in a tone of one on a younger level of age than before: "I love the pouch dearly, and shall fill it with sweet-scented Latakia, and when envious men say 'Who gave you that?' I shall look mysterious and offer them of its contents, but not let it out of my hand—and I shall win esteem from them in consequence, for such is man." When the travellers reached Florence, he writes eagerly about things they must see there, but adds, "many a place they have ruined that would have been a delight to you." All his longing for Italy revives as he goes on.

"I want to see Botticelli's Calumny in the Uffizi dreadfully, and the Spring in the Belle Arte,—and the Dancing Choir that goes hand in hand up to heaven over the heads of four old men, in that same dear place—you know them all by now—and if those angels are photographed will you buy them for me? At the back of the Virgin the rays of gold rain on a most dear face that looks up, and I want to see it. Will you take a spy-glass and look at every heavenly face in that glory of pictures? And by him in the same gallery

is a tiny little sweet thing of the story of Augustine and the Child by the seashore—and there 's an Angelico Paradise there by the side of which the brightest I can do is like fog. In the Tribune is another Heaven by him, by the side of which jewels are as lumps of coal—and a round Botticelli where the Virgin holds down a dear little face to kiss another fat face—and no one is like him and never will be again.

"Please go to the Egyptian Museum, I think it 's called, I don't quite remember, but once it was a Monastery, and in the refectory of it is a Raphael fresco that makes you love Raphael for ever, and the head of St. James at the corner look at and draw for me that I may see it again, and go to the house of Michael Angelo and kiss his slippers, as I did, but don't tell, else Brompton will kiss them away." This alludes to the disastrous "fashion" of enthusiasm for art which, I know not why, was supposed to be specially rife in Brompton. Another letter says: "There is a chapel in Santa Croce painted by Giotto, and the picture of the death of Francis I should like you to remember Giotto by. All the famous things you will have seen—but I once found a Botticelli not mentioned anywhere in a Nunnery chapel at the end of Via della Scala, that 's a street near the Piazza of Santa Maria Novella—the church is called S. Jacopo in Ripoli, and it is a coronation of the Virgin, and has heaven and earth in it just as they are—heaven beginning six inches over the tops of our heads as it really does: it was terribly neglected and ruined and stuffed up with candles, which I took the British liberty of removing." Miss Graham evidently asked how he managed to see a picture in a nunnery, for he answers: "How I got into the Nunnery? Ah, that shalt thou never know—that secret as I am a gentleman I will never divulge, but that I got in is true and that all the rows of tottering candlesticks were set upon the ground by me is true, and that I desecrated their sacred stools by putting them on each other to make a sketch of the picture is true, and that they were kind and relented to me and unbent from their rigid principles is true, but what I said and how I sped no one must know, so good-bye, dear maid."

About Luini he says: "Never were any faces so perfect; for they are perfect like Greek ones, and have fourteen hundred years of tenderness and pity added. Hunt him out everywhere." Then he gives a warning: "At Ravenna you will get a fever I know, some of you will—take quinine in the morning before you go into the heavenly churches; they are five foot deep in sea-water with sham floors over the sea, and one gets a fever. But when you leave it drive through the pine-wood to Pesaro and thence to Rimini, and then to Urbino in the mountains, and then to Gubbio and then to Arezzo, and then to Perugia and then to Assisi, and then to Orvieto and then to Siena and then Volterra and then Florence, and that is a pretty journey for you—and afterwards to Pistoja and Lucca and then Pisa and then Spezzia, and by carriage, not infernal steam, to Sestri and Genoa, and that is so happy and is the meaning of this life, which puzzles many people, but really is simple and it means that journey."

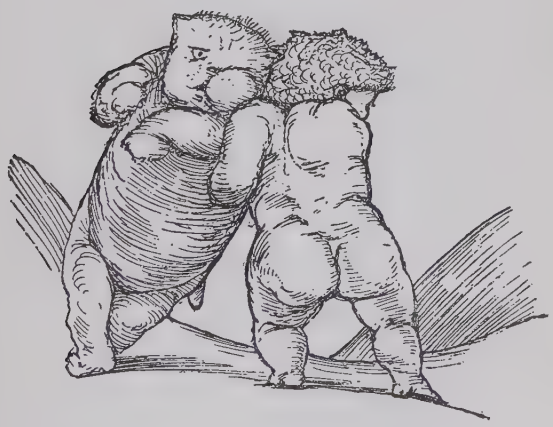
He made a picture for his own daughter afterwards, where "heaven begins six inches over the top of the head": a girl walks hand in hand with an angel, who leans from the sky to reach her without doing any violence to reason.

A drawing made for this same daughter inside her school note-book about physiological lessons is scarcely less beautiful in its way, and is one of hundreds made ostensibly for the children, but really for the child that was always in himself. There was one set of designs that he called "The Horrours of Mountainous Lands," and another named "The Pleasures of the Plain"; but this came suddenly to an end, and the reason given was that he cared nothing about the pleasures of the plain. A third series dealt with "The Heroic Stories of

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

Britain," and the third of these shewed a struggle between a primeval baby and an extinct beast. Everything and all things made excuse for some fresh design when this mood was on him.

THE PLEASURES OF THE PLAIN



THE THIRD HEROIC STORY OF BRITAIN

Some notes to Mr. Leyland this year show that "Merlin" was still being worked upon.

"'The Days of Creation' are finished now—and with a free mind I can take up 'Merlin'—and I shall work at it

without stop till it is finished. Just this note to thank you for not teasing me, as you might have done justly, by clamouring for it—it would have been as great a relief to me as pleasure to you if it could have been sent home long before, but I know you trust me that I do the best I can for all the pictures. After 'Merlin' is done I must work awhile at Balfour's commissions and then I will finish off the 'Mirror.' Yesterday and to-day I am finishing Merlin's face, and I think it will do—and after that only hands and feet have to be done and little tidying bits all about." This plan of work was duly carried out. The large "Annunciation" and "The Golden Stairs" were also begun and many fresh designs made, so that the studio became uncomfortably crowded and we were obliged to build a small additional one by its side, into which were put stacks of canvases and cartoons, spare easels, and working materials: yet the big room seemed scarcely relieved.

In August the doctor chased Edward out of his studio and into the country. I find a note made that he had practically been unable to work for five weeks, which meant much; so Mr. Price fetched him away and they went to a high place on the Cotswold Hills above the lovely and then little-known village of Broadway, where Cormell had rented a delightful little "folly" of a tower, built by some enthusiast for fresh air. Here Edward gained strength, and returned after a fortnight to find his father arrived for his yearly visit to the Grange.

A letter written towards the end of September contains a secret of Art:

"I have worked solely at Andromeda and at last it begins to look what I wanted it to be—but all the sick weeks I worked at it when I ought to have done nothing nearly ruined it. You see I began to play with it and filled it with little houses and fields and roads, and walled gardens and mills, and bushes and winding shores and islands, and one day the veil was lifted and I saw how every pretty incident helped to ruin the thing, and I had three days of havoc at it and took them all out; and now in their place is a grey,

doleful rock, but for the first time there is hope in the picture. It is folly to work when one cannot, and blasphemous to change one's first design."

This was the last of the seven completely free years which for that reason he called "blissful," but it must be said that it was of his own will he renounced freedom and again exhibited his pictures in public.

In the winter of 1875-6 an idea which had often occurred to those who could not carry it out took shape in the mind of one who could. It was that of building an entirely independent picture gallery, where distrust of originality and imagination would not be shewn, delicate workmanship would not be extinguished, and the number of pictures exhibited would not be too large for the wall-space. Sir Coutts Lindsay, himself an artist as well as a man of large fortune, had both the will and the power to make the experiment. He understood the injury done by ignoring such considerations, and devised a scheme intended to recognize them all. In the first place he determined that no pictures should be hung except where they could be seen, and it was arranged that six to twelve inches of space should separate them from each other on the walls. In this way the usual patchwork-quilt effect of an exhibition was avoided, and people could take breath before passing from one work to another. He desired also that every picture should as far as possible get the light most favourable to it, and that great care should be taken in hanging to avoid harsh contrasts of scale, style, and colour. Finally, admission was not to be by competition or prescriptive right, but by invitation. Sir Coutts knew broadly what artists he wished to invite, and furnished the Secretary of the Gallery with a list of their names—a list always to be left open for the appearance of any fresh talent. Those who accepted the invitation were then asked to say what amount of wall-space they counted upon filling, and it was intended to hang each man's work by itself, as nearly as possible in the way he might himself suggest. Thus responsibility for work sent would rest entirely with the painters, for there was no ordeal of Committee to pass, and

Sir Coutts counted upon his fellow-artists not to abuse his confidence by sending any work but their best.

There were three men then living whose work might be instanced as specially typical of his meaning—Madox Brown, Rossetti, and Edward—to each of whom he early sent invitations together with a description of his aim. Madox Brown, the eldest, declined the invitation altogether; by Edward it was at once considered and then accepted; while Rossetti, though not prepared to join the scheme at the time, gave it careful attention. A letter of Edward's to him contains the first mention I find of the project, and expresses also the shrinking that may accompany a man's reasonable desire to shew what he has done.

"As to the Grosvenor Gallery, if you have made up your mind we won't talk about it. I should have liked a fellow-martyr—that 's natural—as it is I shall feel very naked against the shafts, and as often as I think of it I repent promising, but it doesn't really matter—the worst will be temporary disgrace, and one needn't read criticisms. I promised them to write to you about it, and it 's true I wish you would send, but that 's all."

The note also contains an arrangement for going over to Cheyne Walk one day; and that it was long since this had happened may be gathered from a jest in his last words: "So about seven on Monday—and try not to look surprised if you find me bald and fat!" To Mr. Leyland soon afterwards he writes pleasantly of this meeting: "I have seen Gabriel and spent an affectionate little time with him which really comforted me."

Rossetti's position with regard to the Grosvenor Gallery is best described by quoting from a letter that he wrote to The Times, in order to correct an idea propounded in that newspaper that ill-health was the reason of his not contributing to the exhibition. He says: "Will you allow me to state that my health has nothing whatever to do with my not exhibiting at the New Gallery? I never painted in the same space of time so many pictures of the same size and study as within the last few years, and up to this writing.

I beg to subjoin the letter which I wrote in answer to the application I finally received from Mr. C. E. Hallé, the Secretary of the Grosvenor Gallery, as by this means I can best explain myself. What I there say in relation to the Royal Academy was necessitated by the evidently mistaken reports which had reached Mr. Hallé as to my views." This letter was written in January, 1877, and the one to Mr. Hallé which he enclosed now follows.

"Dear Sir,—About a year ago I first received in the country a letter from Mr. Comyns Carr conveying Sir Coutts Lindsay's invitation to me to exhibit at the new Grosvenor Gallery. I then said that I felt no certainty on the point, but would speak with Mr. Burne Jones on my return to London. Since I have been here again I have seen both Mr. Carr and Mr. E. B. Jones and expressed to them the reasons why I do not think it, on the whole, advisable for me to exhibit at the Grosvenor Gallery. I now have to thank you for your extremely courteous and considerate letter on the subject, and for your assurance of what I felt certain would be the case in a gallery so conducted—viz. that no work whatever of mine will be accepted for exhibition from a possessor without my sanction.

"With reference to what you say respecting the Academicians as exhibitors at the Grosvenor, their body, of course, includes names which elicit enthusiastic regard from no one more than from me. Watts has long held a nobly distinct position, and every year of his life has advanced his art; Millais has greater force in the rendering of nature than any painter in the world. Such men must be an accession, indeed, to any ranks, but a principle was put forward simultaneously with the project of building the Grosvenor Gallery which seems to me irreconcileable with the invitation of artists belonging to the Royal Academy; as I cannot see that they fail of due opportunity for the display of their powers on their own walls. Assuredly there is much force in what you say as to a probability of the secession of valuable exhibitors from the Grosvenor to the Academy in

course of time, if the new body is not put on a quite distinct basis. And, indeed, were the Academy both to exhibit its own products at the Grosvenor and to annex your other exhibitors by a gradual process, there is no doubt that your gallery would so become in the long run a subsidiary of Burlington House. In writing the above, I hope you will accept my assurance that I have not the faintest invidious feeling. All that seems to me as a single secluded artist to be desirable, is that there should be a fair field for all, such as may do away with complaints and heartburnings inevitable always while space is insufficient for all; and this aim can be attained only by plans shewing the enterprise which Sir Coutts Lindsay has shewn, and becoming eventually commensurate with the demand for space on all hands.

"Thus my own resolution not to exhibit at present at the Grosvenor is not dependent mainly on any question connected with the Royal Academy, though I do think, as above stated, that some difficult considerations are involved in the invitation of its members. What holds me back is simply that lifelong feeling of dissatisfaction which I have experienced from the disparity of aim and attainment in what I have all my life produced as best I could. My wish is to assure you that distrust of myself and not of others is the cause of my little-important reticence.

"Your scheme must succeed were it but for one name associated with it—that of Burne Jones—a name representing the loveliest art we have.

"With thanks to Sir Coutts Lindsay for his invitation, and thanking yourself again no less personally than officially, I remain, dear Sir, yours very truly,

"D. G. Rossetti."

When Edward knew of the generous reference in this letter to himself and his work he wrote, warmly and impulsively, to Gabriel.

"Folks shewed me your letter in the Times the other day. I was made so happy by your words about me—if there 's anything in me for you or others to like, it 's your

making—ask everywhere if I ever change in saying it, or ever forget it—I don't think you doubt it though. No one in this world has owed so much to another as I do to you, and pleasant as praise is to an artist I know I shall never in my life take it for myself; I know I needn't tell you this, but the renewal of vows between friends is good."

From May onwards in 1876, England was troubled and aroused by accounts of an access of misery in Bulgaria through Turkish misrule, and of massacres by the soldiery which had followed any attempt at resistance by the unhappy people. Edward was amongst the crowds who went to Trafalgar Square and Hyde Park to protest against the horror of this, and against the possibility of our Government, for political reasons, supporting Turkey's refusal of Russia's demand for reformation. He was in complete sympathy with the action that Morris took in becoming Treasurer to the Eastern Question Association, of which he himself was a member, but his feeling on the subject was purely human and not political. "I know nothing of politics," he wrote to a friend at this time; "I very heartily want them swept away if God would send a besom, but the summer has been made really nightmarey to me by thinking over these doleful miseries—and it seems a shame to be comfortable and a shame to be happy."

A letter from Ruskin, dated Venice, 8th December, shews that Edward had written to him asking his help in the agitation which was steadily growing in England. "All your letter is very precious to me," he says; "I am greatly amazed for one thing, to find I can be of any use and value to you in this matter—supposing myself a mere outlaw in public opinion. I hope neither Morris nor you will retire wholly again out of such spheres of effort. It seems to me especially a time when the quietest men should be disquieted, and the meekest self-asserting."

At the time that Ruskin was writing these words a great National Conference was being held in St. James's Hall, for it was in the air that England might yet fight for Turkey, and to many that thought was intolerable. The hall

was crammed everywhere: the women sat apart in the end galleries, so that we could see all the body of the building filled with a black mass of men, and it looked very impressive. The conveners of the Conference were in the orchestra, Morris in the front row; but Edward was not there—the fatigue was too great for him to risk. The meeting lasted nine hours, and Gladstone's reception and speech were memorable things. An undated note to Allingham during the long excitement of this matter has in it a breath of the eagerness of the time.

"*Do* write to the Eastern Association and urge them to move and have meetings everywhere—please do—it can't do harm; it must do good. I don't know why they have let even this week slip by. One gets to mistrust every one."

Apart from the strength he shewed in public work, Morris' vigour of body, mind, and spirit in these days was astonishing. His mighty poem of Sigurd the Volsung was written whilst he was taking a most active share in Committee and other work for the Eastern Question Association. These were anxious days. "The nearer the danger of our tumbling into an unjust war, the more sickening and disgusting it seems to me," he writes. There was another big public meeting in St. James's Hall in May, 1877, which I find thus mentioned beforehand by Edward: "To-night I am going to help to kick up a row at a public meeting"; and afterwards: "I couldn't get into the meeting it was so crammed—I had to come away." I suspect he did that very cheerfully, for, as we know from old Hogarth Club days, if there was a thing he hated it was a formal meeting for whatever purpose. The following letter to Dr. Radcliffe does not refer to this occasion, but shews his general feeling to have been unaltered.

"I would come to you gladly but that I have been nailed to-morrow night by —— for an odious and detestable public meeting that I could not decline—so I shall be biting my nails with fidgets, and stewing away in an oven, and going mad with resolutions and amendments and hear-hears, not a quarter of a mile off you; there is no help for it." Quite

like him it was both to hate a thing and to do it with an excellent grace as soon as it became a personal matter with any one for whom he cared.

One day in April a letter to his son says: "I worked till Thursday night at pictures for the Grosvenor, and now I want never to hear the word again." So it was—he had done the work and sent it out as the most direct way of communicating it to others, but the appeal was a silent one—he would know by signs of sympathy more subtle than words whether it was successful or not. To the opening of the Grosvenor Gallery he sent, by Sir Coutts Lindsay's invitation, eight pictures; "The Days of Creation," "Venus' Mirror," "The Beguiling of Merlin," and five single figures of "Temperantia," "Fides," "Spes," "St. George," and a "Sibyl." From that day he belonged to the world in a sense that he had never done before, for his existence became widely known and his name famous. A lady whom we afterwards knew well told me that she had seen and been much struck in 1870 by Edward's "Phyllis and Demophoön," but that, not having heard anything about him since, she "had thought the painter must be dead."

The power of the press in keeping a man's name before the public cannot be denied, but newspaper-reviews of Edward's pictures, favourable or otherwise, are not touched upon here because they held so insignificant a place in his life that they cannot be considered as one of its influences. He seldom saw any of them, though people did not fail to tell him of anything either specially sympathetic or abusive; but two words from a brother-artist were worth them all. The world of interest and help that artists find in the work of each other is not known to those outside it, and if there is truth in

> The poison of the honey bee
> Is the artist's jealousy,

Blake could have put the other side of the question quite as well. An illustration of this occurs in a funny little studio conversation that Mr. Rooke describes between himself and Edward, about the early pictures of Mr. Spencer Stanhope.

E. B.-J. "His colour was beyond any the finest in Europe; an extraordinary turn for landscape he had too—quite individual. Rossetti was in a perfect state of enthusiasm about it—that was how he got to know him."

T. M. R. "The first time I saw him was in the winter of 1869 to 1870, when he came into your studio one afternoon after you had gone out, and he was in such a passion of admiration over your head of 'Phyllis' that in my then unenlightened condition I supposed he couldn't be an artist."

E. B.-J. "Oh, little Rookie."

T. M. R. "Well, I thought to make a clean breast of it."

E. B.-J. "Call that a clean breast? I call it a most dirty breast—after that I don't know really what can be said."

Yet I would not wish it to be understood that advice, at the time it is given, is felt to be more acceptable amongst artists than to other men. Edward had a story of the way in which Rossetti, Morris, and himself used to take it. If Morris looked at a drawing of Gabriel's and said, "Don't you think that the head's too large?" Gabriel would answer, "Now I'm glad you've said that, for I was thinking it was too small—so it must be just the proper size, and that's all right." Morris was much more direct; Rossetti could say to him, "Neck's too long, old fellow," and Morris would catch him up at once with, "Too short, you mean—all right—I'll alter it." But if either of them told Edward that something was "out," he would say, "Out is it? then I'll set it right," and never touched it again.

An exception amongst professional critics was made by Edward from first to last in the case of his friend Mr. F. G. Stephens, who is well-known as having been originally a painter and one of the seven Pre-Raphaelite Brethren. Rossetti introduced him and Edward to each other at his own rooms in Chatham Place, towards the end of 1856. To Mr. Stephens the studio was always open.

In the June number of Fors Clavigera Ruskin considers the Grosvenor Gallery and its aims. Amongst other things he says: "It has been planned and is directed by a gentleman in the true desire to help the artists and better

the art of his country:—not as a commercial speculation. Since in this main condition it is right, I hope success for it; but in very many secondary matters it must be set on a different footing before its success can be sure." He instances that "Sir Coutts Lindsay is at present an amateur both in art and shopkeeping. He must take up either one or the other business, if he would prosper in either. If he intends to manage the Grosvenor Gallery rightly, he must not put his own works in it till he can answer for their quality; if he means to be a painter, he must not at present superintend the erection of public buildings, or amuse himself with their decoration by china and upholstery. The upholstery of the Grosvenor Gallery is poor in itself; and very grievously injurious to the best pictures it contains, while its glitter as unjustly veils the vulgarity of the worst."

The costly crimson Italian silk hangings of the big room might have fairly resented the epithet "poor," but that they were "grievously injurious" to some of the pictures there we knew too well, and our friend Mr. Hallé, the Secretary, was told so in a dismayed note from Edward. "To say the truth I had the greatest fear of the red when I saw it before it was put up—it seemed far too glaring to be tolerable near any delicately coloured picture, but I knew it the first moment I saw the gallery hung. It sucks all the colour out of pictures, and only those painted in grey will stand it. Merlin doesn't hurt because it's black and white, but the Mirror is gone I don't know where. As long as I only knew it, I didn't mind, but now I hear it on all sides and get teased incessantly with people's candour, so that I shall have to fly for months to escape condolences; indeed both red and green are far too strong —far; to stand them one would have to paint up to their level, which is rather inverting the first idea we had. The water-colour room doesn't hurt, and perhaps some olive colour or moderate red—one that would not scream all round one's work—might yet be inserted between the frames. They say, too, one can't see the glazed pictures

for the reflection of bright tables in them; and I can't take the glasses off, for the pictures—those at least that are oil —are unvarnished. I know in private houses that one's work is always destroyed by carpets and hangings, but in this Gallery, for a little time, one's colour ought to rest and tell as one meant it to. After the exhibition is over we might consult together and try to get more peace into the room, for it is that that is wanted, and so little would do it. If you can help about it I know you will."

It would not be fitting here either to quote at length or to discuss the estimate of Edward's work which Ruskin went on to give in Fors Clavigera, but the "true relation" which he claims for it "with the paternal and everlasting Art of the world" is a word that I do not fear to repeat. The argument Ruskin uses against hanging each man's work by itself is interesting, if not convincing: "The most original of painters repeat themselves in favourite dexterities,—the most excellent of painters forget themselves in habitual errors; and it is unwise to exhibit in too close sequence the monotony of their virtues, and the obstinacy of their faults. In some cases, of course, the pieces of an intended series enhance each other's beauty, but in general it is better that each painter should, in fitting places, take his occasional part in the pleasantness of the picture-concert, than at once run through all his pieces and retire."

And a warning which he gives deserves attention in the abstract, apart from any personal application: "The pictures of scholars ought not to be exhibited together with those of their masters, more especially in cases where a school is so distinct as that founded by Mr. Burne Jones, and contains many elements definitely antagonistic to the general tendency of public feeling. Much that is noble in the expression of an individual mind becomes contemptible as the badge of a party, and although nothing is more beautiful or necessary in the youth of a painter than his affection or submission to his teacher, his own work, during the stage of subservience, should never be exhibited where the

master's may be either confused by the frequency, or disgraced by the fallacy, of its echo."

With regard to a picture-gallery itself, I know that Edward thought all sumptuous hangings, gilding, and ornamental "features" out of place; he used to say that an architect, as the word is understood now, never ought to be asked to design one, but that with an artist to advise and a builder to build a satisfactory result could be got. Plain, finely proportioned and well lighted—a kind of sublimated barn—he suggested, where all inside should be subordinated to the welfare of the paintings on the (possibly whitewashed) walls.

I think he only went once to the present National Portrait Gallery, so disappointed was he with its construction and the way pictures looked in it: indeed he formulates his complaint very seriously, saying, "The bottom rooms are gloomy dark cellars where you can see nothing and the top ones are raked with blinding light from skylights that are too near them, so that Watts' portraits that are put in them are seen to the greatest disadvantage; they seem all lumps of paint and ribs of canvas—there is no chance of a ray of sentiment penetrating them."

After sending off his pictures to the Grosvenor Gallery, he turned at once to the large "Annunciation." Presently, however, when the time arrived for his studio to be cleaned, he went away for four days. He was always uneasy during the cleansing of what he called his "Augean Studio," and was eager to come back, and see with his own eyes that all was safe.

Wagner was in England this spring, conducting a series of concerts of his own music, and one day George Eliot wrote to ask Edward if she might bring Madame Wagner to the studio; adding, "She is, I think, a rare person worthy to see the best things, having her father's quickness and breadth of comprehension." They came, and a brief but most pleasant acquaintance was the result. Two or three visits from Madame Wagner, a drawing made of her, a few notes and letters, and then I doubt if they ever saw or heard

from each other again. Her knowledge of English was remarkable, and her power of expression in writing it is evident from the following letter concerning a cast of Beethoven's face which she had sent to Edward: "I was glad to hear that the cast had arrived safely. It is the one taken after death; you must excuse if it looks a little dusty and old, for it is my own I sent you, as I saw in coming to Germany that I was mistaken in thinking that it was to be got everywhere—in fact people care very little for great men, and methinks they put them statues to get rid of them."

Madame Wagner spoke also of another existing cast, taken during Beethoven's lifetime, but she feared it could not be a good one, because he tore it off his face as soon as it was put on, shouting, "You want to kill me."

Wagner was too much engrossed by work to accompany his wife to the Grange: polite messages were exchanged between him and Edward, but they did not meet. We went to several of his concerts, and even to a morning rehearsal of one at the Albert Hall, which was an extraordinary thing for Edward to do. This apparent desertion of work, however, had happy consequences; for soon after taking his place he discerned amongst the audience a young girl whose head was of a type that he knew would be helpful to him in his Perseus pictures. When the rehearsal was over he turned to Mr. Richard Grosvenor, who happened to be sitting near us, and said, "If only I could make some studies from her." "I'll ask if you may," was the answer, and to our amazement he went directly to the young lady and her mother, who were just going out. We saw him join them and disappear, but knew no more till the next day. Then Mr. Grosvenor came to tell us that, curiously enough, he had been able to do some little service for the ladies as they were entering the hall the day before, and so had earned a right to claim their attention afterwards, and that in the kindest way possible Edward's request had been granted. "She has often been called my 'Burne-Jones daughter,'" said the mother, with quiet understanding of

the incident. And so we came to know first Mrs. and Miss Benson of Alresford, and afterwards other members of their family. From the eldest son, Mr. W. A. S. Benson, Edward painted the head of his "Pygmalion." Of the music we went to hear that morning I am not skilled enough to speak, and it is only an accident of my story that makes it for a moment appear as if that great orchestra and the powerful spirit conducting it were but a background to the scene of which I have spoken. Of Madame Wagner Edward said that she sat so steadily that it was "like Memnon": of Miss Benson also his praise was great, and many were the studies he made from her.

About this time of his life we began to realize the benefit of sea-air to Edward. In October he writes: "I feel rather tired of work by now, and I shall I think go away for two or three days—to Brighton or Oxford, or some little near place, and play about a bit. I should like the sea, but I hate Brighton, and I love Oxford, but it isn't the sea." Brighton was decided upon, and during the short time he was there, he writes: "I walked out to a little village to-day called Rottingdean"—illustrating the words with a swift drawing of the church there, and of some coast-guards "who march about and look tremendous, and peer through telescopes suddenly as if the Armada was in sight and they must give the alarm." Of this village we had heard nothing hitherto, except that Miss Pankey, one of Mrs. Pipchin's weekly boarders, "was generally brought back from an aunt's at Rottingdean in deep distress on Sunday nights"; but during his brief visit to it Edward received an impression which returned to him afterwards, and decided the place of our second home. Mr. Eustace Balfour joined him in Brighton, and together they visited the bazaar on the old chain-pier, and there fell in love with two owls which they brought back to London. Socrates and Eustacia we named them. Our owl Socrates was at first extremely welcome, but intimate acquaintance as his keeper diminished my regard for him, for he had to be fed with raw meat which he ate by night, and every morning his cage was bespattered with blood,

his beak crimson, and his eyes dim from the orgy. Eustacia came to stay with us and behaved in exactly the same way, so that it was a great relief when a friend of Mr. Balfour's invited the two birds to come and live in his garden at Cambridge, whence they soon eloped together. For a long time Edward regretted the loss of Socrates, and when, in Paris the following spring, he ordered a plaster cast of a noble Graeco-Egyptian bird to be sent home, and told me that another owl was coming, I believed it to be alive, and he enjoyed my anxiety as to the safety and comfort of the poor thing on its journey to England; nor was I undeceived till its arrival.

This run to Paris was made at Easter in 1878, after sending off eleven pictures to the Grosvenor Gallery. Mr. Sidney Colvin and Cormell Price were with Edward, and he took his son also. His little daughter had now become a dear companion, and he wrote to her as her "foreign Papa" to tell her of their doings:

"It is so pretty here and bright and cheerful, and the streets so clean and white and people so nice. We've just come from seeing a Punch-theatre in the Champs Elysées—we paid a penny and went into a ring of people and sat on chairs and saw such a funny play, and laughed till we screamed—and wanted your Mammy and you with us to laugh too. I think we shall come back on Tuesday, or Wednesday at latest—will you make us welcome, or is it so nice for you two women without us that you don't want us yet? Tell that dear Mammy that her hard-earned money flies so fast—I don't know how—by the end of the day our pockets are quite emptied. Phil and I look so shabby already, like travelling Englishmen mostly do—only they seem to understand here. I think next year I must bring you, and your Mammy must come—tell her she must make up her mind to travel and see bright things, else she'll forget what the world looks like—and it doesn't everywhere look like London. To-day Crom, Phil, and I walked all about the old island where once Paris was, when it was forest everywhere else; then we had breakfast in the open air amongst

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the trees, and then we rode out a long way, and so the day has ended and we are rather tired."

Morris spent Easter Sunday in Paris with the little party. He was on the way to join his wife and daughters at Oneglia, where they and the George Howards had been wintering, and there was a happy plan for them all to take a tour together in North Italy now the spring was come. But a dismal fellow-traveller in the shape of gout was waiting his arrival, and no sooner had he joined his family than it declared its spoil-sport presence, and the pleasure of the time was gone. Both he and Edward had been thoroughly overdone during the winter, and sorely needed rest and change, but nothing could make them forget the haunting fear that their country might yet be dragged into war. Writing to his son in March Edward says: "I think the English are going to war, and I feel very sad, for I don't know what may not happen. I don't like to live in shameful days, and you are lucky not yet to be old enough to feel how woeful it is."

The year had opened with an access of excitement on this subject. We went, together with the Faulkners and Cormell Price, to the Workmen's Neutrality Demonstration that was held in Exeter Hall on January 16th, when the enthusiasm was so great that those present seemed to have but one heart. It had been an anxious question how to guide matters so as to prevent the meeting being broken up by its opponents, and yet to keep ourselves undistracted from the object for which we had come. Someone suggested that if the big organ were played whilst the hall was filling, it would form a central point of attention, and then the idea followed that a fine tune and suitable words, known to the audience, would set them singing together, which would be better still; so the Committee asked Morris if he would make them a song, and "Wake, London Lads" sprang from his heart, he having with a fine instinct chosen the tune of "The Hardy Norseman's Home of Yore." When we took our places in the orchestra the whole hall before us was spotted with white leaflets of the new poem, and without

rehearsal, without confusion, it was sung by the standing mass of people, with a great cheer at the end of each of the five verses. I remember after the challenge of the first words those which followed came with an infinite power of gentleness:

> From out the dusk, from out the dark,
> Of old our fathers came,
> Till lovely freedom's glimmering spark
> Broke forth a glorious flame:
> And shall we now praise freedom's dearth
> And rob the years to come,
> And quench upon a brother's hearth
> The fires we lit at home?
> O happy England, if thine hand
> Should forge anew the chain,
> The fetters of a tortured land,
> How were thy glory vain.

Yet within three weeks of this day the Liberal Party in Parliament had absolutely broken down, on a mere report that the Russians had entered Constantinople, and all opposition to the vote asked for by Government was withdrawn. The working men were quite ready to join the Eastern Question Association in another demonstration—this time in the Agricultural Hall, the largest building in London—and towards the guarantee fund for the expense of this Edward and other members of the Committee contributed £50 each, but when the hall was taken the Association as a body had not courage to carry out the plan, and our little group of friends was left heart-sick with disappointment.

Immediately after this came the news of Ruskin's serious illness. We were alone one evening, Edward working and I reading Cranford to him, when a note was suddenly put into his hand saying that our friend's life was in danger. The news came from Mrs. Simon, and could not be doubted, so we went at once to see her and to learn any details we could. Her husband had already started for Brantwood, happy in the possession of skill that might be of use there, and from his reports we used to learn daily about Ruskin's

state. Some form of inflammation of the brain had, for the time, brought him to death's door, nor could we then dare to hope for the recovery which gave him back to us.

"The Beguiling of Merlin" was exhibited this year at the Exposition Universelle in Paris, and Edward felt pleasure in being represented there. Of this picture M. Robert de la Sizeranne says: "It was an attraction to the critics, but not to the public. The painter seemed to dwell so far from our art and our life." When, eleven years afterwards, in 1889, "Cophetua and the Beggar Maid" was shewn, the effect was different.

A rather disastrous attempt at a family holiday took place in August. It had been at first arranged that only mother, son and daughter should go to Chamouni with our dear old friends the Simons, but just before we started Edward said that he would follow us. A note to his little girl heralded his coming.

"O my bright blue little Margot, this is Tuesday night and I have been in town to have my hair cut and my coat tried on, so that I may be respectable to walk among Halps with my daughter; if I came in an old coat with long hair she mightn't like it." This spelling of "Alps" dated from years back, when Ruskin's valet once said to Edward that his master was unwell and depressed, and how much he wished he could see him "take pleasure in a Halp again." "O," the letter goes on, "I want my babies so much, I don't a bit like my life here, and I want to be where my three are, and to make little jokes and have them sympathized with. Now I go to bed, and to-morrow I finish this letter.—And now it 's Wednesday morning and a week since you went, and I don't think I ever remember such a long week happening before—no, never—and if the next week is to be so long I shall sit down and burst of it."

He came, but reached us quite worn out with the railway journey, and for the rest of the time we all took turns in being ill. One beautiful day's drive down through the mountains, by the river Arve, as far as Bonneville, was worth a great deal of discomfort; but we unwisely pro-

longed the journey till late at night in order to reach Annecy, and paid the price in feverish chills and sore throats. At Aix-les-Bains we stopped a little to recover; and the remembrance of it as we left it, with a soft, pink evening light lying on "the Gates of the Hills" behind it, is like Bunyan's glimpse of the Celestial City.

In October Morris left Turnham Green and came to live a mile or so nearer to us, which made it an easy thing for him to walk to the Grange on Sunday mornings. We had long known the George MacDonalds as tenants of this new house, which was on the Upper Mall, Hammersmith; in their time it was called "The Retreat," but Morris changed the name to "Kelmscott House," in remembrance of his beautiful country home nearly a hundred miles further up on the same bank of the Thames. Kelmscott House was much larger than the one he left at Turnham Green, and had an adjoining stable and coach-house which have become historic among Socialists. There was also a long garden, of which Morris made the most by dividing it into separate spaces, as he had done at Upton. He used to say that the soil of this garden was composed chiefly of old shoes and soot, for no substitute for real country ever contented him; but the lawns and trees were very pleasant, and the river that flowed in front was a good change from the dusty high road.

The year was not to end without disturbance of a particularly trying kind. Ever since Ruskin's notice of the Grosvenor Gallery in Fors Clavigera there had been a rumour that Mr. Whistler was likely to claim damages from him in a court of law, on account of a strongly-worded sentence in that notice, which he considered might hinder the sale of his pictures. Ruskin himself was delighted at this prospect: "It 's mere nuts and nectar to me the notion of having to answer for myself in court, and the whole thing will enable me to assert some principles of art economy which I've never got into the public's head by writing, but may get sent over all the world vividly in a newspaper report or two." It was a year after this, however, when the

action was brought, and although he had quite recovered from his illness, he was not allowed to appear in the case. On November 2nd Ruskin writes to Edward: "I gave your name to the blessed lawyers, as chief of men to whom they might refer for anything which in their wisdom they can't discern unaided concerning me. But I commanded them in no wise and for no cause whatsoever to trouble or tease you; and neither in your case nor in that of any other artist, to think themselves justified in asking more than may enable them to state the case with knowledge and distinctness." Few positions could have been more annoying or difficult, for the paragraph containing the sentence in question—one of Ruskin's severest condemnations—was practically a comparison between Mr. Whistler's work and Edward's own. But the subject covered so much wider ground than any personality that Edward was finally able to put this thought aside and did with calmness what he had undertaken to do, namely, endorse Ruskin's criticism that good workmanship was essential to a good picture. His first reported words, "I am a painter and have been so for twenty years. I have painted some works which have become known to the public within the last two or three years," are a fair type of the modesty with which he gave evidence, and those who saw him said that he spoke with authority also. I shall string together and condense his answers in examination.

"I think that nothing but perfect finish ought to be allowed by artists; that they should not be content with anything that falls short of what the age acknowledges as essential to perfect work. I have seen the pictures by Mr. Whistler which were produced yesterday in this court, and I think the 'Nocturne in Blue and Silver' is a work of art, but a very incomplete one; an admirable beginning, but that it in no sense whatever shews the finish of a complete work of art. I am led to the conclusion because while I think the picture has many good qualities—in colour, for instance, it is beautiful—it is deficient in form, and form is as essential as colour." With regard to the next picture, "Battersea

Bridge," when asked to give an opinion he said: "The colour is even better than the other, but it is more formless, and as to the composition and detail, it has neither. The day and a half, in which Mr. Whistler says it was painted, seems a reasonable time for it." Then the "Nocturne in Black and Gold" was discussed, and being pressed as to whether in his opinion it was a work of art he said, "No, I cannot say it is," and gave as one reason for this that the subject itself was against it: "I never saw a picture of night that was successful. This is only one out of a thousand failures which artists have made in their efforts at painting it."

A portrait by Titian was brought into court as a sample of what was meant by "finish," and Edward recognized it as "a very perfect example of the highest finish that ancient artists aimed at." On counsel asking if he saw any mark of labour in the three pictures by Mr. Whistler that were under consideration, he answered: "Yes, there must have been great labour to produce such work, and great skill also, but I think he has evaded the chief difficulty of painting, and has not tested his powers by carrying it out. The difficulties in painting increase daily as the work progresses, and that is the reason why so many of us fail. The danger is this, that if unfinished pictures become common we shall arrive at a stage of mere manufacture, and the art of the country will be degraded."

Mr. Frith, R.A., and Mr. Tom Taylor, the art critic of The Times, were the other witnesses called on Ruskin's side. The verdict was of one farthing's damage for Mr. Whistler, and the judge, exercising his discretion, gave judgment for him without costs. Edward wrote to Rossetti afterwards: "The whole thing was a hateful affair and nothing in a small way ever annoyed me more—however, as I had to go I spoke my mind, and I try not to think of it all more than I can help." To another friend he said: "I wish all that trial-thing hadn't been; so much I wish it, and I wish Whistler knew that it made me sorry—but he would not believe." From Ruskin there came this acknow-

ledgement: "I'm very grateful to you for speaking up. I don't think you will be sorry hereafter that you stood by me, and I shall be evermore happier in my secure sense of your truth to me, and to a good cause—for there *was* more difficulty in your appearing than in anyone else's."

The school-letters came to an end this year, for we had arranged that our son should read at home with a tutor before matriculating at Oxford. I do not know the date of the letter from which I make this last extract, but it explains itself.

"As to divinity, I know at most schools they have an unlucky way of making one learn the Jewish history in any clumsy, crabbed, ill-written, dry book they can get made for money, rather than teach it out of the wonderful ancient book itself, and I expect it is that which hinders you. But as to knowing the parallel kings of Judah and Israel, depend on it the master who hears you knows the lesson only because he has the book before him. Read the Book of Kings yourself, and the lovely stories will fix the history in your mind, and you will never forget those that are important to remember; Ahab and Jehu, Ahaziah, Hezekiah, Josiah and Manasseh—those six only matter, after the division of the kingdom. But read the book itself as constantly as you can, for it's a glorious heap of antiquity, and if you ever need to learn a theology you shall find it there for yourself the day you need it."

CHAPTER XIX

THE VALLEY OF VISION
1879—1881

TWENTY more years of life still lay before Edward, and during them a new world formed itself around what remained of our old one. No friend, indeed, ever divided the place that Morris held, but, naturally, in a wide circle there were those who so fitted various parts of Edward's nature that they were taken forthwith into niches belonging expressly to themselves. Younger men began instinctively to draw towards him as a teacher, for he had a way of sharing the results of experience without seeming to give advice, and gained their confidence by stripping seriousness of pomposity. Some of the things he and others felt most deeply he could, as it were, project into space and look at, and discuss freshly and humorously.

We never did what is called "entertaining," but, as far as we could, kept open house in a simple enough way. Though we never had any special time for being at home, Sunday always brought someone to the Grange. The day began with Morris' strenuous company at breakfast and a morning of work with him; friends generally dropped in, or had been invited to lunch; others, together with a fringe of acquaintances, filled the afternoon, and almost always some remained for the evening. It was, therefore, no time of rest for Edward, who was often more tired on Monday morning than on Saturday night.

He never refused to see young artists who asked to shew him their work (for fear, as he said, of turning away an angel unawares), but the various types of beginners were, of course, well known to him, and after the first interview

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he did not waste time on the hopeless or pretentious. One class of them gave him considerable trouble—namely, women, from their quick imitative power which led them to a certain point and no further. Imagination, he complained, was rare in their work; they would bring him figures painted without any background, for instance, and have no idea as to what was behind them, or what they were standing upon. "You can't leave it all fuzzy," he said once in despair; "what 's this figure of a woman standing upon? Is it earth or bricks or stones or carpet—she must be standing on something, mustn't she? she can't be standing upon nothing, can she? You must think. Go home and think about it." Another class, on which he felt no necessity to spend much time, was the "professional student" who made a round of the best-known artists in England and France, studying for a while in the manner of each.

By degrees Edward went more and more into Society, but compared with those to the manner born his most was not much. Occasionally he was amongst the company at Gladstone's breakfasts, where he greatly liked and admired his host, and a visit to Hawarden confirmed these feelings; in a long correspondence with Miss Gladstone he touches with enthusiasm upon some of the work done by her father. A letter written whilst the Gladstones were at Venice in 1879 is chiefly about the city itself and its history. He warns her: "Don't be carried about to see things; Venice is the chief picture there, and don't weary your eyes with others—but get men to row you in and out of all the by-ways, and watch every corner you turn. I hope they won't drag you to be impressed by Tintorets—they do impress, but at the right hour and time, when one is ready and needs them." Then he goes on: "There are two places where the history of Venice is most told, and the air is full of it; one is the Piazzetta, where all those tumults were, where the ships came with porphyry pillars and marbles for the church. Do you remember the day when all Venice stood there and waited to know its doom and at night the

victorious banished admiral came back with deliverance for it, like another Camillus? Did you ever read about Carlo Zeno and the battle of Chioggia?—it 's one of the thrilling days in history—like Thermopylae—all ancient Venice surged about those pillars and made such a history. And the other place is Torcello—that 's the mother-city, and where grass is now was once a real city for centuries. You know about it all, I know, but who is tired of saying it or thinking it over and over again?"

He kept no writing-table in the studio because if he did it was covered at once with books and drawings. "O," he exclaims in a letter to a friend, "I am writing under the most miserable conditions—thin foreign post, over an uneven ground of books and matchboxes and cigars—you know the look of my writing-table." The physical act of writing became increasingly irksome to him, so that he did it impatiently, and as others would think uncomfortably, but he had his own order amongst disorder. He was a strange mixture of recklessness and caution both in speaking and writing. Often he was quite unguarded, and if reminded that written words remained, would only say, "O, no one keeps what I write." He would sometimes write a great deal to some particular friend for a while, and then cease entirely till a fresh spirit revived the correspondence. There were, also, people whom he loved, but to whom he found a difficulty in writing at all. "There be some who make all speech impossible to me," he said, "not from any dislike, but they make speech impossible."

He would often be painting in his studio when something he wished to say to a friend occurred to him—then he would rise, go down to the dining-room, palette and brushes in hand, lay them upon the first place that would hold them, and write incredibly quickly with a bad pen on an untidy table, address the letter, put it in the hall post-box on his way upstairs, and be at work again before one could believe it possible. But brief as the time was, he occasionally arranged a trap during it into which someone was certain to fall. He would leave behind him a "surprise picture"

swiftly drawn on the under-side of a sheet of paper, and invisible until in course of writing or folding a letter the fourth page was reached. Then the unconscious writer was surprised by some strange sight. I remember once, at the end of a business note to the Dean of Christ Church, which

I had just written at Edward's own dictation, finding a picture of an infant faun playing bo-peep, and that Edward was almost as startled as I was. His apologies for my having to make an expurgated copy of the note were only half-hearted.

We had lost a kind and pleasant friend in G. H. Lewes at the end of 1878, and at first it seemed as if George Eliot had departed too, so overwhelming was her grief and her seclusion so deep; but in about four months there came a note from her, and she found strength to see us both, before leaving for Witley in the spring. A letter from her in June explains itself, and is a time-mark of the day she mentions:

"I am wishing Margaret many happy returns of this day, and am making a picture of you all keeping the little fête. A young birthday when the young creature is promising is really a happy time—one can hope reasonably, and the elder ones seeing their blood warm while they feel it cold may be content that gladness has passed onward from them into newer vessels. I should like to see the blue-eyed maid with the bangles on her arms." How those bangles came there is the point of this remembrance. It was Edward's delight to surprise his children with presents, and for this birthday he got his little daughter a set of bangles, one for every year she had lived. But she knew nothing of it, so he asked her to come to his bedside first thing in the morning, and then, when they were alone in the room, amused himself by presenting her solemnly with one bangle only, and waiting to see how she would accept it. Gladly enough, and with no thought of more—whereupon with great surprise he found a second in a fold of his counterpane, and a third by his side, and a fourth under his pillow, in the manner of a conjuror, and went on with the drama of astonishment until with peals of laughter the tale of her years was accomplished. Had our friend seen it all, she would have known that this man of forty-six felt his life as warmly as the child with whom he was playing.

He spent a day at Witley in the autumn and thus describes it: "The day was a very nice one with George Eliot—she lives in a lovely country, too, near Godalming, with the garden on a steep slope, which is always pretty. She met me at the gate and looked well, and in the afternoon we went a long drive. I asked about work, but she is doing none of her own, only busily working on what her husband left, and there will not be anything of hers in that, only careful editor's work. She seemed to like to talk about him, and her face looked not a bit more sorrowful than it used to, nor was she changed in any way. We talked about Homer and lost Greek poems, and many and many a thing. I think she is working much at Jewish matters, for the table was covered with Hebrew books—when I say covered I

mean there were two or three, but she said she was busy with that literature."

The "lovely country" of Surrey palled upon him when he saw more of it, and once, after a visit there in later years, he gave the reason of his disappointment: "You could see sixty miles away over a soft land, too soft. I wanted some desolate bits and a woeful tale or two, and to be told 'At such a point was such a battle, and by that tower was such a combat and in that tower such a tragedy'—so long ago that I couldn't be very sorry. Nobody knew anything of anywhere, and everybody smiled fat smiles at the big green carpet. It seemed churlish not to admire it. It was bonny, but I like other lands better, and now and then I want to see Hell in a landscape. All that is like a silly Heaven."

The threatened destruction of the west front of St. Mark's, Venice, this year, under the name of "restoration," touched Edward as much as it did Morris, who took so chief a part in averting the evil. Now was seen the value of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings which they had helped to found a couple of years before, and whose machinery was all ready for use. Morris, as the Society's public representative, got out a memorial at once, protesting against the ruinous scheme, besides writing a powerful appeal to the newspapers, and calling meetings in London, Birmingham, and Oxford. At this last place Edward was so moved by the subject as to speak publicly for the only time in his life—privately his words were many and strong. To Miss Gladstone he says: "I write to you because I want you to tell me what time your father has to spare, and if you think he would help—I know he would if he saw the way. It is such cursed work—so needless, so stupid, such devilry in short. If they want to give employment let them begin a new St. Mark's on one of the islands, or a manufactory or what they like, or dredge the canals, but I know all the wicked history of these restorations. It is so hard to get people to care—even those who are on one's side in so many ways don't care to help in this. A modern Homer wouldn't be more useless, empty,

and hateful to your father than the mockery of St. Mark's they will make to me. Do ask your father what is best to do. Who is the Minister of Works? How can we reach him? Could a wide memorial signed by hundreds of us effect anything? If it wouldn't, still it might be good to try. I shall see all the people I can think of and beseech them to help, but they would listen to your father over there—would he have time to help if I asked him? It is an imminent danger."

Gladstone did sign the memorial, and Edward writes again: "Say I am deeply grateful for his signing, for you see it means more than St. Mark's—we want to strike at all these cruel destructions and obliterations of history, and we can and have done good even if St. Mark's has to go." Lord Beaconsfield also signed. "Yes," Morris wrote on November 24th, "the Memorial has flourished and Dizzy did actually sign on Saturday; I have many a worrit over it and even now I am not quite sure what to do with it; for this morning is news from Italy that the Minister has sent word to the Prefect of Venice to stop the restoration of the Mosaic. What this means I don't quite know, but I hope it is the stopping of the work on the pavement, because I feel sure that we have saved the west front already. I suppose in any case, even if the Memorial is a mere formality, it will have to go; we have to hand it to the Ambassador here: I must say it seems to me extremely absurd that we can't send it by post as to an ordinary mortal. In truth what has really worried me in this matter has been all the ridiculous rigmarole and social hypocrisy one has to wade through."

In these days the one great difference between Edward and Morris—which yet did not divide them—was beginning to make itself felt. Morris was growing more and more restless and disturbed in mind by the conditions of modern life, and his conscience was dragging him towards some definite work for its amendment, while Edward held that it was always a mistake, if not a wrong thing, for a man to swerve from the exercise of his own special gift, or

seek another way of helping the world. Speaking of their difference long afterwards, Edward called it "the only time when I failed Morris." Morris, however, was strong enough to pursue his way alone, and their friendship was none the less for it.

Edward always regretted that Morris joined the Socialist body. He said: "When he went into it I thought he would have subdued the ignorant, conceited, mistaken rancour of it all—that he would teach them some humility and give them some sense of obedience, with his splendid bird's-eye view of all that has happened in the world and his genius for History in the abstract. I had hopes he would affect them. But never a bit—he did them absolutely no good—they got complete possession of him. All the nice men that went into it were never listened to, only noisy, rancorous ones got the ear of the movement."

Once, when it was urged upon him that, after all, Morris' connection with Socialism was an important part of his life, he would not allow even so much, maintaining that "it was a parenthesis," and that "Morris was before all things a poet and an artist." Yet in a letter written after Morris had formally joined the Democratic Federation he shews a clear understanding of his friend's motive, and the expression of his own feeling proves that they only parted company about the means to be employed for one and the same end.

"Yes, I know 'Progress and Poverty,' and admire it greatly, its nobility of temper and style—but its deductions, O, I knew all that long ago—it is a book that couldn't more persuade me of a thing I believed already—and you must have patience with some of us who say things more strongly still. How can some men help having an ideal of the world they want, and feeling for it as for a religion, and sometimes being fanatical for it and unwise—as men are too for the religion that they love? It must be, and Morris is quite right, only for my sake I wish he could be out of it all and busy only for the things he used to be busy about. I shall never again make myself much unhappy about pass-

ing events—it would be easy to break oneself to bits with fruitless trouble; I shall never try again to leave the world that I can control to my heart's desire—the little world that has the walls of my workroom for its furthest horizon;—and I want Morris back to it, and want him to write divine books and leave the rest. Some day it will all change violently, and I hate and dread it but say beforehand it will thoroughly serve everybody right—but I don't want to see it or foresee it, or dwell upon it." This seclusion of an artist with his work, sometimes misconceived of as a selfish thing, is in truth as needful a tool as any if a vision is to be made clear to others, and all the men I have known do creative work obtained it; either mechanically, by the walls of a workroom, or by that withdrawal into themselves which is part of their power.

The letter that follows was written when Edward had been asked through Morris whether he would be likely to accept the invitation to which it refers. His answer was addressed to Morris, but was really a formal document intended to explain his views to the Committee of the Royal Society of Artists in Birmingham. He says: "I have considered the subject on which you spoke to me—the suggestion, namely, that possibly I might be invited to follow you in the office of President of the Fine Art Society at Birmingham—and have come to the conclusion that I ought not to accept it, though of course such an offer would be very gratifying to me. The difficulty would be the lecture, a thing as you know so utterly out of my way, which I could not possibly make light of, and should have for many reasons to prepare with the utmost carefulness. What have I to say that Ruskin or you have not said already? And although you might answer justly that constant reiteration of even a few truths is a necessary and helpful part of our work, still it would take me much time to put anything that occurred to me in a new form—and all my habits of labour for many years now have been carrying me further and further from the possibility of easily expressing myself by words. I have lots to say, of course, and could say it informally, about

Art and its relations to life, but I do really think that the labour of shaping it into a presentable form would be out of all proportion to its usefulness, and that many an hour would be better spent over my ordinary work. I don't mean to my own advantage, but looking at the people I should most like to serve of all others, namely the people I was born amongst, I think I could better serve them by carrying on my accustomed work.

"If such an offer came from any other town I should not hesitate a moment to think it over, but in this case I have thought about it and what I could say, and how like an impertinent sermon a great deal of what might have to be said would be—the first time I appeared amongst them too —and I believe not said well enough to give me a right to say it. If you could make this a little clear to them I should be very glad, and if you could say, too, that I am not unmindful of their claim upon me and am grateful for their interest in me." Five years later, however, when the invitation was renewed, he accepted it on the condition that it involved no kind of lecture or speech.

Morris went down to Birmingham and gave, as President of the Society of Artists there, the splendid lecture afterwards published as The Art of the People. The morning after his return he looked in on Edward to report himself and the impressions of his visit, and the result of their conversation was the draft of a letter from Edward to Mr. John Henry Chamberlain, Vice-Chairman of the Royal Society of Artists and Chairman of the School of Art. The suggestions contained in it are interesting to compare with what has since been actually done in Birmingham. By an accident, however, these notes were mislaid, and only found again within the last three years. They are dated February 23rd, 1880, and are as follows.

"Whilst talking with Mr. Morris both before and since his visit to Birmingham, we have been much struck with the need there is in that important town for a Public Museum of Art. It is not too much to say that without one a School of Art is impossible—how can students work

properly without some high standard of art before their eyes, some visible authority to which reference can be made? an Art Museum is as essential for a student of art as a library is to the student of letters. Will you allow me then to ask your attention to this subject, and let us see if anything can be done to get an Art Museum for Birmingham.

"A building is the first requisite, nor would it be long wanting, I am sure, if once public interest is aroused. It should of course be large, and fireproof (as far as that is possible), and in the basement should be placed casts of sculpture of the finest Greek and Florentine work—a thing easily attainable now, only needing judicious selection and advice which could be easily obtained—and then at once you would have objects that would open the eyes and the hearts of the students more than hundreds of lectures or lessons on art—which of course they cannot imagine, having never seen anything of the kind.

"I speak very feelingly—for I know that if there had been one cast from ancient Greek sculpture or one faithful copy of a great Italian picture to be seen in Birmingham when I was a boy, I should have begun to paint ten years before I did; it was not till I came to London that I saw anything of the sort. In the upper rooms there should be a permanent collection of pictures, engravings and drawings, and a select library of books bearing on art. I say 'permanent' because I know that moving works of art backwards and forwards in sending them to loan collections does them great damage; especially with regard to pictures it is evident that the shaking of many journeys does mechanical injury by loosening the paint on the surface—not to mention other and worse dangers of destruction on the railway; I have lately known valuable work burnt in transit by rail. This being the case, and also as I think we shall agree about the desirability of establishing as many centres of education as possible in the country, my feeling is that it would be well to discourage the idea of a Loan Museum, and to bend all our energies towards forming a lasting collection of works of Art. And for the picture gallery which must form part of this, I should

urge you to form it in the first place not from the works of contemporary artists which have not yet been submitted to the verdict of time, but of the best copies procurable of the recognized masterpieces of the world still left to us. A gallery of these would be of infinite value and help to students and the public—it would be a great thing if you could found a School of Copying in Birmingham; the result would be unique, and many and many a young man now doing poor work of his own, which he is obliged to shew in order to earn money by it, would then be able to support himself by making faithful copies of the best pictures whilst carrying on his own studies privately and gaining the best instruction by the very act of copying great art. There are numbers also who never can do original work but yet could be trained to make admirable copies.

"In your library you might have illuminated MSS., old books of engravings etc., and a small nucleus would soon attract gifts—for while I deprecate the loan I desire the gift of works of art. I am sure the thing will thrive when once started.

"Anyway, you cannot, as I said, have a School of Art without a Museum of it—there must be models and standards of excellence before the eyes of learners, or they have nothing to compare their own work with, and do not even know after what they are striving.

"Armed with this you will be safe from a chance to which all schools are exposed—of different teachers teaching differently, or of agitation arising from without or within owing to there being no settled authority at hand to appeal to; and in course of time I know that even the silent presence of great works in your town will produce an impression on those who see them, and the next generation will, without knowing how or why, find it easier to learn than this one does whose surroundings are so unlovely."

Within five or six years afterwards a Municipal Art Gallery and Museum, which now holds a high, if not the highest place in the country, had been built in Birmingham, but neither that city nor any other has adopted the idea of

collecting copies of masterpieces. It was an aim of which Edward never lost sight, and in it he included careful notes of ancient buildings; for besides the pleasure of possessing such records, he foresaw their value in case of destruction befalling the originals. He urged Mr. Rooke to give part of every year to making memorials of vanishing buildings, frescoes, etc., and both he and Ruskin obtained such mementoes during the time Mr. Rooke was in Italy. I have seldom seen Edward more pleased than on the arrival of a roll of these drawings, and it was to the destruction of a quantity of beautiful water-colour copies of mosaics in St. Mark's that Edward refers here. The Post Office railway van caught fire, and by a cruel chance, whilst the note of advice that accompanied them announcing that the pictures were on their way arrived safely, the precious work itself was lost.

Whilst Tennyson was in London for the season this year Edward took me to see him for the first time. Mr. Hallam Tennyson kindly arranged an evening when we should find his father and mother alone; he himself had to go out after welcoming us. Mrs. Tennyson, who always went early to bed, rose from her sofa about ten o'clock, and when her husband put his arm round her to help her to her room I thought that her gentle farewell ended the evening, but to my joy, Tennyson asked us to await his return, and afterwards came back and carried us to his study, where we sat an hour with him and found him in his talk powerful, beautiful and simple. When we left he came down to the hall with us, and stopped there talking—leaning as he talked against the doorpost of the room where I was putting on my cloak. As I came out he asked what children we had, and especially about the girl. I told him with truth that he was a hero to her already, and how much she treasured the remembrance of his only call at the Grange, when we were out and she had seen him. "Give her my love," he said, in a slow, deep voice, "and tell her I remember her"—then, catching himself up, he added with a half chuckle, "it would be a lie, though, for I don't"; and our visit ended in laughter. This

was the only time I saw Tennyson, and it was in a good hour.

The pressure of work to complete "The Golden Stairs" for the Grosvenor Gallery this spring was very great: on April 22nd I find a note of it in my diary: "The picture is finished, and so is the painter almost. He has never been so pushed for time in his life." Indeed the yearly preparation for exhibition was equivalent to a yearly illness, but on another side of the question was the satisfaction that came afterwards in feeling "Well, that is finished"—as it might not have been under less compulsion. On the afternoon of the same day that "The Golden Stairs" went to the Grosvenor Gallery, Edward and the two "children," as we still called them, went down to Littlehampton together with our friend Mr. T. J. Sanderson, staying at the pretty little whitewashed, red-roofed hotel on the beach for a few days. I remember that he took with him a book called Sister Dora, the memoir of a beautiful and devout woman (a sister of Mr. Mark Pattison, the Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford) who gave her life to work amongst the sick poor, and how affected by it he was. He wrote to Miss Gladstone, who had sent him the book:

"I have read every word of 'Sister Dora,' and it is as wonderful a life and as beautiful as ever I heard of —it feels so strange that any one like that was living but just now: it's a heavenly little book, and I shall get all my friends to read it. I think every one ought to know of such a life. I wish the death hadn't been quite so painful and prolonged and forlorn—but it wouldn't matter."

A few days before Edward left town we had a visit from George Eliot, memorable because it was the last time we ever saw her. She came to say good-bye before going abroad, and after first sitting with Edward in the studio came down and talked with me. Her manner was even gentler and more affectionate than usual, and she looked so unfit to do battle with daily life, that in spite of all her power a protecting feeling towards her rose in my heart.

She seemed loth to go, and as if there was something that she would have said, yet did not. I have always remembered, though, the weariness she expressed of the way in which wisdom was attributed to her. "I am so tired of being set on a pedestal and expected to vent wisdom—I am only a poor woman" was the meaning of what she said if not the exact phrase, as I think it was.

A fortnight later she wrote to tell us she was about to marry Mr. Cross. This marriage she calls "a sort of miracle in which I could never have believed, and under which I still sit amazed"; and then continues with wonderful sweetness: "If it alters your conception of me so thoroughly that you must henceforth regard me as a new person, a stranger to you, I shall not take it hardly, for I myself a little while ago should have said this thing could not be. Explanations of these crises, which seem sudden though they are slowly, dimly prepared, are impossible."

Just at this time, too, great public changes were taking place, and in the return of a Liberal Government to power Edward saw a triumph of the side of things from which he hoped most, especially for Ireland. "I shall paint Righteousness and Peace kissing each other," he wrote. "The story of Ireland is one of such unavengeable wrong that I don't wonder they cannot forgive. It takes long to forget injustice and put hatred out of one's heart—and I think imaginative people hold to their hatreds and let go of them reluctantly—more than others—and the Irish are an imaginative race."

As to the world-wide politics that raise or lower a people, I recall words of George Eliot's, giving her mind on a subject which of late has become of terrible interest again. She wrote to us in January about the gloom and fog of London as "our Egyptian darkness—come perhaps because we will not let the Afghans and the Boers go."

Our son matriculated at Oxford in February, at the same age that his father had done nearly twenty-eight years before. There is a dreamy tone in the letter that Edward wrote commending him to his old friend Charles Faulkner, as if

he could not realize that the little boy who had been his playfellow for so long was on the verge of manhood.

"On Monday Phil goes to matriculate at thy college. Collingwood [his tutor] said no preliminaries were needed and he had merely to present himself—so on Monday there he will be to take his chance. Beat him, if needful, gate him, do all that the experience of years and study of ancient wisdom on the subject of youth suggests to thy mind, supposing that he enters. Whether the scholastic ferule or stick is still in use I know not, or whether the more advanced and subtle weapon of sarcasm obtains."

Faulkner's answer has the same autumnal colour.

"Dear Ned, I will welcome Phil, and he shall talk to me, if I can't talk to him. He, I hope, will be one of a new generation. This one has gone away backwards. I was at a scientific club dinner last night, and afterwards had a smoke with three other Liberals, who mourned in common with me that the present young generation is less liberal than the one that was young twenty years ago. It is so. The so-called younger Liberals of to-day can prove that a corpse can be galvanized to live, and are engaged in trying the process on Turkey and our British Church. *Fingunt creduntque*. I wish I could talk or think of something else. I will try to amend my ways for Phil's sake." All this smouldering sadness and discontent was before long to take light from Morris, and to the advance of Socialism Faulkner devoted his remaining strength.

A great deal of stained glass was now being made by Morris, and Edward amused himself by writing a long note in his account-book about one of his designs, which he describes as "a colossal work of fifteen subjects—a masterpiece of style—a *chef-d'œuvre* of invention, a *capo d'opera* of conception, a Herculean labour—hastily estimated in a moment of generous friendship for [such and such a sum]. If the Firm regards as binding a contract made from a noble impulse, and in a mercenary spirit declines to reopen the question, it must remain—but it will equally remain a monument of art and ingratitude." Such an entry

as this would be written very quickly with a grave face, and the book immediately closed and put away.

A letter of this summer, written to Norton, gives us a vision of Edward himself and Morris and Rossetti.

"If you came in to-day I will tell you what would happen; no, I daren't do that, but if you had come yesterday I will tell you all you would have found. First, it was a lazy day with me, for I get from time to time dregs of an old Italian fever, and have to put by work—and so I lay in a hammock under the big hawthorn-tree in the garden and read a book. Margaret came from school—the brightest of bright things is that damsel, half a head taller than her mother, and I sit and chuckle at the sight of her, and nudge my neighbour: also I praise her to her face that she may be used to flattery and be sick of it, and not astonished or touched when it is used by others—that is my way with her. Towards evening Morris came—for it was Georgie's birthday—and you would have found him just as if no time had gone by, only the best talk with him is while he is hungry, for meat makes him sad. So it is wise to delay dinner, and get out of him all you can in walks round the garden. He is unchanged—little grey tips to his curly wig—no more; not quite so stout; not one hair less on his head, buttons more off than formerly, never any necktie—more eager if anything than ever, but about just the same things; a rock of defence to us all, and a castle on the top of it, and a banner on the top of that—before meat—but the banner lowered after that. Then the family—how unchanged all these years and what happy fortune for me, and why? and how long will it be? Alas, I say we are not changed, but how do I know? come and see.

"One night lately I spent the evening with Rossetti—there is change—enough for us all if it had been distributed amongst us, amongst any seven of us. He has given it all up, and will try no more, nor care much more how it all goes. It's nine years since he came to the Grange—now he goes nowhere and will see scarcely any one. Four or five times a year I go to spend a ghostly evening with him, and come

Family Group.

back heavy-hearted always, sometimes worse than that—it 's all past hope or remedy, I think, and his best work has been done—and I don't know how it has all come about.

"And my rooms are so full of work—too full—and I have begun so much that if I live to be as old as the oldest inhabitant of Fulham I shall never complete it. And are you sorry they have dragged me out of my quiet? But they haven't and never shall. I read nothing that is said, I shall never be moved out of my plan of life, I shall alter nothing—neither my way of life or thought—nor go out more, nor waste my time in any of their devices, so don't be sorry, my dear. In a year or two they will tire and want a new thing. I am out of the story as they mean it, and you needn't be afraid. But, O me, I want you to see it—when you come (for you will come), I will take you to see every place where my things are. I have worked so hard I feel as if I had lived a hundred years—and when I am well it is still a fresh fountain every day. The old things are dearer and better to think of, nothing else has happened—I am just what you left me, only minding more for the same things and one or two new things—no more change than that.

"I was very ill for a bit last year—and I'm not ever very well. I don't know what could do me more good than seeing you, we might run somewhere together, and renew our youth—say you'll some day come, dear, dear old fellow."

This summer brought us a brief friendship and then took away the friend it gave—Mr. Thomas Dixon of Sunderland, to whom Ruskin wrote the letters afterwards published as Time and Tide by Wear and Tyne. Mr. Dixon had already written to Edward, but first came to the Grange one day early in June, when he lunched with us. We felt the delicacy of his nature, and liked him at once; and the liking was quickened when we found that his great wish was, not to introduce himself, but to bring his chief friend and hero, Joseph Skipsey, up from Newcastle to London for a few days, in order to make him known to some of the men whose work he specially honoured and who he thought

would recognize Skipsey's gifts. What he said of his friend is now well known: that he had worked in a coalpit from the time he was seven years old, but that a ray of the divine light of genius had lit up even that black world for him, and by this time he was a man to be worshipped by at least one other—who was telling us the story.

A few days after this, Mr. Dixon dined with us to meet Morris, and my diary says it was "a good evening," but details are lost. The Sunday following is clearer in memory; it was a beautiful summer day and the two friends came to the Grange together, and we all walked and talked together in the garden before supper. Skipsey was a noble-looking man, with extremely gentle and courteous manners. Edward talked much with him and was struck by his wide knowledge of English literature and his poetic vision, but felt that the circumstances of his life had left him at a disadvantage in the art of writing poetry for which nothing could make up. He felt also that one so sensitive in nature must see this clearly, and must carry about with him the pain of knowing that all he did could only be judged after allowance made. Thinking of this, Edward wrote sadly, yet hopefully: "Of course his poems are not much to us; only one measures by relation, and sometimes the little that a man does who has had no chance whatever seems greater than the accomplished work of luckier men—on the widow's mite system of arithmetic, which is a lovely one."

Twice again the friends lunched with us during the week they remained in London, and the last time was farewell for this world to Mr. Dixon, who went back to Sunderland, took to his bed, and in little more than a fortnight sank and died of exhaustion following on the excitement and exultation of carrying out his generous plan.

The thought of Skipsey working in a dark mine whilst he himself painted pictures by daylight was intolerable to Edward, who was not comforted till things were altered, and the poet and his wife had obtained the post of caretakers of Shakespeare's house at Stratford-on-Avon.

The following bright note written in August to Dr. Rad-

cliffe touches on a difficulty that often harassed him—namely, the general ignorance of people who for some reason wished to put up stained windows, but had no idea of the rules for their design, and expected a picture instead of a glass cartoon. "It is a very limited art," he said, "and its limitations are its strength, and compel simplicity—but one needs to forget that there are such things as pictures in considering a coloured window—whose excellence is more of architecture, to which it must be faithfully subservient." In this instance he had suffered at the hands of a lady whom he did not know personally. "Oh!" he breaks out, "if the merciful heavens might ordain that henceforth my affairs may be far removed from the incomprehensible ways of women—that they (women I mean) may be only a dream on canvas—what peace for me. I will include you in my prayers. But surely for a time there will be peace. I start in an hour—it is just half an hour ago that I did the last touch—and if it had not been for that sex (whom I revere but with trembling) I should have been away lo! these three days on windy hill-tops getting strength. I want to live to ninety to finish my pictures—how can I?"

The holiday he was looking forward to began with a couple of days in Wiltshire, with our friends the Percy Wyndhams, but dear as was the family there, he could stay no longer. A visit in the house of a friend, however much he enjoyed it, was no rest to him, for it always ended in his expending his strength by entertaining his entertainers. Wherever he stayed traces of this remained behind him; there were drawings, readings, conversations, in which he poured forth the things he knew and stirred his hearers to fresh thought—all pleasure at the time, but exhaustion afterwards. We often longed for a little house of our own by the sea, where he might run down at any moment and find quiet. He used to say that what he really wanted was solitude, but so surely as he gained it a cry was raised for company, and he very seldom passed a day alone. After leaving Wilbury he went with Mr. Price to Westward Ho!

stopping on the way there to see the cathedral at Exeter, of which he writes to Mrs. Wyndham:

"The big church made me happy—and the fierce kings carved in the west front—fierce persons like Gunnar and Hogni—truculent, terrific tyrants; a contemporary sculptor had replaced one with his notion of a fierce king—Ruskin could write a chapter on it, and only he could. Then we went to hear the music, and little boy-demons sang so that it was as if heaven opened for a bit—and I wished I had been good, or ever could be good, and wished it was all true about what they say or that I could see it, and wished and wished and WHISHT."

We all met at Westward Ho! and spent his birthday at Clovelly, which place he enjoyed; but the Devonshire climate did not suit him, and we soon decided to travel slowly in the direction of home. Mr. Price accompanied us to Ilfracombe and Lynton, whence we drove between sea and moor as far as Minehead. Here, however, and at Dunster, he was very unwell and restless to be at work again, so we returned straight to London. This fiasco of a holiday decided us to seek at once for our imaginary fixed haven of rest, and by Edward's wish I went down to see if there was anything to be found at Brighton; if I found nothing he advised me to go on to Rottingdean and look there. It was a perfect autumn afternoon when I walked across the downs and entered the village from the north; no new houses then straggled out to meet one, but the little place lay peacefully within its grey garden walls, the sails of the windmill were turning slowly in the sun, and the miller's black timber cottage was still there. The road I followed led me straight to the door of a house that stood empty on the village green, and we bought it at once.

An instance of how he could never cease from thoughts and plans about work is given in a letter from Edward, while on his nominal holiday at Westward Ho!, to Miss Kate Faulkner. Her talent for designing ornament and skill in its execution were by this time remarkable, and he and Morris always followed her work with affectionate in-

terest. She did ornament the piano referred to in this letter most beautifully, and to their complete satisfaction. It was an old joke of Edward's which she never failed to laugh at, that made him address her as "My dear and gifted Kate," and then he proceeds gravely:

"Georgie has shewn me Mr. M.'s letter, and I write to explain at more length about it. I have been wanting for years to reform pianos, since they are as it were the very altar of homes, and a second hearth to people, and so hideous to behold mostly that with a fiery rosewood piece of ugliness it is hardly worth while to mend things, since one such blot would and does destroy a whole house full of beautiful things. People won't pay much to have it beautified, but I have a little mended the mere shape of the grand piano, and feel as if one might start a new industry in painting them—or rather a revived industry—only it is important that people should not be frightened at the outset and think that nothing can be done under two or three hundred pounds. I should like Broadwood to be venturesome and have a few of the better shape made on speculation, some only stained, not always green, sometimes other colours, and then a few with here and there an ornament well designed and painted, and at least one covered with ornament, and presently we should see if people would have them or not.

"So Mr. M.'s letter pretty closely says what I meant; he is ready to give £50 for ornament on his piano, and I thought no one could do it so well or better than you and told him so, and any help Morris or I could be to you, you know is most gladly yours.

"It might be a good thing just to look at the few specimens at South Kensington (I would go with you), and then spend a day with us at Northend so as to watch the ways of our piano, and so ideas would come.

"Of course for £50 you could not do much, but it is an experiment I think well worth making—but I might write a book about it and not make it so clear as one talk would be face to face, and with the piano at Northend before us.

Personally to gratify Mr. M. I would add figures, if you liked, of my own, but I don't think that is wanted, for we should be as far as ever from knowing what we want to know—how far one can hope for a system or school of decoration that shall not leave the public in vague doubt about the cost, and dread of spending more than can be afforded. It would be nice if a man could go to Broadwood and say that he had even so poor a sum as £20 to be added to the cost of the instrument in order to make its colour lovely, and sometimes a duke would come who would give £1000. So have no fear—Morris and I will come to your help if you are the least puzzled."

The mention of "a fiery rosewood piece of ugliness" reminds me of a phrase with which Morris dismissed a temporary walnut-wood piano that we once had: "Striped like a tom-cat, by Jove." The works of our own little painted piano did not last well, and it remains now as an ornament only; it was in an attempt to replace it that Edward had to confront the problem of shape and colour for pianos. Mr. W. A. S. Benson helped him in the practical details of designing a case which strictly followed the line of the strings inside—as used to be done with harpsichords—and in getting rid of all the excrescence of so-called "ornament," such as turned legs and fretwork desk so commonly used. Messrs. Broadwood then built a beautifully toned instrument in an oak case of the desired shape, stained of a good green; the keys that are usually black were green also. A very simple pattern of bookcase for fitting into the angle of a wall is the only other piece of Edward's woodwork that I remember. Mr. Benson, who was by profession an architect, was of great help to us with regard to the little house at Rottingdean, which he improved and adapted to our needs with admirable skill; designing also most of its furniture in plain oak. All this took time, and it was some months before we entered our new home.

In the winter Edward painted his water-colour of "Dies Domini"—a round picture of Christ in Judgment, whose action as he points to his wounded side turns every soul

into its own judge. This picture intentionally summed up a series of wonderful sunrises and sunsets that we saw towards the end of the year; their clear blue and rose colour are perpetuated in the drapery of the chief figure and the wings and nimbuses of the angels.

On December 22nd the great spirit of George Eliot was recalled from this world, and those who survived her could not hear her voice when three months later England "let the Boers go." When Edward heard of this act his highest hopes for his country were raised, and a letter to Miss Gladstone poured out his joy.

"I could not shew you a millionth part of the delight that Transvaal news was to me—and now it feels such a nice world to live in all suddenly—and now one can abandon oneself to fresh hopes and be happy. It is a new start in history, and who knows what bright things may not follow from it. And one's dreams of what would be done this year were no dreams—I am up in the clouds with it, and can speak with my enemy in the gate. Do you quite know how splendid it is to have done—and how nice it is to be English to-day?"

The honorary degree of D.C.L. which Oxford gave to Edward in June, 1881, was a distinction received with great pleasure.

"I liked that honour very much," he wrote to a friend, "and all was made very delightful to me. The boys were quieter than in old times—ah, I too have sinned, and could not blame them—but it was very little chaff and most harmless, and I sat in the hierarchy in a scarlet gown with crimson sleeves like a flamingo. They shouted out 'did I like the colour?'—indeed it was a horrible colour. But Phil and Margaret were there, and that was the best part of it all to me." After the degrees had been conferred the winner of the Newdigate Prize read his poem aloud from the rostrum of the Theatre, and little did we dream as we listened that the writer, Mr. J. W. Mackail, as yet unknown to us, was the destined husband of our daughter.

This year began an increase of intimacy with Mr. (now

Sir Lawrence) Alma Tadema and his family, and though distance prevented frequent meeting, personal friendship steadily strengthened. At rare intervals they would join us at lunch on Sunday, bringing bright life and warm kindness with them. One of these times was remembered by us all as the day of the funeral of a tube of mummy-paint. We were sitting together after lunch in the orchard part of the Grange garden, the men talking about different colours that they used, when Mr. Tadema startled us by saying he had lately been invited to go and see a mummy that was in his colourman's workshop before it was ground down into paint. Edward scouted the idea of the pigment having anything to do with a mummy—said the name must be only borrowed to describe a particular shade of brown—but when assured that it was actually compounded of real mummy, he left us at once, hastened to the studio, and returning with the only tube he had, insisted on our giving it decent burial there and then. So a hole was bored in the green grass at our feet, and we all watched it put safely in, and the spot was marked by one of the girls planting a daisy root above it.

In July I find a letter containing mention of a large scheme of mosaic which occupied Edward for years afterwards. It was for the American Protestant Episcopal Church at Rome —an incongruity not lost upon him—but the architect, Mr. G. E. Street, was a friend, and the chance of working on so large a scale was irresistible.

The apse of the church was to be done first, and he filled the dome with a clustered legion of angels above a great central Majesty, to right and left of which ran the walls of Heaven. In these walls were doors, and before them stood the Archangels, bearing each his distinctive symbol. First in position came Michael, fully armed; and next to him, in the place once occupied by his great rival Lucifer, was an empty space, and the dark doorway behind it contained only flickering flames; four other Angels were visible bearing the Sacred Cup, the Lily, and the Sun and Moon.

It was a tremendous task to undertake, for Edward

could not go out to Rome to see the church for which they were intended, nor yet to Venice, where the mosaics were to be made. A world of thought was given to the subject, and intelligent communication had to be established with the manager, and through him with the workmen of the Compagnia di Venezia-Murano. Some details of the correspondence with Signor Castellani come later on.

In a letter to Mrs. Wyndham at the close of the year is a characteristic passage:

"I have had 104 troubles—all which I would have taken to you for sympathy if you had been near. I have got through them all by myself, which isn't nice—but before you come back and before I see you again no doubt there will be a new crop."

There was a 105th trouble which he would not have taken to any one outside our own door, but which had been haunting him for some time, with regard to his old home in Birmingham, where his father's age was not made as happy as he wished it, and for long believed it to be. Poor Miss Sampson appeared to have spent all her store of daily kindness upon Edward's youth, and to have reserved for the father long arrears of irritability which the presence of the son had held in check. When Edward knew this there was only one thing to be done, and with an aching heart he insisted upon the old man being left in peace. This was managed without Miss Sampson misunderstanding his motive, and she was herself happier for the change; but the little old father became such an anxiety to us that, with his own consent, we brought him up to live at Ealing, where we could quickly reach him, and he could come to the Grange when he liked. I always thought of him as "old," though he was but fifty-four at our first meeting, but after first seeing him and Edward together there formed itself in my mind a shadowy third image of the young wife and mother whom they had lost; one could not know the husband without presently perceiving his constant remembrance of her, nor the son without feeling what her love would have been to him.

This was one of the years that seemed from its effects to have been more than twelve months in length, and at its end Edward was distinctly an older man. He did a great deal of work in it, amongst which was the design for "Avalon." The picture was at first intended for a particular space in the Library at Naworth Castle, and was meant to be very simply painted, but the idea of it lay deep in Edward's mind and the scope of it grew until it ceased to suit its original purpose, and Mr. George Howard resigned his claim upon it. Then it became Edward's own cherished design, and he regarded it as a task of love to which he put no limit of time or labour. It was far too large for the Grange studio, so he took a separate one for it in Campden Hill Road, where he used to work in such time as he could spare from other things. There it remained for nearly ten years; advancing slowly, but the thought of it constantly with him. In the original scheme was a central picture of the sleeping King, and on each side another narrow one containing what he called "Hill Fairies" —the magical side of the story being thus insisted upon; also at one time he purposed that Arthur's quiet resting-place should have a background of battle raging in the outer world, but afterwards this was changed, and only the suggestion of it is given in a figure watching at a door, and others looking out and listening to the tumult of the world, while some, with long trumpets in their hands, stand ready to blow up a blast that shall awake the King if need for him grows desperate.

On the publication of Rossetti's Ballads and Sonnets in October, Edward wrote enthusiastically to him, calling it a "blessed and divine book," and saying:

"I have been bad again—physically, not otherwise particularly, and couldn't get out—else I should have been to thank you for it. It only reached me a few days ago, but I had got it already of course, as soon as it was published. Tell me when I may see you, I can go out now on days that are not positively devilish, and I do want to see you—it is eight months since I did."

The answer to this was a poor trembling note: "Thanks, but I am very ill, and not well enough to see you. I can hardly write." Early in 1882 Gabriel went down to Birchington, and, as the world knows, died there on April 9th; but his death, instead of further separating him from Edward, cleared away the mists in which illness had wrapped him for years past, and he shone out again upon his friend as in the first days.

Nothing written about Rossetti ever satisfied Edward, and some things so much dissatisfied him that as years went on he began to feel that he could not keep silence, but must one day write a monograph himself. "Yes," he said, "if no one else will do it, I will display Gabriel—after a time." A few notes were made for this purpose; on the leaf of a pocket-book is the following memorandum.

"Gabriel. His talk, its sanity and measure of it—his tone of voice—his hands—his charm—his dislike of all big-wig and pompous things—his craze for funny animals—generally his love for animals—his religion—his wife."

Writing in 1892 of their early friendship, he says:

"It is nice to be remembering it all, and is good for me now, only the most of it is so indescribable. His talk and his look and his kindness, what words can say them? But bit by bit little forgotten touches will come back I daresay, and some sort of image of him be made out—and if it is a perfect image and all overlaid with gold, it will be truer really than one that should make him halt or begrimed or sully him in the least."

Would that the book had been written.

CHAPTER XX

THE BOOK OF FLOWERS
1882—1885

THIS year Edward began the most soothing piece of work that he ever did. He describes it in his List as "a series of illustrations to the names of flowers," and that is the point of it—the names: not a single flower itself appears. The pictures are circular water-colours six inches in diameter, and the first one is "Love in a Mist," representing Love as a youth caught by a swirling cloud with which he struggles helplessly. During sixteen years thirty-eight designs were made at irregular intervals. The book that contains them, and a book with leather thongs, which he called his "Secret book of designs," reveal sides of his nature that none of his other work does. The "Book with thongs" he left to the British Museum. The Flower-Book he gave to me whilst he was making it.

Lady Leighton Warren—now the widow, but then the wife of Sir Baldwyn Leighton—had much to do with the beginning of these designs, both through her unusual sympathy and understanding of imaginative and romantic things and by her knowledge of names and legends belonging to flowers. He collected suggestive names in every direction, but she gave him the largest number. The scheme is first mentioned in a letter to her from Rottingdean, where he designed most of the pictures.

"I did a little work," he begins, "inventions and scribbles at the sea—I began a Botany book for babies. But 'coloured plates' sounds dreadful. I have done only four or five flowers though; one of them, of course, Love in a muddle."

A month later: "I have got a new paint-box and a new

book to do the flowers in, and I hope to make at least two or three designs before I come back." The new paint-box was a silver one that he had made to do honour to his colours, and brightly it shone at first, but soon it tarnished, nor might any hand be raised to clean it, and finally it remained as an emblem rather than anything else.

"Pray send me as many names as ever you can," he goes on, "for alack it is not one in ten that I can use. Of course I could make pictures to all, but I want the name and the picture to be one soul together, and indissoluble, as if they could not exist apart; so many lovely names and nothing to be done with them."

Then, on his return to London, he takes the book for her to see, accompanied by this note:

"I leave you my botanical analysis to look at—pray shew it to no living person; there are but five or six yet done, scattered about the vast volume, for I can only do them when I go to Rottingdean. But they will shew you how fantastic is my view of science."

Amongst the names he had illustrated was "Ladder of Heaven," where a figure with diaphanous wings is speeding up the arch of a rainbow that spans the earth below, and of it he says:

"I shouldn't like to be cross-questioned about the person going up the rainbow. Pagans, like Mallock, may call it Iris, but Christians like you and me will have it to be a soul, and it shall go up to the top of the rainbow and never go down the other side."

At other times he reports:

"When I was at the sea I made three more studies for my book of advanced Botany, and two are pretty good, though I say it that shouldn't, and the other is pretty bad, though others say it that will."

"I must write out an amended list of my names yet to do and send it to you, praying for comments and hints. One or two that wholly puzzled and confounded me you have made possible by your suggestions, and henceforth I vowed I would think more seriously and ask your help."

Then follows a long list of names he means to add: "Of some of them I have thought thoughts and planned plans, but I will not say what I have thought, for it might hinder you from telling me. Take my list and on summer and autumn mornings mercifully give me a thought in your garden and some illumination will come, I know. For it is not only these pretty fantastic matters I have to think of. You see how I want to deal with them: it is not enough to illustrate them—that is such poor work: I want to add to them or wring their secret from them. They are such rest to do and such delight."

And another year:

"This is my last day at Rottingdean—we go back to-day after a gentle peaceful time. At first I tried to do nothing, but cannot acquire the taste; so after an uncomfortable two days I began upon my Flower-book—and I have finished Black Archangel, and Key of Spring, and Love in a Tangle, and Witches' Tree, and Grave of the Sea, and Golden Greeting."

Another entry in this year's list is: "Designed a panel of Flodden Battle, to be worked out by Boehm." This was a bronze relief, commissioned by Mr. George Howard, and placed in Naworth Castle. Edward enjoyed designing it: the fight was closely imagined, and I remember how the long lines of level spears were used in contrast with the hurly-burly of the struggle. He also personally enjoyed being connected in the work with Boehm, whom he liked, and whose sudden death in 1890 was a great shock to him.

"Boehm I did heartily like," he then wrote, "and could have loved if we had been thrown together. It was a nice face, wasn't it? and a personality that was fascinating—the brightest company and dearest way of laughing. I loved to meet him in the world, which was about six times in our life. I never did a nice-ish picture without a letter from him, warm-hearted and unstinted in praise; and he was tall and slim and merry and like a battered soldier, and I think he had a turbulent head, and painful as it is for the poor body that bears it, it is fun for the beholder."

The phrase "turbulent head" had been adopted by him after reading Miss Hapgood's Epic Songs of Russia.

A beautiful figure in memory of these days is that of the celebrated Oriental scholar Colonel Yule, for he was the very image of Colonel Newcome, only with learning added thereto. Occasionally he came and dined alone with us, and then he and Edward would spend all the evening talking together of far countries and ancient travels.

Another and a different vision also flits across my mind, in the form of the wonderful dancer Kate Vaughan—"Miriam Ariadne Salome Vaughan," as Edward called her. Never shall I forget seeing him and Ruskin fall into each other's arms in rapture upon accidentally discovering that they both adored her.

Fine dancing gave Edward the keenest pleasure; he was fairly entranced by that of a troupe of Javanese women whom we saw at the Aquarium, and some notes of them that he scratched at the end of his programme made one understand that to him their movements were the lines of a beautiful pattern. Once, when he was walking down a street where an organ was playing, he stopped at the sight of a very little child of four or five years old, who had begun dancing to it carefully and seriously, with proper steps—nor would he move until the music was over and the child gone, and was ready to follow them both on the chance of its all coming over again. He went several times to the Gaiety Theatre when "Aladdin" was being played there by Terry and Nellie Farren and Kate Vaughan, who amongst them turned the burlesque into a bewitching farce, and, so far as "Miriam Ariadne Salome" was concerned, into a beautiful spectacle. Mr. Luke Ionides has a funny story of a visit that he and Edward paid together to this play. He says they were in the front row of the stalls when something the three actors did so took Edward's fancy that "he doubled up with laughter, and his laugh was so merry that it made all around us laugh and the laughter gained the whole house and the actors themselves to such a degree that the two actresses had tears with laugh-

ing and could not for some moments even speak—never did I hear such merry laughter in any theatre."

The short flare of exultation that Edward had felt about the Transvaal was quenched this year by the bombardment of Alexandria, but even before what he called that "atrocity" his sense of justice had revolted at the reluctance of the Liberal Party to credit the persecution of the Jews in Russia, and its disposition to treat reports of it as "Jingo" exaggerations. Remembering the "Bulgarian atrocities" he wrote to Miss Gladstone:

"I know a good deal about this—there is no party feeling at all in the outcry—far less than last time—it hasn't been got up, be assured, and I hope it will spread and spread and become a roar. I went to the meeting yesterday, and was glad to find the majority there were Liberals—but indeed all opinions, creeds and races were represented in a way, and I hope every city in England will do the same. But I can understand how reluctant you are to credit it: how long it took us to make people mind about the former history, how glad they were to drop minding it the first day they could. This isn't pleasant at all and one would like not to have known: I wish I hadn't heard of it, for I grow sick and hopeless about everything for a time till I forget and grow merry again—alas, everywhere is brutality underlying—even in placid, good-tempered England. Whether it's more than a religious outbreak of the old kind that has never quite ceased I don't know—or whether the Government is glad enough of any diversion and lets the thing be, I don't know—but it's there, horrible enough and cruel enough, and if roaring out shame at it from all this distance helps at all to make shame come some day then I'll roar with the rest.

"But don't suppose this is a Tory or jingo cry, for it isn't—not one bit—and what was hideous in Turks to do to a people in revolt is hideous for Christians to do to a poor little race which is not in revolt, but going on with its poor fragment of possible life as inoffensively as it can. No, it's a bad story, depend upon it—and it won't do for us to say

this doesn't matter when we said so very loudly that the other did—and I should feel crimson with shame if our side felt cool, flat, and reasonable now, when it was so hot, stormy, and impetuous then. And I was proud of this country yesterday."

By the Phoenix Park murders of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke he was dismayed and horrified, but not staggered in belief, as one sees by this extract from a letter of the time:

"And what I think about Irish affairs could not be affected by that cruel horror—one's principles are rooted down deep and can't be touched or scared by anything—so when it happened it was a horrible nightmare to me as to all others: the cause that makes me mind so about Ireland increases and doesn't diminish one's humanity. No one outside the circle of those hurt could have been more grieved and disheartened than I was."

He went down to Rottingdean two or three times this year, and we took our holiday there together in the autumn, during which friends came to us for short visits, and we saw that the arrangement was likely to be everything we wished. The distance from London, however, though only fifty-nine miles, always remained a "railway journey" to Edward; but with a home at each end of the road it became possible, and I believe the time he spent in the little house by the sea was almost entirely happy. Cormell Price used to join us there in the holidays or go down alone with Edward, as did also Mr. Rooke and other intimate and unexacting friends. At first we lived on the smallest scale, which meant great freedom, and the life altogether was a haven from that of London. Mr. Benson so ingeniously fitted and furnished the little house that we had ample space, and beds were easily found in the village for visitors. The largest room became both studio and bedroom for Edward, and he loved the view from it, of which he said: "Opposite the window is a holy Church and at the back of it a holy Down, both most bonny to look at—and so I look almost all the time." Many a picture in the Flower-

book bears witness to the way in which the surrounding landscape sank into his soul: the "little grey church on the windy hill" and the village-pond occur continually in his ephemeral drawings. The second summer we were there he drew a delicate water-colour head which he called "The Spirit of the Downs," and we all recognized the portrait.

The neighbourhood of the sea left its trace as well as that of the downs, for he says of what he did while at Rottingdean:

"I designed many scenes of life under the sea; of mermaids, mermen, and mer-babies: the best was a mer-wife giving her mer-baby an air bath and it is howling with misery. There are four designs of hide-and-seek, and a coral forest and mermaids dragging mortals down, and tragedies, comedies, and melodramas in plenty."

Our London home had for some years past been suffering many changes. The District Railway had been brought near us and the speculative builder followed: the old elms in the roadway were cut down and several acres of garden ground belonging to neighbouring houses laid waste as a beginning, while the respectable old name of Fulham was taken from us, and "West Kensington" given in exchange. It was long before Edward could bring himself to use this without protest. The narrow lane into which our garden opened became a street, and a row of houses instead of the walnut-tree soon shewed above our wall. This fact helped Edward to decide upon building a large room across the end of the garden, which would serve both as a screen from the houses and as a place where he could put unfinished work and anything that he did not want in his house-studio. Mr. Benson designed this for us soon after he had finished the little house at Rottingdean, but at first no painting was done in it, the light not being arranged for that: in course of time, however, the skylight was enlarged and Edward was glad to make use of it.

One Sunday in June when there were a good many callers at the Grange, he excused himself after tea and ran over to Ealing to see his father. To my surprise he was back in a

very short time, and had evidently received some kind of shock. He soon recovered from it externally, but an inward blow had been struck and with lasting effect. It was a common enough story—the little old gentleman had married the servant-maid who attended kindly and willingly to his daily wants—but to Edward his mother's place had never been empty, and a lifelong feeling about his father was suddenly destroyed. At eighty years of age, however, there was only one course—that of silence—and to preserve it Edward came quickly away. I do not think his father realized the position any more than an infant does who has broken a vase.

"The Sleep of Arthur in Avalon is my chief dream now," he wrote in the autumn, "and I think I can put into it all I most care for." About public affairs he says: "I won't have irrational hopes any more. I suppose they all do what they can, but I am puzzled—a bit ashamed—and shall creep out of the muddle now, and be a philosophical old man, always on the side of rebellion, witchcraft, and all unlucky causes everywhere." Another time he wrote: "I have no politics, and no party, and no particular hope: only this is true, that beauty is very beautiful, and softens, and comforts, and inspires, and rouses, and lifts up, and never fails."

At the dispersal of the Duke of Hamilton's pictures this year Edward was in sympathy with those who wished to secure some of the best of the collection for the National Gallery, and we worked hard at writing letters and copying out memorials to Government on the subject. A fragment follows in which he combats some objection made by a friend:

"There never was anything of this kind that wasn't called a mistake; and in everything that ever was some part of it is mistake, for which I never care a bit. This doesn't ask for all the collection to be bought or anything like it, only to be ready to buy largely when these sales take place. It isn't a question of the poor of England at all, who have to subscribe to ten thousand senseless things —all our pictures altogether in England wouldn't cost more

than a couple of ironclads that are a mistake in two years' time—it isn't that."

Those words about the element of mistake in everything done by men, and how it does not matter in comparison with the aim they have, are very typical of him. He had now left behind him the exacting spirit of youth. I do not remember at what time of his life it was that he said to one of us: "Never shut the door upon any one so fast that it cannot be opened from the outside."

Near the end of the year a most trying demand was suddenly made on him; for a dear friend of ours lost an aged mother, and on the impulse of the time wrote to ask Edward to make a drawing of her face in death. It was done, of course, but with much pain, for he had a strong physical horror of death: the body when the soul was gone he reckoned nothing, and always said that if I died before him he would never look at "the mockery of that waxen image." A stronger feeling with him, however, was the impossibility of finding words to refuse the request of a friend.

The last letter of this year is a note at Christmas on the completion of an altar-piece for St. Peter's, Vere Street. "It is quite wet," he writes to Dr. Radcliffe, who was the donor of the picture; "nothing must touch the face, if possible, for days—indeed, why should the face ever be touched?" Which must have drawn a smile from the appreciative doctor.

From Rottingdean, in January, 1883, there came this torrent of words about the season:

"Now this is the seventy-fourth winter I have spent, and in the calm unimpassioned atmosphere of age, I wish to record my feelings about it, and to record them temperately.

"I hate and loathe winter and everything about it—its beef, its balls, its parties, its mincepies, its puddings, its sweetmeats, its exhibitions, its Bank holidays, its home holidays, its rain, wind, cold, sleet, frost, fog, iced baths, snow, slush, mud, charities, clerical opportunities, newspaper retrospects, bon-bons, crackers,—all, each, I do so hate, and at any cost wish myself out of, that I have really not been

decent or presentable, and have sulked and kept indoors these many days. Think or dream I cannot, for my brain is frozen, and thoughts slide over it and come to grief somehow—but horses look patient and set a noble example before one, and rooks look happy, and fire my aspirations to be winged and be off, only for men I am sorry, who look unfit for the world, and I think they really are; they never seem to fit it.

"Two black oxen drawing a cart have just passed—and so has the spirit of hatred that was in me and suddenly I feel good and kind, and will go out and give a penny to some one. I don't want much in this world—I like black oxen drawing carts."

About this time the idea of having a studio "boy" occurred to us—an institution from which on the whole Edward got comfort; for if a boy let the fire out or forgot orders or knocked things down in the studio, he could be scolded, whilst an intelligent lad was a real help in many ways. To the choice of the first one he thus refers:

"Many little boys from the Brigade came to-day and stood as at drill in the hall: they lifted up little red hands and saluted in military fashion—I asked them if they were all good and they said 'Yes,' so having enquired their characters I chose the sharpest and most impudent as being probably less of a scamp or humbug than the stupid ones. Is that right? I never chose a servant before. It's very easy after all—they answered so promptly that they were good that I could see it was not like a new idea to them."

Thus assisted he turned to work again, about which also I am able to give his own words in a letter to Lady Leighton.

"I have been working very hard in spite of all things, and I hope to finish the 'Wheel of Fortune' and the 'Hours.' I think you never saw the last—not a big picture, about five feet long—a row of six little women that typify the hours of day from waking to sleep. Their little knees look so funny in a row that wit descended on me from above, and I called them the 'laps of time.' Every little

lady besides the proper colour of her own frock wears a lining of the colour of the hour before her and a sleeve of the hour coming after—so that Mr. Whistler could, if he liked, call it a fugue.

"As for 'Fortune and her Wheel,' if it were written down how hard I have worked on her in the middle of pain, or more correctly with pain in the middle of me, it would be an anecdote conducive to heroism and is at the service of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge."

He did finish and exhibit these two pictures, together with a portrait of a little boy, the son of Mr. Comyns Carr, and one of Swinburne's now rare but always welcome visits to us was made in order to see "The Wheel of Fortune" before it went away.

The return of Ruskin to Oxford as Slade Professor took place at the beginning of this year, and shortly afterwards Edward had a letter from him, of which a portion follows. It is dated "Morning. Candlemas, 1883," and in his usual affectionate way begins:

"Darling Ned,

"Much love to you and Georgie. This is always a day of good resolutions with me—which are by next year all ground well down by steamroller into the asphalt and slime pavement of Dis' town.

"A day therefore, every year, of more sorrowful reflections (may I say that above-named pavement becomes so smooth and bright that I can see my face in it?)—and more wonderful in the way they open back the scenes that have been past through, seemingly all in vain. Those spectral scenes in illness, not the least important. I've been setting down *their* order to-day anyhow, with some accuracy, and find them marvellous in consistency. I'm fairly well, except that I've had faceache and had to lose a poor old patient piece of my mouth, and can't talk at Oxford much —but I don't want to. I'm going back to see to their perspective; bird and leaf drawing &c. and the sorts of things that nobody else will teach them."

This same letter is mindful of the education of girls also, and asks Edward to design some windows for the Chapel of Whitelands Training College for Women, Chelsea. He suggests "St. Ursula to begin with—and then some more cheerful and Rectorial or Governessial Saints—among whom I don't at this moment recollect if they've got St. Cecilia—but they ought to—and I don't recollect that you've much done her.

"Only, please, for my sake," he goes on, "the lights mustn't be all brown and grisaille, but as opalescent as glass can be made." Edward forthwith talked with Morris on the subject of getting the greatest brilliance possible out of glass, which he believed ought to be thicker than was usually made, but reports:

"Morris, like other men of vast genius, won't do anything that is proposed to him; on my bended knees, so to speak, have I besought him to try experiments of glass, and make his own little bits, just as you say, the dark got by depths of itself—on bended knees with piteous words, and he won't. He gives many reasons against it, admirable as rhetorick. I have urged him when he wants a deep ruby to steal his wife's gold ornaments and boil them up and make a red for himself—he won't, he won't. And I believe sometimes depth is got by doubling the glass, but I know that he often bewails his fate and dreams that in heaven glass will be much thicker; and I think so too."

Ruskin had enquired eagerly as to a design of Proserpine that Edward was to paint for him, and the answer is: "Proserpine bides, my dear, I haven't begun her yet, I am practising my art; one day I mean to paint a picture."

It was more than a year before Proserpine's turn came, and then he writes:

"I have designed what should look beautiful and awful if it were well done, Pluto going down with Proserpine into the earth, and a nice garden, a real one, all broken to bits, and fire breaking out amongst the anemones; and Pluto is an awful thing, shadowy and beautiful."

A very careful pencil drawing of this exists, but the picture was never painted.

About Ruskin's birthday, which happened during the stained-glass correspondence, Edward slips in this postscript:

"Art thou 64? I don't think it. We will always be between thirty and fifty and choose the year we like it to be; to-day I am fifty, because Morris wouldn't let me have it all my own way in talk. To-morrow I will be thirty if I can."

In March came a sudden note from Ruskin at Herne Hill: "I want to come and see all the pictures you've got and to have a list of all you've done! The next lecture at Oxford is to be about you—and I want to reckon you up, and it's like counting clouds." To which Edward answered:

"When will you come? Fix any day and any hour (not to-morrow); and what will you say about me? Shall you say I do all I ought not to do, and won't be guided, and am obstinate and nasty, and tiresome? And I'll write you out a list—alas, I have wrought much folly in Israel and my pictures are many. I'll make a list of them, the chief ones, and send it to you.

"I'm so glad you're going to say a word about me in my own country—that is Oxford. I feel very happy about it and it's a surprise. But forebodings as of the approach of doomsday are upon me."

Then Ruskin:

"It's lovely to think of your being in that retributive torment. I shan't tell you a word of what I'm going to say! Mind you don't miss *any* of the foolish things out of the list, or I'm sure to find it out. I'll come on Friday afternoon."

Edward writes:

"Yes, to-morrow—it will be lovely to look forward to, and you shall take back a list of pictures, such as I can remember. But to name every one how could I remember? for instance, many a patient design went to adorning Frances' ways"—Mrs. Horner, a daughter of our dear Graham—

"Sirens for her girdle, Heavens and Paradises for her prayer-books, Virtues and Vices for her necklace-boxes—ah! the folly of me from the beginning—and now in the classic words of Mr. Swiveller 'she has gone and married a market gardener.' Well, I can't remember a tithe of the acts of folly there—and the big pictures, or careful pictures, are but a part of the long list, and indeed I have forgotten so much.

"But wasn't it folly? And why didn't I make a girdle for *you*, and prayer-books, who would have really liked them—just as it is *I* who deserve the hawthorn cross on May day.

"Oh these minxes! You and I will yet build us a bower and have our mosaics which none of them shall ever see. And they don't understand, do they? Their eyes look depths of wisdom and beguile us and take us in—a sapphire would do as well to look into. We'll look into sapphires and moonstones, and paint pictures of the wretches, and laugh and be scornful yet."

Fortunately for others, these resolves fell through, and in his correspondence with Mrs. Horner, which ceased only with his life, he touched upon most of the subjects that interested him.

The "hawthorn cross" to which Edward makes claim was one that Ruskin had asked him to design, explaining what its purpose was to be. "The cross is always of pure gold; it may be any shape you like, but it must be hawthorn because it is for the 1st May, when they choose a May Queen at Whitelands, the girl they love best, and I give her the hawthorn cross, annually, and the whole lot of my books to give away to the girls *she* likes best." So enlightened, Edward replied:

"I am about the jewel now, and the design will quickly follow this letter. It doesn't please me a bit, because I design blindly and don't know how it will look. By an early post to-morrow you shall positively have it though, with such written directions as I can give, knowing nothing practically of the art. If anything strikes you as ugly in it, send it back and I will do it again."

But Ruskin was delighted with it, and so Edward was pleased. Much later in life his thoughts turned voluntarily to jewel-work, but I only remember one thing which he carefully and completely designed and saw executed, a brooch, representing a dove, made of pink coral and turquoise, surrounded by olive-branches of green enamel.

A note from Ruskin came on May Day, saying: "I have yesterday finished *your* lecture, for 12th May: but I found, of course, that there was no possibility of giving any abstract of you in one lecture, nor without unbalancing the conditions of general review. So this is merely the sketched ground of what I hope at length to say in future."

The lecture when given drew from Swinburne some unusually sweet and serious words—for as a rule his letters were flashes of wit rather than feeling; but he himself said as a gloss on one of them: "You know, whenever my letters or talk are sandwiches (if I may be allowed that endearing expression) of alternate chaff and seriousness in layers it means that *I* mean very much in earnest." So I quote from such a sandwich letter to Edward dated May 15th, of which only a couple of pages concern us here:

"My dearest Ned, a spirit moves me—surely, I would fain believe, not an unholy spirit?—to write a line to you, not of congratulation (which would be indeed an absurd impertinence) on the admirable words I have just read in this evening's paper's report of Ruskin's second Oxford lecture, but to tell you how glad I was to read them. If I may venture to say as much without presumption, I never did till now read anything in praise of your work that seemed to me really and perfectly apt and adequate. I do envy Ruskin the authority and the eloquence which give such weight and effect to his praise. It is just what I 'see in a glass darkly' that he brings out and lights up with the very best words possible; while we others (who cannot draw), like Shakespeare, have eyes for wonder but lack tongues to praise."

From Rottingdean, early in the year, Edward had written to Mr. Norton after a long silence, taking up the

thread of correspondence with the ease of perfect faith in his friend:

"I am coming upon you very suddenly—enough to startle you into a fit—and yet I couldn't caution you, could I? This is really a letter from me, at last. I vowed I would write as I walked this morning, thinking much about you as I often do—and lo! I am keeping my vow.

"We are at a little village near hateful Brighton—Georgie and Margot and I—a peaceful little place in the Down country; and here some half dozen times a year do I come to rest me for three or four days, for the blaze is going out of me and I grow tired and can't work as I used to do ten years ago, when I think I never rested for whole years together; now I get tired and am glad of peace and a bit of silence—that is why I am here, and why I am free to-night to write to you, and why I walked this morning —but it's not why I thought of you, for that comes often to me."

Then, after talk of less intimate matters:

"It's getting on for a year now since Rossetti died: poor thing, I wonder if any man ever made such a hell out of this little earth for himself as he did. To any who saw his last months the end seemed sure, and desirable— and when the start was over I was glad: the work was done —for a thankless world, at the wrong moment, it seemed —but how solitary I feel in labour now you can easily think. They are shewing his pictures in London but I haven't had courage to go—I haven't the heart to go and see those first things of his that were such miracles to me. What a world it did look then—twenty-seven years ago; and he the centre and light of it all to me.

"And Morris never faileth," he goes on; "not in the best of spirits now, for his eldest girl is ill and grows weaker and fills him with almost constant alarm.

"And Ruskin flourishes—gave a lecture on Cistercian architecture the other day that was like most ancient times and of his very best, and looks well—really looks stronger than for many a year past. The hair that he has grown over

his mouth hides that often angry feature, and his eyes look gentle and invite the unwary, who could never guess the dragon that lurks in the bush below."

Mr. Norton's answer to this letter contained the glad news that he was coming over to England, and at the end of June he came. A letter from Edward met him on his arrival, trying to arrange how they could soonest meet:

"This is what happens: on the 1st and 2nd of July I must be in Oxford—Morris and I have just been made Fellows of our old College, and on the 2nd is a dinner where we must make our appearance—but on the 3rd (Tuesday) by the earliest morning train we come back to London and then we must meet and be together every hour that is possible."

The Honorary Fellowship of his own College was dear to Edward's heart, feeling as he did that its meaning was: "My child, I know now why you left me." The conferring of the distinction had been announced in the newspapers of January 12th, but Morris and he had not yet formally taken their places as Fellows; and now they did it together, just as together they entered the University thirty years before.

In addition to the portrait of a little boy already mentioned, the work-list for 1883 says: "Began portrait of Georgie with Phil and Margaret in the background." This he worked at for years at intervals, but never finished to satisfy himself.

The Roman mosaic was a background of incessant thought and labour. In November he writes thus of it and other work:

"I have been busy over my Roman mosaic chiefly, an unthankful task that no one will ever care for, but for the sake of many ancient loves I am doing it; for love of Venice and Ravenna and the seven impenetrable centuries between them, and for love of many old studies and odds and ends of things I like—Talmud and Aquinas, and I don't know what. All this has eaten up much time: also to put on the Beggar Maid a sufficiently beggarly coat, that

will not look unappetizing to King Cophetua,—that I hope has been achieved, so that she shall look as if she deserved to have it made of cloth of gold and set with pearls. I hope the king kept the old one and looked at it now and then.

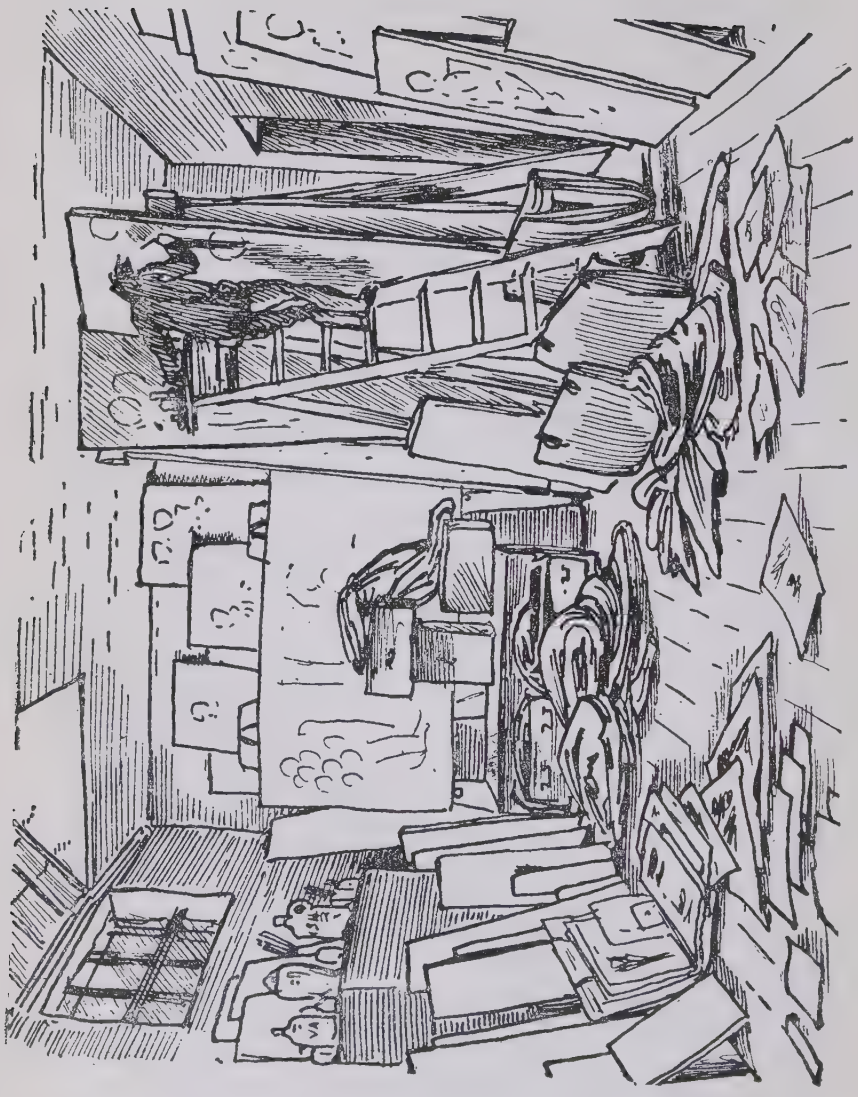
"Also fairies in the mountains listening to the music the Queens make in Avalon have all been designed—he-fairies and she-fairies, looking ecstatic and silly and very uncombed.

"Also much drapery for said Queens has been designed under circumstances of great misery—to wit, the actions were difficult, and the models desired to faint."

A letter of about this time to Lady Lewis, then Mrs. George Lewis, has in it a reflection of the image he made for himself of a different thing from the Morte d'Arthur and of the way it touched his imagination. Persian poetry is the subject, and he is speaking of the possibility of a prose translation of the poet Hafiz:

"It is altogether unknown land to me, and I have but the vaguest impression about all that realm. I hate poems about wine and women, I hate them put together in a poem as much as you could—only I have a sort of idea of Hafiz that he made it an excuse for saying daring things about life, and splendid blasphemies like Omar Khayyám—I don't know: but Islam in Persia seems much like that, the little I know of it; gladness of heart and scorn of low ideals of Allah and love of freedom and delight in beauty and endless chatter about roses and tulips and fenced gardens and brave sayings about life and a little impertinence and mockery—pride in being artists and scorn of sultans their masters—it might be after all that a vein of Heine might be in it—but how should I know? Such things are untranslateable and one concedes that at once—only if I knew the mere prose of it I could imagine sound and colour for it.

"I should like it when he fell into that snare of thought that caught them all in the East—the sight of ancient ruined cities and desolated houses and broken gardens; then they abandon themselves to the melancholy of it and if they call



for wine it isn't for wine's sake. Meantime I know nothing, but have made a Hafiz for myself out of nothing.

"When Hafiz says: 'I heard the harp of the planet Venus, and it said in the early morning, I am the disciple of the sweet-voiced Hafiz'—then it is clear Hafiz thought well of Hafiz, and perhaps we should. And again, 'Out of the East and out of the West no man understands me—O the happier I, who confide to none but the wind.'"

And then the letter goes on:

"Next time I will pick for you no roses of Shiraz, but shew you some sad footprints in the snow—little bits out of that northern Saga you asked me about—and they may fire you to read it.

"O what a nice round world that has Persian rose gardens and Syrian gods and Arabian prophets and Greek stories and Italian dreams, and North and South and East—isn't it a lovely round ball of a world? isn't it? and often I'll bring it you to play with, dear lady."

A bright side of the round world of his own nature—the endless fun of daily life—is exemplified in another note to the same friend, accompanied by a drawing of his small studio which is reproduced on the opposite page.

"Is it fair for Carr to publish interiors of all other studios except mine—Leighton's—Thorneycroft's—Marcus Stone's—all but mine? Do try and influence him—I should like my interior (of studio) published too—of course I should. By the bye, I think it was Cassell who engraved Thorneycroft—but anyhow I am neglected."

He cared far more for fun than for wit: I remember his endorsing Carlyle's "Witty,—above all, oh be not witty: none of us is bound to be witty, under penalties"—and in quite late days he speaks clearly on the subject:

"Indeed and indeed, wit is the opposite pole to poetry—not fun, but wit—I'll go to the stake on that. It keeps people from being pedants or bores I think, and there lies its chief use. But some of the greatest beings ever born had none—nor humour either, and I often reflect that the books I most worship are as devoid of it as the paintings

I worship. None in Homer, none in Aeschylus or Dante, none in the Morte d'Arthur. It isn't necessary—and though it betters a second-rate creature very much, and makes a first-rate one better company for the passing hour, it affects great work I think very little indeed."

He used to alternate between wanting to offer a sympathetic hearer "the round world to play with," and suddenly declaring that now he would never tell anybody anything more. "If one loved a subject," he said, "it would be easy enough to find it, and I don't believe in carrying a treasure to any one—believe only in the hunting and finding." But a look of interest or a word of intelligence from a nice woman scattered these thoughts, though he could still see the situation from outside, and not lose the touch of humour it contained. When conversation fell one day in the studio upon Ladislaw talking art to Dorothea, in Middlemarch, he commented: "That 's what we like to do—it excites us and we say things we are pleased with ourselves for saying and that get fixed in our memory by that, so that we can tell them to the next lady, and that fixes them the more and we can tell them to the next half dozen."

The gentle friend of so many people, "Dicky Doyle," as his picture-signature gave the world leave to call him, said good-bye to us all in the last month of the year. December 10th is fixed in my mind because I was in town that evening and in returning home called by appointment for Edward at the Athenaeum. There he and Mr. Doyle had met accidentally, and joining each other at the same table had dined and spent a pleasant time together till Edward went up to the library. On coming down again about half past nine, he told me, he saw a knot of men clustered round something in the hall, and going nearer he found there his companion of an hour ago lying already unconscious from the seizure which preceded his death. While an ambulance was being fetched we hastened on as quickly as possible to prepare poor Miss Doyle for the shock that awaited her. We knew the house to be in Finborough Road, but were uncertain of the number, and

stopped our cab to enquire it at a neighbouring telegraph office. The night was stormy, and as Edward crossed the pavement a bright lamp above the office door shewed two or three people standing close to the wall for shelter, amongst them a wretched-looking woman in a long waterproof; and as he came back again I saw this poor soul try to stop him and begin a kind of drunken dance—also I saw the gentleness with which he put her aside. Then we went on in the dark, and, compared with such life, death suddenly became beautiful.

Until April, 1884, the large oil picture of "Cophetua" was worked upon, and was then finished and sent to the Grosvenor Gallery. On April 23rd he writes to Mrs. Wyndham: "This very hour I have ended my work on my picture. I am very tired of it—I can see nothing any more in it, I have stared it out of all countenance and it has no word for me. It is like a child that one watches without ceasing till it grows up, and lo! it is a stranger."

I have always thought this picture contained more of Edward's own distinctive qualities than any other that he did, and for that reason am glad it has been placed as a memorial of him in our National Collection. It is noteworthy that he designed and carried it out during the divergence of opinion between himself and Morris on the subject of Socialism, bringing it to an end soon after Morris joined the Democratic Federation. The thought of the King and the Beggar lay deep in both their minds, and the reception of "Cophetua" in Paris by some who saw it there in 1889 proves how strongly it impressed on them a distinct meaning. M. de la Sizeranne writes that it seemed to himself and his friends as though in standing before it they had "come forth from the Universal Exhibition of Wealth to see the symbolical expression of the Scorn of Wealth."

A sample of the "chaff" which overlay the pure grain of love between Edward and Morris is seen in an item from the Firm's account-book for January, 1884, where a design for a window is described as "Norse heroes on the sea, making for other people's property." A retort was the last thing

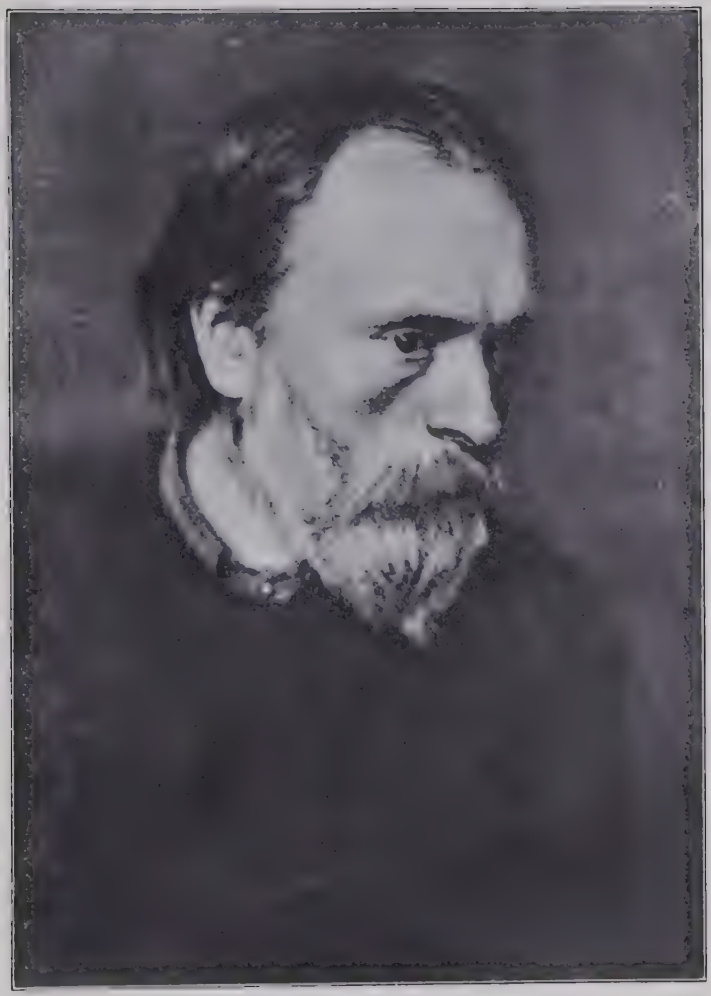
Morris ever thought of, but the score was sure to be wiped out presently in some way known to the friends and recognized by many a laugh.

It should be mentioned here that when the term for which Edward had taken the house at Ealing came to an end in March, his father wished to return to Birmingham, and we did not oppose it.

Another portrait was painted this year, that of Miss Fitzgerald, a young American girl. The art of portraiture he considered very seriously from the point of what "expression" was allowable—a question that he had settled with regard to his imaginative pictures at an early date. Speaking of this in later years he said:

"Of course my faces have no expression in the sense in which people use the word. How should they have any? They are not portraits of people in paroxysms—paroxysms of terror, hatred, benevolence, desire, avarice, veneration, and all the 'passions' and 'emotions' that Le Brun and that kind of person find so *magnifique* in Raphael's later work—mostly painted by his pupils and assistants by the way. It is Winckelmann, isn't it, who says that when you come to the age of expression in Greek art you have come to the age of decadence? I don't remember how or where it is said, but of course it is true—can't be otherwise in the nature of things."

"Portraiture," he also said, "may be great art. There is a sense, indeed, in which it is perhaps the greatest art of any. And portraiture involves expression. Quite true, but expression of what? Of a passion, an emotion, a mood? Certainly not. Paint a man or woman with the damned 'pleasing expression,' or even the 'charmingly spontaneous' so dear to the 'photographic artist,' and you see at once that the thing is a mask, as silly as the old tragic and comic mask. The only expression allowable in great portraiture is the expression of character and moral quality, not of anything temporary, fleeting, accidental. Apart from portraiture you don't want even so much, or very seldom: in fact you only want types, symbols, suggestions. The mo-



Edward Burne-Jones.
Æt. 51.

ment you give what people call expression, you destroy the typical character of heads and degrade them into portraits which stand for nothing."

He gave as an illustration the instance of the three Queens he was then painting in the Avalon picture—Queen Morgan le Fay, the Queen of Northgalis, and the Queen of the Waste Lands.

"They are queens of an undying mystery," he said, "and their names are Lamentation and Mourning and Woe. A little more expression and they would be neither queens nor mysteries nor symbols, but just—not to mention baser names in their presence—Augusta, Esmeralda, and Dolores, considerably overcome by a recent domestic bereavement. And that, my dear, as you are aware, is not what I mean: but put in the 'expression' these good people clamour for, and there is where you would be landed."

In Rio's Poetry of Christian Art there is a passage concerning the Umbrian painters which seems to me so descriptive of Edward's work that I shall give it here. Rio, speaking of a reproach brought by the Florentine school against Perugino for repeating the same motives, says: "They were incapable of understanding that the progress of an artist who seeks his inspiration beyond the sphere of sensible objects does not merely consist in the variety of picturesque grouping of the subject, nor in the depth and fusion of the colours, nor even the delicacy and purity of the design, but rather in the development and progressive perfection of certain types, which, concealed at first within the most secret recesses of his imagination, and afterwards regarded as a long and religious exercise for his pencil, had at length become intimately combined with all that was poetical and exalted in his nature." Perugino's answer to the reproach of the Florentines, as quoted by Rio, is also curiously like what Edward might have said: "At all events I am at liberty to copy myself."

The Roman mosaic and the Briar Rose subject filled all the summer and autumn, and it would be impossible to describe the anxiety and labour connected with the mosaic.

Edward and Morris used to give part of their Sunday morning time to sorting out colours used by the Venezia-Murano Company from a cabinet of tesserae which had been brought to the garden studio, and they made duplicate lists of the numbers on the tesserae, which, when the work began to be executed, formed a means of communication with the workmen. Fortunately Edward had seen Signor Castellani, the Director-General of the works in Venice, and established pleasant personal relations with him, or the difficulty of the undertaking would have been much greater: as it was, that gentleman gave unfailing and patient attention to all Edward's letters, and even created a sympathy between him and the body of men who carried out his designs. Much help was given in Rome, too, by Dr. Nevin, the Minister of the American Church, who knew the ancient mosaics of Italy and understood the tradition that Edward was following; and as Mr. Rooke was in Venice this summer he was another living link with the work.

Despair on both sides resulted from the first sample of an angel sent over to Edward in June, and he poured out his grief in a letter to his friend and pupil:

"O Rookie,—scold them, pitch into them, bully them, curse and refrain not—otherwise I must, late as it is, give it all up. You see they don't copy my outline, they don't keep to my colours told them, so what the devil can I do? The hair is dark against pale faces, they have made yellow hair against Red Indian faces—what can I do more than mark the tesserae, and what less can they do than not read my instructions? First and foremost when the"—blank for epithet left by himself—" thing is up, you must be able to see it—TELL THEM THAT—you must know what it is about!

" Secondly. It must look beautiful—and how to tell them that I don't know if they can't feel—and God only knows what poor fools they have got to work.

" I wonder if it would have been better if I had sent no instructions at all. I wonder if it has only bewildered them. I will unsay all my old directions and bid them do it in their own accursed way—perhaps that would be best. But

it is heartrending work—they are close to the best mosaic in the world and they can turn out this—have I bewildered them? have I frightened them? would they be better let quite alone? O for God's sake let them forget all I said about the tesserae being apart, if this is the result—but why should the tesserae in the face be seven times as big as those of the wings—and why, and why, all over it? Prythee a little see to it—draw them and colour them a face from the ancient work, which I will pay for, for a standard, since my directions are so useless. Forget that it is I that am concerned—suppose it is an old cartoon found and that it is desirable to render it, translate it, make it effective—VISIBLE, INTELLIGIBLE at a distance, at a good height—that the wings shall be shaded gold colour and distinct from one another as in a cartoon—the hair dark, the faces sweetly pale—the eyebrows straight, the darkness under them steady and solemn, the gradation of colour delicate and soft. All these things are possible, since the pavement of the South Kensington Museum gives these things—any trumpery work gives them. It must be done or I will destroy my cartoons and hand back the money.

"I will write to-morrow to Castellani when I am calmer—I won't say so much as I do to you and will say it quietly—but privately I must tell you that it is only excusable on the grounds that the workmen are bewildered."

After this eruption his letter to Venice next day begins calmly and all he has to say is translated into a series of minute technical criticisms and directions. To this Signor Castellani returned a really beautiful answer, from which I extract some passages—and with such single-mindedness on both sides the matter soon fell into manageable shape. I will not do the writer the injustice of altering his Italian idiom, because the clearness of his meaning could not be improved:

"As to the specimen of mosaic which you received," he says, "you must make your mind quite easy. We have done it, truly—but it is not the mosaic as we are used to make, or as we understand. We were obliged for doing it

to unlearn all that in a very long practice of our art we had apprized; but the confusion of ideas originated by all sorts of misunderstandings from either side was so great that really we were at loss not knowing what to do. Add to this the inconvenience of fixing the mosaic on a metal case so combined as to allow you to see the figure on the right side and with the mortar between the tesserae. In fact it was a very long and tedious job in which we found ourselves quite out of our own way, and which, had we not promised to let you have within a certain time this specimen in mosaic, I would never have sent you. Your letter therefore did not surprise me; only I regretted not to have been left free to do as we are used to do, and to have been so exposed before you as being totally incapable of performing our duty and doing justice to your beautiful cartoons."

After this Edward hastened with renewed hope to send out a fresh coloured drawing of the unlucky figure, which was acknowledged with these comforting words from Signor Castellani:

"I really see we shall understand perfectly well each other and our work will proceed in such way as to satisfy you. Your coloured angel was admired very much, and with the assistance of Dr. Nevin we examined and studied carefully every part of it and endeavoured with your letter before us to make all points quite clear. In a fortnight we hope to complete its execution in mosaic. Till then I have nothing else to tell you, but thank you for the great pain you took in making this beautiful coloured angel in which we could see the perfect illustration of your ideas."

On September 1st Edward writes to Mr. Rooke: "Mosaic has come—very careful, as good as ever I hoped for." By the middle of November all the designs for the apse had been completed and sent out, and at Christmas all the Venezia-Murano *atelier* joined in sending Edward "best and sincerest wishes for a happy New Year."

In contrast to this strictly ruled and limited art whose laws he had to obey at every turn, a part of the summer went to learning how he could make use in design of the

incalculable ways of the briar-rose. About this he writes to Lady Leighton:

"I wonder if in your land there grow stems of wild-rose such as I have to paint in my four pictures of the Sleeping Palace—and if deep in some tangle there is a hoary, aged monarch of the tangle, thick as a wrist and with long, horrible spikes on it—and if three or four feet of such an one might be carved out for me by a 'feller' and sent to me, that I may have evidence before my enemies that my thorns are not too big, and may also get courage to myself in painting them as big as ever I like. Is it asking anything that would be troublesome? If so, forget and forgive; but it might be possible, and a few feet of it in length with its aged spikes would be very useful just now. Three feet would be enough. I think I must have made my thorns too big, and yet, and yet—if it were only possible: it is an unbelieving generation, and its faithlessness infects the believer. Such an hoary old creature might lurk under the leaves whose aspect would be terrible."

And a week later:

"The briars have come and are all my soul lusted for—how shall I thank you enough? The thick one is a superb one, of infinite use. Indeed I began early this morning and shall for many days reconsider all my ways, amending the old work everywhere. I cannot tell you how kind and prompt and helpful you have been to me. I am really grateful. You must know how great a service you have done me.

"For I had made all the thorns too big—too hooked and sharp—not the stems too thick, but the thorns were all amiss; and now my honour will be saved, and the Sleeping Beauty's honour, which is of more account."

Endless studies of armour were made, both for the knights in the Briar Rose pictures and for the "Perseus." Sir Coutts Lindsay had a fine collection of old armour from which Edward made drawings, and in addition to this, with the help of Mr. Benson he designed many pieces himself, expressly in order to lift them out of association with any

historical time. It was Mr. Benson who both designed and made the King's crown in the large "Cophetua."

A dark side of the gift of imagination showed itself in the anxiety with which Edward heard of a visit to Arran which our daughter was asked to make in August. She was to go with her brother and to be with friends—but nothing removed the ideas of disaster and possible death which instantly filled his mind. He did not of course spoil her expectation of happiness by telling her this, but he went to our friend W. B. Richmond and begged him for friendship's sake to make a swift portrait of his girl—for who knew, if she went, whether he should ever see her again. Richmond, a man of keen feeling, with an only daughter of his own, instantly answered in the kindest way to this appeal; and laying aside everything else for the days in which it was possible to work from her, had gone far towards completing the picture before she left home.

By an evil fate, she did fall ill in Arran, and as soon as Edward heard this he gave up any hope except that of getting her back to us before she died, really going through the anguish of it all in anticipation. He could never rid himself of apprehension in life—a totally different thing from fear—and was at times worn out by the struggle to meet and endure troubles that never came as well as those that did.

When our daughter was strong enough she and I paid a promised visit to Brantwood, and there enjoyed nearly a fortnight of Ruskin's daily presence. One afternoon I remember walking with him on the heights above his house, and his speaking sadly about death—lamenting the impossibility of handing on to another all one has learned in life, so that those who come after us might start from that point and not have to begin everything again. We found the daily routine of life at Brantwood perfectly regular, and Rob Roy was the book that he read aloud to us each evening after tea.

Edward's hope was raised this year as it had not been for a long time, by seeing the work and making the

acquaintance of Mr. Alfred Gilbert, of whom I find this mention in a letter:

"And Gilbert the sculptor is a gain. I go warily, taught by old follies—but I think he will be a comfort on the way down."

And a few months later, in 1885, he writes:

"As for my sculptor—Hah! Yes—there is an artist, and some one to expect, and a thing to happen—we are such friends that we are shy of meeting. I haven't seen him this year—only I hear that he talks about me and I know that I think about him a great deal. I do think a big creature is going to happen."

About the same time that his hope for the future was revived he was also made happy by the reproduction in Berlin of Botticelli's designs to Dante. These he had always longed to see, but whilst the original book remained at Hamilton Palace, distance had prevented his doing so. The facsimile of which he writes to Mrs. Horner was made and published after the purchase of the book by the German Government.

"I have the first issue of the Dante, with selections from the Inferno, Purgatorio and Paradiso. They are unpleasantly published in a portfolio—big, loose sheets, an intolerable bore to look at, and needing what no one ever has—a large, nice, empty table. It is clear they are only first sketches and all were finally meant to be coloured—and one, the prospectus says, *is* coloured—and to 'one who knows' about the ancient method of pen-outline for finished colour, the complete design is just imaginable. I think them perfectly glorious—every touch and thought is that Master at his best, and a bigger treasure exists not, and dragons of dismal, slimy Dukes no longer brood over it.

"In two years all will be published, and mine shall I bind in a sweet volume, and take it nightly to bed with me—blessing its maker, and the maker's Maker—and will in a little bonfire rather ungratefully burn the German portfolio and the German text. And for all that, blessings be on the Germans sometimes."

CHAPTER XXI

1885—1886

Reasoning at every step he treads
Man yet mistakes his way.

PUBLIC affairs have not much place in the scheme of this book, but their influence must be taken into account, and some words of Edward's soon after the death of Gordon show how strong was his feeling against the war which led up to that disaster:

"As to the war I am so furious and enraged I am not to be trusted. I want to be out of it all and not think—else I could think myself mad. I feel bitter and horrible and revengeful." The bitterness was indeed great which made him say: "Wasn't I wrong about Gladstone? And you are very good not to jeer at me: and I wish all politicians—all, without consideration of party—were this day in an open unseaworthy boat tossing in a Biscayan Sea on their way to certain doom." Nevertheless he could not so far withdraw himself from what was going on but that in April he felt compelled to attend a great public meeting in St. James's Hall, to protest against the continuation of the war.

A gentler memory of the spring is associated with the name of a lovely, too short-lived creature—Laura, the daughter of Sir Charles Tennant: in our house she had so fascinated us all that we called her "The Siren." A description of her by Edward in a letter to Mrs. Horner, some months before the time of which I am now speaking, brings back the feeling of admiration and hope with which we looked upon her and her imagined future:

"One afternoon came to good-bye tea Mistress Laura

Tennant in a serious mood which became her mightily: she is good and loveable and full of interest—and with so much fuel and fire as she hath in her, she can surely make something splendid of her life. She half asked me to help her as I had helped you—but, except that I believe all you say, I never know in what I was any good to you, unless in some mysterious blessing, unknown to Tyndall, that does really come when one friend always wishes the very best for another—but she is a dear little lady, and will make her own life finely and strongly."

Again, when her engagement to Mr. Alfred Lyttelton was announced, he writes: "Yesterday came Laura and was most prettily behaved and it is a happy affair. I think she will be very happy—for sure nothing so fitting and just ever was before—and when I besought her to throw away something precious at once to appease the envy of the watchers, she answered prettily that she had thrown away the best thing she had already, and that was her heart."

In May of this year the marriage took place with acclamation. "*Immortale quod opto*" was a motto that Edward said reminded him of her; he put it upon a design in beaten silver that was meant for one of her wedding presents, but before the work was finished she had wholly put on immortality, and a scheme for her memorial tablet was being made in his Secret Book of Designs.

He sent nothing to the Spring Exhibition of the Grosvenor Gallery, and, when a friend wrote to ask the reason of this, answered: "I have just come from the sea, where I went to rid me of a grievous cold, and I have been out of the world and have forgotten that such things as exhibitions were—but now I am reminded. And the why of my having no pictures to shew this year is that I have begun so many and finished none—and just for once I thought how delightful it would be to have a foretaste of Paradise and be at peace. And it is peace—no dear friend now can come and say, 'Did you see what The Observer says of you?' It is so delightful that I have a mind to repeat the experiment for good."

Instead of this, however, fresh claims upon him to exhibit in a fresh place were to be made.

On the evening of June 4th he was very tired and had dropped asleep on a sofa in the drawing-room, when suddenly there was a loud ring at the front door and a servant came to say that a man was in the hall who had brought word that Mr. Burne-Jones was elected into the Royal Academy. This did not wake Edward; and I, thinking it some trick, and annoyed at the chance of his being roused, left the room and gave orders for the man to be told that it was a mistake and I would not have Mr. Burne-Jones disturbed; if he had anything to say he must return in the morning. So he was dismissed. When Edward awoke he had no clue to the message—in any case we should hear more in the morning if it were true.

The first post next day brought a letter from Leighton that explained everything. It had been written by the President at his club, and was dated 10.30 the night before:

"Dear Ned, an event has just occurred which has filled me with the deepest satisfaction and with real joy. A spontaneous act of justice has been done at Burlington House —the largest meeting of members that I ever saw has by a majority elected you an Associate of the Royal Academy. I am not aware that any other case exists of an Artist being elected who has never exhibited, nay has pointedly abstained from exhibiting on our walls. It is a pure tribute to your genius and therefore a true rejoicing to your affectionate old friend Fred Leighton."

By the same post came a note from Mr. Poynter telling Edward that his name had been proposed by a member of the Academy whom he had never seen, Mr. Briton Riviere; and this touched and surprised him, giving rise to the idea that there might really be in the Royal Academy without his knowledge an element of sympathy with his work and its aims.

Then began the difficulty of decision. It was not in his nature to do things trenchantly; imagination put both sides of a question before him too clearly for this to be possible,

and to reject a friendly advance was against his first instincts. A personal aspect of the matter was his regard for Leighton, whose affection and sensitiveness he knew, and wished heartily not to wound. The crisis was a serious one for him, and he sent a note first and then went over to see Leighton, the kindness of whose reception seemed at the time to sweep away all his difficulties; but afterwards they returned, and he wrote another note saying: "I am a troubled and anxious person all this day, and again I write to you privily as to my friend. I don't know whether I made it clear enough about what I feel to be my position in the Grosvenor Gallery—and whether as time goes on and I still send most of my work there, there will not grow up a feeling in the Academy that I have accepted their honour on false pretences. For many reasons I cannot forsake the Grosvenor Gallery; they gave me an assured place of distinction from the first—my work is known there and looked for—much that I do would look strange and without reason on the Academy walls that has an accustomed look there —I don't know if I made all this clear to you. And if you can agree to it I still don't know how it may strike members of the Academy, and whether they will not repent of the distinction they have accorded me. I do want this very clear, that there may be no after-difficulties. It would be the greatest pain to me to seem externally to have abandoned friends who have been so good to me. All this I know you will understand for me—but assure me, please, that it will be understood that I am not accepting a position on false pretences."

He wrote also to Mr. Briton Riviere thanking him for the sympathy implied by his action, and received a cordial answer:

"It is very kind of you to have written, because, however secure I may have felt in my position on other grounds, I was well aware that I might have laid myself open to some slight misunderstanding at your hands, which I should have greatly deplored: the more so because I felt that the course I pursued was the only one possible under the

circumstances. I have often thought of the loss that your absence from the roll of the Academy entailed on that institution, and the serious break it made in that wider fellowship of art which all men of catholic minds must long for—but I saw that it would be a grave error to ask you to allow your name to be placed on the list. This being the case, I felt that as I had not the pleasure of knowing you personally, I at least was free to act on the broad ground of what was right and expedient. The event has proved that what I did as a simple act of duty is in perfect harmony with the wishes of a large majority of the members of the Academy."

Leighton's reply to Edward's anxious letter said:

"As I assured you yesterday, I fully understand the nature of your feeling towards the Grosvenor Gallery and I cannot doubt that my colleagues will do so likewise;—it would be, to say the least, unnatural that you should cease to contribute, and that worthily, to Sir C. Lindsay's Exhibition, and there is, therefore, in your kind letter only one little word that has caused me concern, and that is the word 'most':—'most of my work.' I feel sure that whilst you would wish not to seem, even, to slight a body of men who have sought you out to do honour to your genius, you will be able to deal with an even hand between the two Exhibitions.

"I wish well to the Grosvenor Gallery and would not in any case wish it to lose the great pillar of strength which you are to it, but as many people will flock to see one of your works as to see two or three, and it will no more suffer detriment from the exhibition of some of your best work elsewhere (as will seem most natural and obvious now) than does the Academy from the fact that works by Academicians cover the walls of the Grosvenor. It has long been my anxious dream that the Royal Academy should become a truly and nobly representative Institution including in its ranks and mustering on its walls all the best life of our country's Art—this, dear Ned, is no unworthy aspiration; you will I feel assured help in its fulfilment."

Mr. Watts wrote touchingly: "I wish I might venture to hope you would accept the recognition the Academy has done itself the honour to shew, by becoming one of us: I believe you could help the cause of Art more effectually by doing so than by remaining outside." This argument Edward had long ago rejected—it was another feeling that swayed him now. "You must see," Mr. Watts continued, "how many friends and admirers you have amongst the body in the fact that the moment your name came up you were elected. That your name was on the list at all was a great surprise to many of us—for of course Leighton and Poynter and myself knew your opinions too well to think we should be giving you any pleasure by putting your name in the book. I must say I was delighted to find a stranger to you personally brought the matter suddenly to such (for the Academy) a satisfactory end."

To this Edward answered:

"You know all I feel about it—have we not talked over these things many a day? I loved solitude and peace and isolation, and I give these up reluctantly—as I gave them up to exhibit at all: but I can't have my way—and since you and Leighton are so affectionately kind about this I am bound to be glad too. I wish you had a better godchild to back so strenuously as you do; I am unfit for teaching or taking any part in the administration of that big society.

"I told Leighton all my disqualifications—how bound in honour I feel to the Grosvenor and how inconsistent my position would become—all that seemed to me needful to say I told him this morning, and I think you know all my innermost mind about it and I need not say it to you. Of course I like to be by your side—of course I feel proud that you and he are glad: and if I now and then grieve over lost insignificance it is not because I am ungrateful to you both."

The voice of Boehm was amongst the first heard from the outer circle of friends: "I write to beg you not to refuse the offered Associateship. So many of us are frightened that you might do so."

The person upon whom Edward always relied for advice in the affairs of life was Mr. Graham, who had now for some time arranged all business matters connected with the sale of his work and in every way looked keenly after his interests. But Mr. Graham was ill and away from London; so Edward, who was busy with letters that demanded his own attention, asked me to write at once and tell the difficulty to our friend. In order to recall the exact feeling of the day I quote part of this letter:

"—to speak the truth, it is a great disturbance to him. He recognizes the honour intended and the friendliness, but, in confidence to you we may say that it is outside all his thoughts and aims, and he clings to his freedom. Edward went round to Leighton with so grave a face that he broke out at once on seeing it, 'Don't say you have come to refuse it, Ned!' and was so affectionate and generous in all he added that Ned could only come away as he went—with a grave face and an acknowledgement of the honour."

Later in the day Edward himself wrote to Mr. Graham, ending with "What a little matter it all is—I have no time to think of much else except your being so full of pain."

Meanwhile, before our letters had reached him, Mr. Graham had written to Edward, but his counsel was less clear than usual. "My dear," he said, "on the whole, though with a divided mind, I hope now that it is done you will acquiesce, whilst maintaining your old independence."

To me this watchful friend wrote separately: "He cannot surrender his liberty I know, and that he will ever feel in the humour to sing (but only an odd chirrup now and then!) in a gilded cage in Piccadilly, I don't much credit. All the same I am *very* glad, now it is done, that they have done it."

A note from Morris rings clear as a bell through all these years: "As to the Academy, I don't see why their action should force Ned into doing what he disapproves of, since they did not ask him first." But the way was not so plain to us; and, together, we made what we afterwards knew to be a mistaken decision.

This was Edward's answer to the Academy:

"Gentlemen, accept my thanks and cordial recognition of the unlooked for and great honour you have done me by electing me as a member of your body.

"In respectfully and formally accepting the honour, I may perhaps be excused for reminding you that I do not come among you as a man free from certain engagements already made to others, but—reflecting upon the brotherly welcome you offer me—I ask for, and feel sure of receiving, your sympathy with my fulfilment of all engagements that I feel binding upon me."

I remember the feeling of melancholy that fell upon us both when this letter had been sent: a step had been taken in the dark because we had come to think it ought to be done; but every one knows the difference between the moment of resolution to act and that of reflection which comes afterwards. We paced side by side up and down my sitting-room in silence for a time, and he compared this (with the lightening of a smile that so seldom failed) to the wandering of Jephthah's daughter and her companions upon the hill-tops.

In little more than a month afterwards Mr. Graham died, and no one could supply his place to us. Edward wrote: "I like it that I am always wanting him for little things—it keeps him constantly before me. Fifty times a year I shall be perplexed about matters he would have made smooth for me, and I like it so—to keep thinking how he would have contrived for me."

The invitation to Edward to accept the Presidency of the Society of Artists in Birmingham had been renewed in the spring, and accepted under certain conditions. These were that he should not be expected either to make speeches or give lectures. "But," he wrote, "if it were thought desirable that I should visit the Schools of Design, or meet the artists or pupils in some quiet way, without pomp or circumstance, it would be a delight to me."

So in October he went down and carefully studied the conditions of art in his native town. First, however, he

went to see his father, and also Miss Sampson, who was comfortably lodged in the suburbs: he made her a happy little time, taking her a long drive and listening to all she told him about old friends and acquaintance. Then he left his hotel and went for two or three days to Mr. Kenrick's hospitable house, from which he transacted all his business. One whole day was spent in looking over the work of the more advanced students of the School of Art, and in giving them advice. In the evening he was very tired, and his kind host, with instinctive knowledge of what he would like, chose a volume of poems that he thought sympathetic in tone, and read aloud from them while Edward rested. They were by Dr. Sebastian Evans, an old friend of Mr. Kenrick's, and Edward's curiosity about the writer was immediately aroused. Question and answer only increased interest until when he came home again he felt that he had made a new, though as yet unseen friend.

He was cheered by this journey, and when he wrote to Mr. Kenrick afterwards his letter was as full of hope and enthusiasm as those that he used to send to Cormell Price in the days of his youth:

"Something in my time with you in Birmingham has set fresh hope in my heart. I felt very touched that you made so much of the little I could possibly do in that brief time—the thanks so disproportioned to the deserving, that I have come back with an idea that every one in Birmingham is gracious and sympathetic. Yes, that is so. And I want it to be a famous city, and the beginner of new life to England. The visit made me younger and is like a fresh impulse to me—a delightful memorable time—two days only, according to the material reckoning of the School of Cambridge, but in the School of Oxford, of higher mathematic, to be called rather two months; and I am thinking and devising plans to serve you." Then he turns to other things, but on the last page repeats:

"And Birmingham shall be a famous City, of white stone, full of brave architecture, carved and painted;—politics quite needless since the fight has been won (the

fighters portrayed in marble placidly sleeping), advertisements penal, and the newspapers, if needed at all, in strict rhyme and metre."

An extra day was given to a pilgrimage to the farm at Harris Bridge, where his aunt, Mrs. Choyce, now a vigorous old lady of seventy-five, was still living. He found the house and all around it quite unchanged, except that he said it looked so much smaller than he remembered, and brought away an affectionate memory of the little visit.

Still thinking of all he had seen in Birmingham, he wrote another letter in November to Mr. Kenrick, urging extreme care in the selection of examples of ancient art for the guidance of modern students:

"Jet-black gloom having settled on the world so that I can't see to work, I will scribble a word to you that I want to say.

"Yesterday I met a certain Miss Harrison whose inaugural lecture about Troy myths on Greek pots I heard last week and much admired; and in talking to her on the subject and violently pressing my most extreme views—as is my wont and ever will be till some one knocks me on the head for it—she said incidentally that she had just returned from Birmingham, and that casts from some sculpture I had been much abusing had been, or were to be, ordered for the Schools; and so I thought I would write a letter of private intercession on the subject to you.

"The question of casts is such an important one that I could wish you would take Richmond into consultation—he selected for Oxford, when he was Slade Professor, a most admirable set of perfect examples—and I know he would gladly put at your service his perfect taste and immense knowledge of the subject. I don't know whether I am right in my recollection of what Miss Harrison told me, but I gathered that it had been decided in my beloved Birmingham to have casts of the late vulgar brutal Pergamus sculptures in preference to the Athenian—and so my soul burned within me and I determined to write and ask you. It has been much on my mind since I saw your collection

of casts, how needful was a finely selected set of perfect examples of the great time—and if your Committee would pass a decree and invoke Richmond's help it would be luck, and you would have the best selection that the wit of the world could give you.

"I was greatly struck with Miss Harrison's lecture; admirably illustrated, learned, and without a speck or blemish of pedantry. I know they are lectures you would like—she knows all that the Germans have to tell and still remains human. The Pergamus altar—O heaven and also hell—chiefly hell. Truth is, and it is a scientific induction, a *post factum* and *secundum factum* truth, that, whenever Germans go forth to dig and discover, their special providence provides for them and brings to the surface the most depressing, heavy, conceited, dull products of dead and done-with Greece: and they ought to be thankful, for it is what they like, but we, born under happier circumstances, may turn our commiserating backs upon them."

When speaking about the selection of examples, he once said, "I always judge of a set of school-casts by the absence of Laocoön. If Laocoön 's there, all 's amiss."

Meanwhile Sebastian Evans was not forgotten, and Mr. Kenrick did good service to both his friends by bringing them together. At his instigation Dr. Evans wrote direct to Edward asking where and how they were to meet, and soon the un-strange stranger was sitting at lunch with us, and they were talking together as if they had known each other always. It seemed to be the merest chance that they had not done so really, for it turned out that when Edward used to stay at Harris Bridge Dr. Evans' home was but four miles away, and the two boys, who were much the same age, were at the same time wandering about the same roads and fields. There were strong differences between the new friends, but also points of close sympathy; for instance, deep love of mediaeval and romantic literature, living knowledge of the classics, and humour quick and bright as a flame. Acquaintance, companionship, friendship, and at last warm affection is the history of their relation to each

other; and in the two years after Morris left us, Sebastian came nearer to Edward mentally than any other living man.

In November, Dr. Nevin wrote from Rome saying that the mosaic in the apse of the Church of St. Paul was nearly finished and urging Edward to go out and see it. That was impossible, but his interest in it was unabated, and for years to come he gave much time and thought to a scheme for the decoration of the building; indeed, he once said that he had made plans to cover all the walls from roof to floor with mosaics. "On one wall," he said, "there is a space of forty feet sheer down, where I mean to shoot Lucifer and his knights out of a glittering heaven." These things were not done, for want of funds, but the great arches across the nave were decorated with an Annunciation, a Nativity, and a mystical design which he called the Tree of Forgiveness. Writing of this to a friend, he says:

"I doubt if you will care for it—perhaps you will. It 's one of those things I do outside painting, far away from it. It has more to do with architecture, and isn't a picture a bit. It 's a mystical thing—Christ hanging with outspread arms but not crucified: the cross is turned into a big tree all over leaves, and the stems of the tree are gold. Everything is done to make it not a picture, and the severe limitations of mosaic are all obeyed and observed. I love to work in that fettered way, and am better in a prison than in the open air always. There is a man on one side of him and a woman on the other, and a cornsheaf by the man and two babies and a lily by the woman—that is all. I am doing my best, but it isn't a picture and few will understand it. It is bright colour and will be high up and very big when it is carried out—and it can't be sold and will be in Rome and will last for ever, and that is why I like doing them."

He must have been in the mood to let people find things out for themselves when he thus spoke of "a man" and "a woman" only; another time he described the whole thing more fully, thus:

"I shall make the design I have set my heart on—of a great flowering tree growing all over the space, myriads of

leaves to it—every leaf as big as a man's hand—and in the tree a very pale Christ. On one side of it is Adam and on the other Eve, and two toddles, and these shall stand for mankind." He owned, too, that the lily which grows by Eve prefigured the Annunciation. "There are," he said, "only two sides of Christianity for which I am fitted by the Spirit that designs in me—the carol part and the mystical part. I could not do without mediaeval Christianity. The central idea of it and all it has gathered to itself made the Europe that I exist in. The enthusiasm and devotion, the learning and the art, the humanity and romance, the self-denial and splendid achievement that the human race can never be deprived of, except by a cataclysm that would all but destroy man himself—all belong to it."

Edward's fifty-second birthday was spent at Rottingdean: "On Friday next I reach the unusual age of 109—remember me and drink to me, both you and Leonora," he writes to Mr. Rooke.

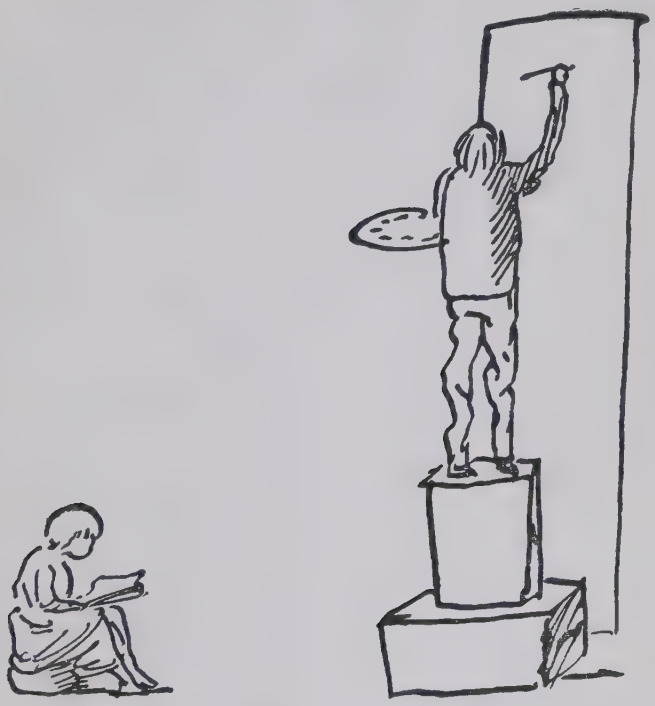
The fact returns to my mind that, sick at heart about Irish matters, he took in no English newspaper for part of this year, but subscribed to Galignani instead.

His list of work for 1885 says: "This autumn I began a picture from Margaret, with a round mirror behind her." It was the blue portrait of his daughter which has been often reproduced, and the room reflected in the mirror—recognizable in minute detail to those who knew it—was her own.

The different stages of his children's lives were of profound interest to him, and as they grew up they found in him an elder brother as well as a father. As soon as Margaret was old enough she began to share and then almost entirely to take my post as reader-aloud in the studio. Beside many other books she went through the whole of Thackeray twice in this way; Dickens was my special province. She and Edward had their own world of fun, and for her he invented a "little language," beside the most unheard-of names. I remember hearing him and Millais once talk to each other about their daughters, each boasting that he was the most devoted father. "Ah, but *you* don't take

your daughter's breakfast up to her in bed," said Edward, certain that the prize belonged to him. Millais' triumphant "Yes, I do!" left them only equal.

The Dickens and Thackeray characters lived with us as vividly as they do in thousands of other homes, and to the end of his life Edward never wearied of them.



Old London was always a place he liked to think of: he cherished the idea of the time when the spire of St. Paul's was the highest in the world, and when the city was full of white houses—often chanting to himself from an old ballad, "News was brought to lovely London." About the present Cathedral he felt as he did about St. Peter's, that to him its dulness outweighed any other quality.

Sometimes on a Saturday afternoon he would leave work and carry his daughter with him far into the City to shew

her its old buildings and the houses where celebrated men had lived. One of these jaunts is described in Margaret's journal: "We walked down Holborn, saw Gray's Inn, Staple Inn, Barnard's Inn, Clement's Inn, the Old Bailey, took cab to Christ's Hospital, saw the blue-coats playing, then to St. John's Gate in Smithfield, then to Charterhouse, silent and deserted." But the old men were still there, and for Colonel Newcome's sake, when Founder's Day came, Edward and Margaret went again to Charterhouse and returned thanks in the Chapel, with the "poor Brothers" for whom Thomas Sutton had provided a shelter in their old age. The story of this pilgrimage is also preserved:

"We were rather early for Chapel, and so wandered about the little courts, to see the buildings and to keep warm, for it was bitter chill—how much unlike the burning, still day we were last here. There was cooking going on in one of the quads (in the most beautiful, with little arched entrances at two diagonal corners, and a high-pitched roof round the low buildings). Two huge iron pans were steaming thickly on the top of two bright little fires from which the wind blew showers of sparks—the fires themselves were on a sheet of iron spread on trestles; a man came out of a doorway now and then to stir and superintend. Boys talking and running passed now and then; they had come up from Godalming to keep the day at the old School. We went into the little hall, panelled with dark wood, and saw the long tables spread for dinner to-night: dessert was on them, almonds and raisins and figs and biscuits and every sort of innocence prepared for the young and the aged. We looked in at the door and saw men-cooks rushing about amid steam and smell. Old waiters carried plates and glasses hither and thither. The place was quietly alive, and every now and then, in a dimly lit passage or the cold dark outside, we met old Carthusians or strangers like ourselves. As service drew near we walked up and down in the corridor where tablets to Thackeray and Leech are on the walls—and then entered the little chapel, warm and cosy. About twenty old pensioners with white hair came in, in their black

cloaks, and sat in the body of the chapel. About twenty boys sat on chairs near the altar, with black and yellow heads, looking very young. It was very touching to see those white-headed little old men and those brown-headed little young boys still together—the successors of nearly three hundred years' old men and boys blessed by Thomas Sutton. We looked for Colonel Newcome, but he was not there. As we came out there was a thin new moon in the sky, and her star, both rather yellow from London smoke, and we walked and ran to Blackfriars to keep warm and took train home."

Edward was not often able to take such an excursion as this in December, for as usual, he had to keep the house a great deal during the winter, depending much for amusement upon the letters and visits of friends. An offer from one of these to send him Tolstoi's Anna Karenina to read produced an answer which embodied so much that I have heard from him in a more fragmentary way that I am glad to give it as typical of his constant thought:

"Don't lend me any sad stories—no, not if they are masterpieces. I cannot afford to be made unhappy, and I suspect that book Anna Karenina—I suspect it is Russian, and if it is I know what to expect, and I couldn't bear it. There would be a beautiful woman in it—all that is best in a woman, and she would be miserable and love some trumpery frip (as they do) and die of finding out she had been a fool—and it would be beautifully written and full of nature and just like life, and I couldn't bear it. These books are written for the hard-hearted, to melt them into a softer mood for once before they congeal again—as much music is written—not for poets but for stockjobbers, to wring iron tears from them for once; that is the use of sorrowful art, to penetrate the thick hide of the obtuse, and I have grown to be a coward about pain. I should like that Anna so much and be so sorry for her and wish I had been the man instead of that thing she would have —and it wouldn't be happy. Look! tell me it ends well and that the two lovers marry and are happy ever afterwards, and I'll read it gratefully—and I shall wait your answer.

"I don't mind being harrowed, but then it must be in lofty rhyme or verse heroical—great kings and queens—and then I like it very much; but I can't bear a tale that has in it a woman who is knocked about and made miserable and mad, and thrown away on a wretch, and is altogether heart-breaking. I like such a one, after due troublesomeness and quite bearable anxiety, to marry the hero and be happy ever after—is that very dull or am I very tender-hearted? And I daresay the book is like a Tourgenief book. I love and admire Tourgenief beyond words, but I cannot read him; having read two of him I will read no more. I know how good they are—that the Russians can make splendid women in their books; and I know that ours are but poor things in our books—but I do really suffer when I read them and get demoralized with miserable reflections."

Another reflection of his at another time was: "As a rule I do think men are bricks about women—when they are not stones."

Nothing would induce him to look at Tess of the D'Urbervilles some years later, because of its miserable ending. "I won't have nice girls hanged," he said; "surely such stories are only needed by the hard-hearted. I wish, I wish some one would write a happy tale. I have been reading Rob Roy, and it is perfect, perfect, PERFECT. And I read two or three French tales, but they destroyed me body and soul. How masterly they are no words are good enough to tell, but I hated them."

On February 1st, 1886, writing to Mrs. Wyndham, he says:

"Indeed it does make me happy and comfort and assure me when you like my work—it is trouble enough and sorrow enough to bring forth often—and the only reward I mind is that my friends should care for it.

"The days of last year were so dark towards the end that I could not finish my sleeping princess, and had to set it aside with a reluctant heart, and take up two bits of things to feed the ravening maw of London Exhibitions. This week I have begun a thing for the Academy—and when that is done I shall try to finish a little pretty one

for my old love the Grosvenor—but I want to be painting at my sleeping palace."

"I wonder if you would like my new picture" ("The Depths of the Sea"), he writes a little later to Mrs. Horner; "it will be lost entirely in the Academy—but here it looks like a dream well enough."

Leighton was friendly and happy about "The Depths of the Sea" when he saw it finished; and a trace of his visit remains in the shoal of little fishes that Edward afterwards painted swimming round a pillar of the mermaid's cave. Leighton's note, written on thinking over their talk in the studio, follows:

"Dear Ned, when you shewed me your delightful picture the other day you said you had intended to put fishes along the upper edge of the water, but that you had altered your mind, and you added 'Wasn't I right?' I, not liking, out of shyness, to say 'No,' said 'Yes'—wherein I spake a foolish thing—after my too frequent habit! On the contrary I like the idea of the fish up there *hugely*—they would emphasize the fanciful character which is the charm of the picture, and would bring home to the vulgar eye (a dull orb and a multitudinous) the *underwateriness* which you have indicated by those delightful green swirls in the background. *Liberavi animam meam*—put them in, Ned, they will be lovely."

This done, and not to the picture's hurt, there followed in due order notifications of "varnishing day" and of the "banquet" at the Royal Academy. But Edward was away to Rottingdean—worn out with work—as soon as he had sent off his pictures for the Grosvenor Gallery. These were three in number: "The Morning of the Resurrection," "The Delphic Sibyl," and "Flamma Vestalis," which only went in on the 27th of April. A letter from Leighton, however, brought him back to town for the banquet on May 1st. The President wrote: "I don't know how to summon up brutal courage to urge you to come up for the dinner (returning to Brighton by the 10.5 train that night). I can't do more than say that this, the first dinner since your

election, seems to me the most important. There is no place in which you have warmer sympathizers than in your own brotherhood, but there are of course men who would say perhaps 'See, even now he won't have anything to say to us—he won't even come to the first banquet.' It would distress me to hear that, but I won't say any more, Ned. You may feel stronger after your first day's breathe—if not—well—alas."

The personal note in this was enough, and Edward made the effort, rather than distress Leighton.

We always associated "The Depths of the Sea" with our dear "Siren," for the face of the mermaid had some likeness to her strange charm of expression. It was this that Edward meant when, soon after beginning the picture, he said: "I am painting a scene in Laura's previous existence." On Easter Eve this much-loved creature died.

"It is the sorrowfullest ending," he wrote, "poor, bright, sweet little thing. I dread knowing any more of people, or watching in a stupid unhelpful way the calamities that rain upon them." And, a few weeks later, "I have no clear idea of a memorial to that little darling, but I should like it. I like praise of the dead, and keeping Saints' days and holy days for them. I did make one very little oblation which I made so obscure that no one has discovered it—it is on the left-hand corner of the Resurrection picture at the Grosvenor—only the words 'In Memoriam L. L. Easter 1886.' I didn't want it to be obtrusive and am glad no one has seen it. And I have schemed a memorial tablet for her if it is ever needed; perhaps I may carry it out and set it up at home, for we all loved her dearly."

He did make a tablet, employing in its execution a kind of material and workmanship quite new to him. It was a bas-relief in gesso: "durable as granite and enduring till the Judgment Day," he described it. "It is eight feet high, and is an effigy of a peacock, which is the symbol of the Resurrection, standing upon a laurel-tree—and the laurel grows out of the tomb and bursts through the sides of the tomb with a determination to go on living, and refusing to be dead."

This was left pure white and put up in a church, but for ourselves a cast was made which Edward painted in full, deep colour, and we kept it in the entrance hall at the Grange. There was much beautiful lettering on it, beginning with the words *Non est hic, sed surrexit*, and below was a Latin inscription made by Dean Church, one of the many who had loved her.

July is marked by this confession:

"I have been in deep blues—no, not blues, for they would be heavenly, but blacks—no reason on earth for it, but deep in melancholy, as sometimes happens to me. Can't help it—it comes down like a blight and lifts and goes away one day all of itself, but while it lasts it is often nigh unto despair."

The high pressure of other work during these years left little time to spare for "Avalon," which remained waiting for him in the Campden Hill studio. An assistant was at times employed on the preparation of certain parts of the picture, but after 1885 it is long before its name reappears in the yearly work list. A day was snatched for it occasionally though, and many a word shews that the subject was never forgotten. To a friend, from whom there came a sorrowful letter, he says:

"Send me a happy letter soon and be not troubled. Nothing matters but Avalon—here are two lines for thee from an ancient poem about it:

> There is a pleasant city on the surface of the sea;
> Joyous its high tide, beautiful its king."

When, after her marriage, Mrs. Horner went to live in Somersetshire, within a possible drive of Glastonbury, he wrote to tell her of the romance that circled round that ancient place: "Every time you write, mention Glastonbury to me," he said, "and one day, if I were to go to you, would you take me there?"

When she told him that she had been there herself, he wrote again. The half-humorous allusions to Mr. Freeman in this letter had their origin partly in Edward's in-

stinctive aversion from the historian's Saxon standpoint, and partly in a pretended grudge that he should live, as he did, in that "magical land" of Celtic romance.

"It is true about Glastonbury then," he begins, "and I didn't make it up: it was years ago when I saw it, and I have a way of seeing what I want into things—I wanted it to be Avalon very much—and indeed I could talk of it with you for a long day, in despite of Freeman and the likes of him. Besides, it 's true, what I would tell you—and it 's the wonderfullest of tales.

"Did you go along the causeway and think of it once as a mere, and the shining island in the middle? It must have shone really—else Freeman's prosy forefathers would never have called it the Glass-thing-town—it must have glittered again for them to have noticed it. I shall wonder till the end what it was that was such a marvel there.

"Did they tell you it was the city of the perpetual choir, so that all day and night without ceasing it went on—to the exceeding disgust of the Saxons or Freemen, who got in at last and smashed it up and put an end to the crystal town and the singing, and settled down and drank ale and ate beef there till now. *Ynisaval*—apple island—is its old name, and *Yniswytren*—glass island—and it must have seemed the very thing that was right to set the Chapel of the San Graal there and the spear that trembled, and the place for Arthur to sleep in. All the way from Amesbury (about which I can tell you marvels) on to Glastonbury is romance land, the most beautiful and sweet that ever was, I think, soaked in wonderful tales. Nothing was ever like Morte d'Arthur—I don't mean any one book or any one poem, something that never can be written I mean, and can never go out of the heart. And Freeman is not so much as to set hoof on it, is he? He shall write about the English—a fine and successful people, whose ways I would study if I had ten lives. However, it's quite true I am always mooning about it, and it's pretty that you have gone to live in a magical land that I dream about."

The name of the place where Mr. Rooke went this year to

make a drawing for Mr. Ruskin was Avallon in Burgundy, and that set Edward dreaming of a French Avalon.

"But how is it that you are at Avalon, where I have striven to be with all my might—and how did you get there and how does Arthur the King? And is Morgan le Fay as beautiful as they said, or are these secrets and not to be told? If so don't tell me, for I can't keep secrets."

Then, after speaking of various things he had been working on, he ends: "I have designed many pictures that are to be painted in Avalon—secure me a famous wall, for I have much to say."

On November 2nd Edward received a letter from Mr. Alfred Hunt which was the prelude to his re-entering the Old Water Colour Society—by this time known as the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours. Mr. Hunt was evidently informally commissioned to learn Edward's feeling in the matter. He writes: "My dear Mr. Burne-Jones, I hope you will forgive me if I ask you to think over the following suggestion. Would it be possible for you to rejoin the Old Water Colour Society? There is a vacancy among the Members which must be filled up on Nov. 30th. The laws of the Society provide for the re-admission of any former Member to full Membership, and, I venture to think, that if you would allow yourself to be re-elected, you would do a very great service to English art. I wish you would resume your old place among us. In my belief, your leaving us, along with Sir F. Burton, was the most serious blow which that Society has sustained in our time."

For Mr. Hunt Edward always had an affectionate liking, and towards the Society he felt no ill-will, so he replied at once: "I should not like to take any step without consulting Burton—he stood by me and retired with me, and if I returned again I should like it to be in his company. I wish you were here to talk over the matter. It was so contrary to every wish of mine that the Society suffered any inconvenience from me, nor was I at all aware until it was over that Burton ever dreamed of withdrawing: what I did was never meant to vex, trouble, or cast a slight upon any—but

after that experience I never again should have felt free, and freedom is needful for me."

The next day, he wrote again: "I have been thinking over your letter, and considering the matter from many sides, and the more I think the more difficulties present themselves, and I wish we could have a personal talk—for letter-writing is for many reasons unsatisfactory.

"I am, as it is, overworked and overstrained at exhibition time. To send some work to the Grosvenor when I can, I am in all honour bound, for their courtesy has been unfailing,—and to send to the Academy I am in duty bound—and this last spring, between them, they were near killing the goose that lays the—well, pewter eggs let us call them. New responsibility of that kind would be, I am quite certain, mad in me. And then I am useless at all meetings—for they are my despair, and dishearten me for days afterwards. I am not in harmony at all with associations like the Academy and Old Water Colour Society; my real home would be in a society which embraces and covers all art—everything that art enters into—and the disintegration of art and the development and favouring of little portions of it is a sore matter to me. I should like the O. W. C. and the Institute and the Grosvenor Gallery and the R. A. to be gathered into a National Academy, and much else besides gathered with it, and for this Herculean task I am in no wise fitted to labour—only it is what I sorely want. To work incessantly and busily at my pictures is all I am good for, and for this I should like much more silence, retirement and peace than I can get. But postpone matters till you come back and let us talk it over. If it were possible for me to make some sign of friendship and fellowship with my old friends—with whom I never had one moment's pique—I should be glad."

By return of post Mr. Hunt answered:

"I see the full force of your objections; and feel exactly as you do about Exhibitions and (except as useful for certain stages of art) all separate art Societies: and what is worst of all for me as an advocate, I cannot bring myself to

try to persuade you—much. With respect to Sir F. Burton, I hoped to re-unite him as an honorary Member. Once an artist always an artist—but Burton is no longer an artist in the limited professional sense [he was now the Director of the National Gallery], and therefore can be elected as an honorary member." Here Mr. Hunt's difficulty as to using persuasion suddenly disappears, and he continues: "*You must come in.* The time will come when these different Societies will be federated. The time has already come when we, most of us, understand that a true artist will always do his best and can't do more—least of all count on, or make a principal thing of, getting pictures done for this or that exhibition. The O. W. S. wants and deserves your help. It is your influence, your selection of men to be elected, and your vote for the right sort of men which the Society wants. I am certain that you will not find membership irksome."

Edward consulted with Sir Frederick Burton, who advised him to accept the invitation, while he himself was willing to return to the Society as an honorary member. On December 1st came the Secretary's official notice of their re-election. But Edward remained heavy-hearted, and his lasting feeling was: "For myself I should of all things love to keep out of publicity for a while, not exhibiting anywhere, but quietly finishing my work without hurry: so much I hate Exhibitions and look on them as destructive of aim and resolution and the necessary peace of all lasting work."

"Why on earth," he exclaimed another time, "and in the name of what infernal ghoul we fret our hearts yearly over these trumpery exhibitions, I cannot think—it has nothing on earth to do with me really, and is mere weak-minded flabby acquiescence in a system I hate, loathe, and abjure."

All the time given to stained glass from March to November this year was devoted to two large designs of the Nativity and Crucifixion for windows in St. Philip's Church, Birmingham, which Morris carried out in glorious colour. This chapter shall close by our looking over Edward's shoulder when one day in winter he took out the Firm's account-book to enter the item, and filled six pages, as it

were by one stroke of the pen, with the last long outburst of fun that the little book contains:

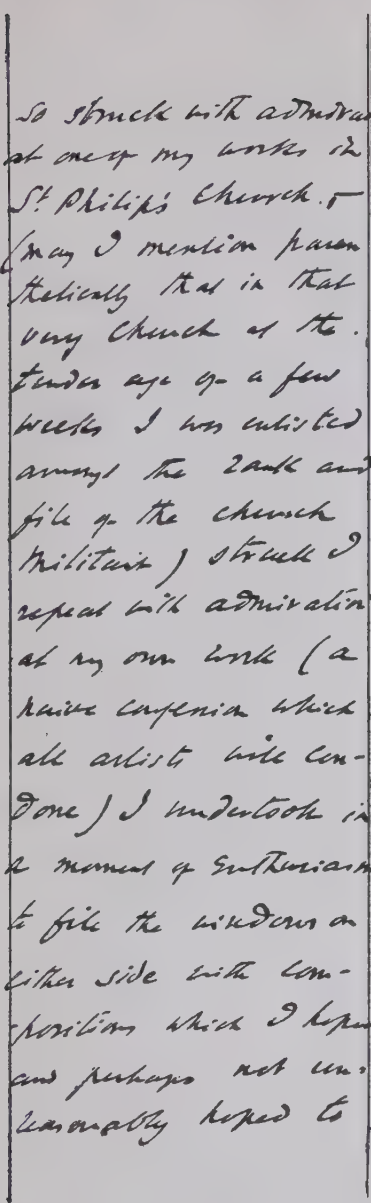
"Two cartoons for St. Philip's, Birmingham. We now come to an event in the history of my connexion with the Firm upon which I would fain have kept silence: as it is I can but implore those who hereafter have curiosity or interest enough to peruse this ledger, to withhold from public notice the disastrous transaction now to be recorded.

"It was in the year (I was about to say of grace) 1885 that, visiting my native city of Birmingham, I was so struck with admiration at one of my works in St. Philip's Church (may I mention parenthetically that in that very Church at the tender age of a few weeks I was enlisted amongst the rank and file of the Church Militant) struck, I repeat, with admiration at my own work (a *naïve* confession which all artists will condone) I undertook in a moment of enthusiasm to fill the windows on either side with compositions which I hoped, and perhaps not unreasonably hoped, to make worthy of my former achievement.

"In the glow of the moment, carried out of myself with a sort of rapture, and as it were defenceless against the shafts of the avaricious and the mercantile, I made no pecuniary stipulation. My thoughts, if not my actual words, were 'I am in Mr. Morris' hands—in the hands, that is, of an old and tried friend; he will see that my wife and children shall not suffer; he will take care that my old age shall not be embarrassed nor my good name tarnished by the offer of any inadequate compensation.'

"In this assurance I toiled—the heat of Summer, the chills of Autumn, the gloom of incipient Winter have seen me still at the work.

"And to what result? To this result, that for the production of two immense designs pronounced by my own family and one or two intimate friends to be masterpieces marking the culmination of my powers, my wages have been assessed at a sum of ——, a pittance so contemptible that the idea for one moment occurred to me to hand over the despicable amount for parochial distribution—an unworthy



thought, wrung out of me by honest indignation, which I immediately discarded.

"I have done my work—I have also learnt a lesson for which I did not stipulate and for which I tender my thanks to the Firm.

"How far art may be purified and exalted by martyrdom is a subject of interesting speculation—but to discuss the temper of those who can derive worldly advantage from the tortures of the oppressed, while it would nauseate the jaded appetite of the cynic and jar upon the nerves of the profligate, can command neither the interest of the intelligent nor the sympathy of the virtuous."

CHAPTER XXII

THINGS NEW AND OLD
1887—1889

IT was not until the stages of designing and making studies for a picture were past that Edward liked to talk as he worked; then a friend who looked in would be welcome, and few subjects came amiss; his "Don't go!" must linger still in many an ear. Sitting or standing at his easel, and not seeing any listener, he would go on talking much longer than when unoccupied—sometimes in a very memorable way. After nearly five and twenty years of this studio-talk had passed unrecorded, it occurred to Mr. Rooke that he would try to perpetuate some of the outpouring, and he then began, unknown to Edward, to make furtive notes on backs of drawings, edges of newspapers, or any available space. These jottings, afterwards filled up and sacredly kept from every other eye, he brought to me when the end came. In them I recognized the mind and even the voice of the speaker, and could only remain astonished at the disciplined memory which thus made the past live again in Edward's own unmistakeable words.

From this storehouse I shall now draw freely for the expression of his thoughts, opinions and beliefs of the widest range: the date at which they were uttered matters little, for they are mature. I shall still, however, follow the sequence of outward things.

"The Garden of Pan," exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1887, is a fulfilment of part of Edward's intention to paint the Beginning of the World. He first called it "The Youth of Pan," but, feeling dissatisfied with that name, asked Mr. Mackail to find another, which he adopted.

Of this picture he said: "The god is mightily satisfied with himself, as an artist commonly is—the picture has no satire in it, but is meant to be a little foolish and to delight in foolishness—and is a reaction from the dazzle of London wit and wisdom."

Another picture that he did this year might be called a reaction from the glamour of all the world's pleasure-seeking. It was a small water-colour touched with gold, of St. Francis receiving the Stigmata, and was designed expressly for Father Damien, the leper-priest of Molokai. To him it was taken by our friend Mr. Clifford (artist and honorary secretary of the Church Army), who was going the long journey in order to carry out a certain oil, thought by some to be a cure for leprosy, and also, as he himself said, that he might shew sympathy and affection to Father Damien. The reverence that Edward felt for this martyr of our own time need not be dwelt upon: he painted the picture and sent it, and it was understood. "It was the most precious of all the presents that I took to Father Damien," writes Mr. Clifford, "and I can see now his face as he first looked at it and studied it." Owing to various causes it did not reach Molokai until December, 1888, and when the devoted priest died four months later, it was given to the lepers' chapel. A little note which came back to Edward from Father Damien was valued greatly. He said: "I shall treasure the brief words all my life—very brief, and in a language he is not used to, but I find them very touching. O, but I couldn't be good like that, and live with lepers."

These were the Father's words:

"Many thanks for your kindness. May the Lord inspire you with holy thoughts and bless with all His Holy Graces."

This note, together with a spray of fern from the island and a photograph from a sketch that Mr. Clifford made of the poor marred face, was framed by Edward and stood always opposite the foot of his bed. The face, he said, was of a type for which he was not prepared, "something between that profile of Michael Angelo we know and a sailor—unless indeed the leprosy has of late changed his face—

for Clifford said he had not seen his image for years (having naturally no looking-glass) and was a good deal pained when he saw the drawing."

A description that Mr. Clifford gave, on his return, of the land and people of Molokai interested Edward extremely, so that he filled a whole letter to his daughter with it:

"There's a big volcano there, the awfullest in all the world. Clifford went out to see it, and stayed by it five days—he stayed at a little house beside the edge of it. One morning very early, five in the morning, he saw on the crater rim a beautiful tall girl, crowned with jessamine and roses, dancing—that is, Malay dancing, swaying and moving hands and body but only shuffling feet, as we saw them. She danced and never stopt till evening: she was the beautifullest thing he ever saw. From dewy dawn till dewy eve she swayed over the crater edge—AND SHE IS TO BE SENT TO LONDON THIS SUMMER TO BE EDUCATED AT A HIGH SCHOOL LIMITED, OH DAMN!

"He made me laugh, did Clifford, about the Christian names of some boys, who had chosen their own names at baptism. One was Emetic, another Mrs. Hopkins, others First Nose, Fall from a horse, Susan Jane and others—all boys. It struck me in the night time, when I think about this world and the one that has been and the one that is to come, that it may have been gratitude on the boys' part, for kindness received from a Mrs. Hopkins or an emetic, or a horse-fall that hadn't hurt much. But First Nose puzzles me."

A design more widely known than that at Molokai was now to be made—that of the Adoration of the Kings, which Morris wove into a splendid piece of tapestry for the Chapel of Exeter College. "It will be a blaze of colour and look like a carol," Edward wrote. About this subject he recalled a saying of Ruskin's, and I find a letter in which he reminds Ruskin of it: "Do you remember ages ago, in Milan it was, when in the impudence of youth I said I liked the subject of the Shepherds best, and you straight-

St. Francis.
Design for a picture sent to Father Damien.

way blew me up, and said 'No, Ned, they had everything to gain by coming, and it was greater grace in the kings to leave their kingdoms and come.' At which I was abashed and fell to thinking. So I am taking great pains over the kings, and have repented."

This summer was one of the most beautiful possible, after a cold and wet spring, and our Rottingdean holiday was in glorious weather. We kept his birthday there, and he said of our whole stay: "It was a serene little time and I loved it, for this is a summer after my heart, and all the days of it are precious—never was such a summer since one I remember in Lebanon before the Flood, when I attended divine worship at Astarte's Church. So I have basked and been at peace. It was all like one day, nothing happened, the sun beat upon the hills, and they were covered with wheat-sheaves, making tears gather to the eyes. I had my Book of Flowers with me, and designed five new ones—the Key of Spring I did, and Love in a Tangle, and Witches' Tree and the Grave of the Sea and Black Archangel and Golden Greeting. I wish Golden Greeting were quite true—just as I did it I wish it might really be. Nothing else will ever be what I want but that."

But he had work to do in London, and went back soon after his birthday. A letter to his daughter shews him alone at the Grange:

"It is Wednesday evening. I have had a chop and have read my Bozzy and the fire is lighted and I am writing to my sweet—and have read and re-read her dear letter. I can't face the drawing-room, it is too big and gloomy, but I am writing in the little dining-room, where I shall sit awhile and then go to bed—for I have stood at my work all day, and fain would lie down. And I have ordered niceties and dainties for Frill [Margaret's cat] and that she shall breakfast with me every morning.

"The garden looks lovely still—a little sad, except in the first morning hours when the autumn sun shines upon it and makes it look divine, but in the afternoon it is given over to sadness and at twilight is haunted, by spirits,

not ghosts—wraith and spectre never entered this dear garden, nor ever a ghost I think, but a soft spirit there is I am sure.

"I long for you back, and long to hear the organ. No one person I know is in wide London, but I shall not mind it, for on Saturday Phil will come and it will be happy."

To Mrs. Horner, whose summer holiday had carried her to Iona, he writes at this same time:

"I know Iona, as I know Damascus and Bagdad. When you saw the little grey church by the sea did you know Columba's hymn about it—song, not hymn—they made one hate that word when we were little"—and he writes it out for her before continuing:

"Yes, I've lived a long time in Iona, and love the sea, though you say I don't. But I can't afford to see it much, as I can't afford to read Tolstoi, and there 's many another melancholy splendid thing in the world I can't be trusted with. Do you remember that bonny bit when the king's daughters of Ireland, Ethne the fair and Fedelm the ruddy, come on the monks at a well, and ask about their God? 'Who is God, and where is God and of what is God, and where is his dwelling-place? Has your God sons and daughters, gold and silver? Is he everlasting? Is he beautiful? Did many foster his son? Are his daughters dear and beautiful to men of the world? Is he in heaven or on earth or in the sea? in rivers? in the mountains? in the valleys? How shall he be seen? How shall he be loved? How shall he be found? Is it in youth? Is it in old age he shall be found?' Oh dear, what a nice world it is."

But after this respite much business awaited him. The resignation by Mr. C. E. Hallé and Mr. J. Comyns Carr of their places on the Direction of the Grosvenor Gallery was announced in The Times of November 2nd, and with them Edward also withdrew—a sad ending to what had begun so fairly. The history of this change does not belong here, but since Edward lit the match that led to the explosion I shall reproduce some words of his which

explain his position. They were in a letter to Mr. Hallé, dated October 3rd:

"I am troubled and anxious more than I can say by the way in which it seems to me the Gallery has been gradually slipping from its position and from the point to which it was so laboriously worked up, to that of a room which can be hired for evening parties. The Gallery has had some struggles for existence and has had to stand the test of incessant comparison with the Royal Academy, and many used to comfort themselves by thinking it had more directness of aim than the older body had been able to preserve on its enormous scale of exhibition—any way, the place got a character of its own, and its name has been respected, and I do seriously feel that all this is being imperilled by the innovations of this last season, and that steadily and surely the Gallery is losing caste: club rooms, concert rooms, and the rest, were not in the plan, and must and will degrade it. One night we are a background for tobacco and another for flirting—excellent things both, but then not there. So tell as much of this as you like to Sir C. and Carr—and you will I know all hold me excused, since it means that the matter is of serious importance to me, that I am wrapped up in the place, and cannot and would not disentangle—and let me know what they think."

The whole letter was laid before Sir Coutts Lindsay, fully endorsed by Mr. Carr and Mr. Hallé, and the matter once put into words soon resulted in their resignation, followed by Edward's, "miserable at the breakdown of so handsome an undertaking as it was."

In the midst of everything he could still see one good side though: "This is cheerful about it, that it can burst up and end when it is rotten—in which it differs from more established and ancient bodies, that though they be rotten to the marrow of the backbone must pretend to be alive."

"It has been a sickening and discouraging affair," he wrote to Mr. Watts, "and my only delight is that you have been kept well out of it. I couldn't be, alas! as my letter brought about the catastrophe I could not withdraw

publicly from what I had done privately, and many is the insult and annoyance I have had. Sir C. never came again nor answered my letter to him, but as far as I can see the public and society and the press are all with him—so be it."

The extraordinary vigour of Mr. Hallé, however, who decided at once to carry out elsewhere the purpose from which the Grosvenor Gallery had swerved, resulted, to the astonishment of every one, in the building of another gallery, and its completion by the following May. Only affectation could have made Edward pretend not to see in this how strong was the feeling for himself which his friends Carr and Hallé combined with their resolve not to be baffled in carrying out a principle; so once more he put aside his own wish for quiet and seconded their efforts.

A pleasant evening in November spent at the house of his friend Stopford Brooke had pleasant results, for which Edward prepared me by this announcement: "I met a lady last night, Georgie, who has the Equator running through her back-garden." These words gave an impression of warmth and brightness which, as we came to know her well, we found embodied in the owner of the "back-garden," Lady Brooke, Ranee of Sarawak. She and her three boys, for whom she was then making a home in England, were extraordinarily devoted to each other, and it is difficult to think of her without seeing an image of the whole group.

In February, 1888, he writes to an invalid friend:

"The New Gallery is begun, and men are working night and day. There the pictures will be on the ground floor—no steps to mount—and was it not thoughtful of us to make it so much to your liking? You will enter in Regent Street, and at once, in five paces, be in a marvellous place reminding you of Cairo and Damascus, and in another minute, without going up one step, you will be gazing on pictures —such as they happen to be."

He had decided to send three important ones himself: "The Tower of Brass," "The Rock of Doom," and "The Doom fulfilled"; but the effort to finish them was ex-

cessive. In April he says: "I am harried to bits with work, and have no wits left me. This last week I broke down and had to put by everything and deliver myself up to despair." As soon as the task was accomplished he went down to Rottingdean. A letter to a very old friend whilst he was there says:

"I have seen no newspapers, only people tell me the Gallery is successful, and I am pleased. The public who said it couldn't succeed, and the press who said it wouldn't, and society who said it shouldn't, all wrong—all wrong as usual, as they always are—the one infallible law of nature that knows no exception."

To Mr. Watts he spoke of a difficulty that was already looming with regard to the Royal Academy:

"I am so sorry it vexes you that I send nothing to the Academy—unless I had the hands of Briareus I couldn't this year, but I wish it didn't vex you. I wouldn't mind confessing to you privately that I feel a bit offended with the Academy, not much, but enough to make me a bit indifferent to the affair. It's a rude old habit of theirs, this of offering unsolicited honours to men who can do without them, and then, instead of perfecting their act of grace, waiting till the day of graceful action is past—but it is an infinitely little matter."

Another letter to Mr. Watts, who was at Mentone for the winter, tells of a thing that moved him deeply and filled his heart for months to come—the engagement of our daughter and her marriage to Mr. Mackail:

"I have been long wanting to write to you, but first the Grosvenor quarrel gave me no heart to do it, so sick of it I was, and then dear Aunt Sara's [Mrs. Prinsep's] death was a break in life so serious that again I had no heart to write to you. Now I begin with a bit of news that will touch you both I know—for my little Margaret is engaged.

"I haven't felt very good about it—I have behaved better than I felt. She looks very happy, and before he wanted her, and before I dreamt of any such thing, I thought him

a fine gentleman through and through, and yet, look what he has done to me! I have known him for seven years, and always he seemed a grave learned man who came to talk to me about books—and it wasn't about books he came, and now where am I in the story? Send her a little blessing, for she loves you both—and say nothing consoling to me, for I have in me no bit of wisdom or philosophy, or ever had or shall have."

Parental egotism forgets in this letter even to mention the name of the man who was to marry his daughter; nor is it found in the announcement that he sent to Lady Leighton:

"Events travel very fast and I can't keep up with them. Here is my darling Margaret on whom I depend for everything and without whom I should crumble into senility in an hour—and what has she done? Yes, what indeed, but engaged herself. And I wanted to write cheerfully about it and can't—I lose so much—and for a little while shall feel nasty and spiteful and grudging. But I want to tell you, for you are such a dear friend to me, and I know you will send up a bit of a prayer for her."

He did indeed go through a short torment of jealousy, but within a fortnight could say: "I have grown good again and feel at peace about her, and not jealous any more."

"Yes, I am peaceful in the prospect," he writes to Mrs. Drew, "and all looks happy for them and everybody seems glad. Since some day it had to be, this is the happiest of all ways in which it could be for me. Sometimes I grizzle, but mostly I feel content and happy about it. You are one of his friends—he has very many—who all seem to love him; and I do and have done this many a day."

But he never really was at peace until after the marriage.

At the end of July he writes:

"We all went on Wednesday to the dean of the Rottings, and had a peaceful time. I want to be there with Margaret while I can, and shall go backwards and forwards till the day arrives. I went into the little grey church which is so bonny, to try and feel what it would be like when I have

to take her and hand her over for life to her husband, and I couldn't imagine how it would be. I daresay I shall scarcely feel at all, only be stupid and dazed—so it has been with me always in big troubles. I shall watch mortar lines on the walls or some insignificance or other and be quite stupid."

When it was agreed that the marriage should take place at the beginning of September, he reminded us that it must not be on the 3rd, the day of his mother's death, so it was fixed for the 4th, at Rottingdean, and the wedding party numbered eleven souls only.

On the 5th he wrote of it to Lady Leighton:

"Your letter came to me as we sat at the feast table after the wedding—so timely was it. And now it is over and by and bye I will get hard-hearted.

"But all went very prettily. Though we tried to keep it dark the village got to know—at one o'clock it was—and the way to the church door was thronged with people out of whom came four damsels in white with big baskets of rose-leaves, which they shed over the pathway. It was all like a thing in a dream to me, but I saw that it was a pretty sight.

"Margaret walked between Georgie and me and it seemed to rain rose-leaves—that was the only rain there was, for the sky was bright windy blue—and as they went back, more roses—some kind heart had thought of it and it made the beauty of the day.

"Also the parson kept the service well under control, and though no one loves rude forefathers of the world more than I do or more hates their landmarks removed, I was glad he only said marriage was ordained for mutual help and comfort, all seemed so soon over.

"We hung up curtains of needlework on the walls of the room, and covered the wall above them with branches—all the room was myrtle and roses—and her big bouquet was white roses and jasmine. She looked so bonny. I behaved pretty well—and Margaret herself was quietest of all. I was up betimes, but she was asleep till her accustomed hour,

and went about her wonted ways and quietly dressed herself when the hour came. There was no music, for the organ is only an organ in name, and it were better it were an internal organ in the vicar's body for any music to be got out of it, and there were no bells—but I had the bells of Kensington rung for an hour, so that I hear as many as forty people gathered in the church there and much folk in the street. It would not hurt them to sit and think in a church for a while, so I won't pity them.

"Then the two went their ways into the world. And it is over.

"Whatever rainy days come I will try and remember gratefully that it was fine yesterday, and the sun shone upon the maid. The hills were full of harvest all about—a broad yellow land—the church looked a thousand times older than the hills.

"Oh, there is nothing but gratitude in my heart, my dear—her life has been so happy till now and surely it will be happier than ever. I have gone down to my studio to look at work, and for the first time for many a day I feel as if I could work and the cloud has lifted." But also he wrote: "As for us who are left, we are without doubt many years older."

The Parnell Commission which opened in October was a phase of the Irish Question upon which Edward was not silent:

"And here in London all this waste of time and money over horrid things in Ireland, with Whitechapel two miles off more ghastly in its purposeless crimes than all the story of Ireland put together. Did you see Gordon's letter quoted in Court? I loved it as I love him—it stood outside of politics altogether—it went straight to the heart."

Whilst the Commission was sitting he went once or twice with Sir George Lewis to the Law Courts and closely listened and watched, sitting where he could see the face of Mr. Parnell clearly. "Charles Stewart Parnell," he once said, "God only knows what he really was, but I saw him in court and watched him the day long: he was like Christ."

Of the miserable Pigott, the perjured witness against Parnell, he wrote:

"And I have grown philosophical—it came of seeing Pigott in the witness-box, who looked like half the dreary men one meets, and I don't see why the rest of the Pigotts shouldn't be found out too. So it made me reflect on crime and its connexion with being found out, and made me philosophical and depressed."

But on another day his mind turned to a more cheerful exercise: "Legal testimony doesn't affect me at all and I want people tried for their faces—so I spent the time in court settling things all my own way, and I tried the judges first, and acquitted one, so that he sits in court without a blemish on his character, and one I admitted to mercy, and of the other have postponed the trial for further evidence: and then I tried the counsel on both sides, and one of them I am sorry to say will have to be hanged for his face."

On the publication of Plain Tales from the Hills by Rudyard Kipling this year Edward wrote to their author from a heart full of satisfied hope:

"I want to send you a greeting and tell you with what delight and pride I have read your tale-book—read it this last week, being disabled for work, and it was a mighty comfort and beguilement to me—I don't know when I have so enjoyed a tale-book, and it would be a shame if I didn't write a word of congratulation, though God knows I do hate letter-writing of all mortal things. All the time I kept seeing the little chap—square-built chap—that I was downright fond of fifty years ago, and I don't think you have changed a bit, nor I much.

"I won't write a line of criticism, I do so hate the jargon of it—even in the best hands I dread it and scuttle out of its company—it 's enough to tell you I read every line with deep interest and an admiration I wouldn't qualify, even if I thought it good for your soul, so abundant it is. And I'll look forward to Mother Maturin. But sure nothing is so nice as a book of little tales, when if they are tragical they are not long enough to harrow the heart too much, and if

they are merry, the gods are not likely to envy us ten minutes' fun. Dear Ruddy, this is the truth, your work will be a new pleasure to me in life."

About the first Christmas Day after the marriage of our daughter there is this note made, on December 26th: "Yesterday was pretty because Margaret came and dined here like a good girl, and we had rather a sacred evening."

Early in January news came to Edward that Mr. Jones was ill; so together with Mr. Price, who was staying with us, he went down to Birmingham, and found his father sinking under his eighty-seven years to an apparently painless death. A week afterwards he died.

"On Thursday I bury my father," Edward wrote to Mrs. Horner, "he died on Saturday, and I am living much forty years ago these days." Miss Sampson had died nearly three years before this.

The vault in which his young mother was buried had long been closed, so Edward brought the body of his aged father to London and laid it in the grave which we had bought in Brompton Cemetery when our second child died. There also Mrs. Catherwood was buried.

Nothing I could say would describe Edward more clearly than his demeanour towards his father's widow at this time. The day before the funeral he arranged for her father to bring her up to town, to a lodging prepared for them, where he called on their arrival to assure himself of her health and comfort, and the next morning he led her upon his arm to the graveside. He arranged, too, that unless she married again she should keep in death the place that his father had given her in life, and share the grave with him. She did re-marry, however, and news of her own death reached us before very long.

To the Spring Exhibition of the New Gallery Edward sent no picture, but only a number of drawings and studies. "So this year I rest," he said, "not from work but from advertising my work, and I feel clean and happy and comfortable in consequence."

In March we went to the musical afternoon to which

Leighton of his kindness bade his friends every year. There Joachim and Piatti used to be surrounded by lovers and friends, and to play in the way that artists do when every nerve is laid to rest by sympathy and every note is waited for and listened to. Who that was there can forget the feeling that ran through the room a second before the music began, when Leighton took his seat to the left of the piano and uttered that tremendous "Hush!" which made Sunday scholars of us all? This was the only occasion on which some of us met during the year, and the first glance at each other took in Time's ravages or healing. Thus for long we saw the white head of Leighton's father grow whiter and his form more bent as he passed along the room to reach the chair placed for him, until he ceased to come at all. And who but members the north window always filled by a huge pink azalea behind which sat a favoured group of friends' children so long as they were young enough—and then how, one by one, they came out and joined the older guests?

It is of this party that Edward writes:

"One *festa* I have been to, one only, the annual Leighton concert. No new faces come, and that is kind of him—we get older and older, no new life is asked to take our places—it is really kind. It is like the Waterloo banquet; in a few years we shall be forty, twenty, five, in number—listening to the best music the time can give. It is pitiful to hear the guests say one ever-repeated thing to each other: 'You don't look a bit changed, not a bit.' They do look changed, dreadfully changed—they are fat where they were thin, and thin where they were plump, and dim-eyed and disillusioned all round, but one constant thing they say is that they don't look changed. And what noble fights some wage with Time; of course he has the best of it, but how nobly they give in, after what a fight."

I find in my diary that the Royal Academy banquet was attended again this year.

The doctrine of the excellence of unfinished work was necessarily repugnant to Edward, who at first was incredulous as to its being seriously held by any one; but as what

is called the "Impressionist" school gained ground it became one of the most disheartening thoughts of his life. The words which he had uttered publicly in 1878—"I think that nothing short of perfect finish ought to be allowed by artists"—did not express an opinion of the time merely, but a sure conviction to which the great art of the world bore witness; and the fulfilment of his warning "if unfinished pictures become common we shall arrive at a stage of mere manufacture, and the art of the country will be degraded," seemed at hand.

His reply to the claim made that "breadth" was gained by lack of finish was that breadth could be got "by beautiful finish and bright, clear colour well-matched, rather than by muzzy. They do make atmosphere," he said, "but they don't make anything else: they don't make beauty, they don't make design, they don't make idea, they don't make anything else but atmosphere—and I don't think that's enough—I don't think it's very much."

He felt that a great part of the difficulty of painting was evaded by such a lowering of its standard.

"They get breadth and a pleasant sense of flatness, it is true, but that is not by any means a new thing in the world; it has been done before, most distinctly, and of itself is nothing to make a fuss about. Other men are hard at it trying to do their work without a fuss, but they seem to be a lot of young men setting out to take painting from its most agreeable side, to have the least trouble over their work or getting things or ideas together for it."

Another complaint was: "They express the human figure badly—never make a beautiful face or put a desirable sentiment into it."

Whistler, who was quoted to him sometimes, he placed far above any of his followers; his technique he called perfect and his colour always good. "Whistler is another matter—but they are completely in the hands of their models, and there is no class so undesirable to be in the hands of." The paucity of ideas in the pictures of the school troubled him: "I never saw any set of people so destitute

of ideas," he exclaimed, "who are so bent on making painting a stupid art, who constantly justify Byron's cruel saying of it that it is a stupid art." But more than equal to his vexation and impatience at time lost in wandering from the track of the "everlasting art of the world" was his joy in the examples that exist of its faithful following.

"I went into the National Gallery and refreshed myself with a look at the pictures. One impression I had was of how much more importance the tone of them is than the actual tint of any part of them. I looked close into the separate colours and they were all very lovely in their quality—but the whole colour-effect of a picture then is not very great. It is the entire result of the picture that is so wonderful. I pried into the whites to see how they were made, and it is astonishing how little white there would be in a white dress—none at all in fact—and yet it looks white. I went again and looked at the Van Eyck, and saw how clearly the like of it is not to be done by me. But he had many advantages. For one thing, he had all his objects in front of him to paint from. A nice, clean, neat floor of fair boards well scoured, pretty little dogs and everything. Nothing to bother about but making good portraits—dresses and all else of exactly the right colour and shade of colour. But the tone of it is simply marvellous, and the beautiful colour each little object has, and the skill of it all. He permits himself extreme darkness though. It 's all very well to say it 's a purple dress—very dark brown is more the colour of it. And the black, no words can describe the blackness of it. But the like of it is not for me to do—can't be—not to be thought of.

"As I walked about there I thought if I had my life all over again, what would I best like to do in the way of making a new start once more. It would be to try and paint more like the Italian painters. And that 's rather happy for a man to feel in his last days—to find that he is still true to his first impulse and doesn't think he has wasted his life in wrong directions."

But he felt very lonely in work during the last ten years

of his life: "The worst of it is I've no longer Rossetti at my back—he has left me more to do than I've the strength for, the carrying on of his work all by myself."

He was somewhat cheered by the first exhibition of the Arts and Crafts Society—"where," he said, "amongst some stuff and nonsense are some beautiful things, delightful to look at, and here for the first time one can measure a bit the change that has happened in the last twenty years. I felt little short of despair when I heard of the project, and now I am a bit elated." His feeling that painting was "only one of the forms of art" made him open to comfort from any other form in which he perceived life to exist.

Although the studio-talks were not about the art of painting only, that was naturally the subject most often started from and returned to: but books, tales of real life, and passing events public or private, all took their turn. Zola's work being mentioned, Edward said: "He doesn't see that it is his choice of material, not his truth to life, that people object to. I've never read him, he makes me miserable, and so does Daudet. The object of art must be either to please or to exalt; I can't see any other reason for it at all. One is a pretty reason, the other a noble one." Balzac's realism he considered to be of a different order from Zola's, and when asked whether there was in Balzac anything exalting, he answered, "I think there is." To a friend who said people were tired of Dickens and Thackeray, having read them too often, the reply was: "No, they haven't read them too much, but they hurry through them and don't see how good they are."

In reading what he liked, he used self-command—never tearing the heart out of a book, but going steadily and slowly through with it: on the other hand, if it seemed worthless to him, a red-hot poker thrust through its pages was not considered too strong a mark of disappointment. Praise we know that he could give. The name of Swinburne's Atalanta mentioned once, produced this comment: "The thought in it is momentous, and the rhythm goes on with such a rush that it 's enough to carry the world away."

When asked to speak upon art in public (and he was once even requested to give a lecture upon his own pictures) he had but one answer, of which I find the substance in an undated draft. It will be recognized by many:

"I decided long ago to refuse all invitations to write or speak upon the subject of Art. The active exercise of one of its forms takes up my whole time, nor have I the inclination to explain and repeat what has been already put into admirable words by others, in books which are within the reach of any one seriously interested in the matter. Indeed I doubt the value of lectures to people who know nothing about art, and for those who are really studying it, a good picture, or statue, or even a photograph of one, is better than many words."

Carefully and deliberately as Edward chose his subjects, he would occasionally seek advice about carrying out a particular one, listening thoughtfully to anything for or against it. "Love's Wayfaring" was an instance of this, which seems curious when one remembers it was a design that came to him suddenly, as a whole, and was never greatly altered. Still, there was some hesitation in his mind as to the subject, and the large scale on which it was planned made it important that he should not be likely for any reason to tire of it—"for the time is shortening and I must do my best now, and waste no days that can be helped." So in 1890 he wrote to Mrs. George Lewis, a friend whose sincerity he trusted:

"I've been wanting to ask you a thing—a piece of advice. I have been wondering whether a certain design I made many years ago and liked then, is really good enough to begin now and carry through. The design of it used to be in my studio, a black rough charcoal thing done in a heat in one evening, very rough and coarse to look at. I have long since put it out of sight—I daresay you never saw it, so I send a little photograph of it.

"It 's the old story with me—Love and his overdriven steeds. If you think that there is a little degradation in the driven creatures I won't do it, but if you think it

shews one side of the truth that is right to give I will presently begin it. I know you have my work at heart a little and will tell me the truth to my face just as you would say it to any one else. That 's the sea at the back and there will be a rocky gorge of cliffs to make the road narrow for them —alternate men and women, some laughing and some very much not—and in the picture they would be harnessed together with carefully designed thongs. Sometimes I have thought it would do, and sometimes it has terrified me and seemed a little degraded. I want to use my time very carefully and do only my very best. Will you think it over from many sides and tell me by and bye, and you will find great novelty in a friend who will really follow your advice."

The picture was gone on with and a world of work spent upon it, but it remains unfinished. The background alone was changed, for a steep, narrow street in an ancient city has been substituted for the sea and cliffs. The figure of Love is exactly as he saw it first, expressing might only, and no pity.

When talk fell, as it so often must, upon the "carefully designed thongs" that bind men and women together in real life, his words were often somewhat sad or else impishly amusing. "It is possible, and not seldom happens, that people's lives are quite destroyed by what they began in the hope of helping them. There 's no getting away from it— it 's a constant momentary tax. When one has undertaken to pay house-rent for the remainder of his existence it only comes once a quarter, but in this it 's every instant. If people could only get away for a while and have time to think it over, there might often be a chance of recovering ground." "Of course I don't want all ordered rule to be overstepped in social relations, and there must be limits mutually agreed upon to be kept to, but every pigmy isn't to think he can measure every one else's life with his own little inch rule. It 's the greatest thing when two people are so fortunate as to be quite happy with each other, but they mustn't be down on the unlucky because of their own good fortune. They ought to be all the more sympathetic with

them. There's a self-contradiction in pitying a woman though—the worst of it is that as soon as you've taken pity on her she's no longer to be pitied. You're the one to be pitied then—so beware!"

Under the guise of a story about "a friend," a nice model once seemed to him to speak of herself and her own difficulties. Of her he said when she ceased to come: "I'm afraid she's run off and will never be heard of any more. She used to talk to me about a friend who was in a scrape; in love with a musician who had a bad wife; she said this friend was taken up with him and was afraid she wouldn't be able to help herself from running away with him to the Continent. I believed she meant herself, and used to ask, didn't she tell her friend that it might be very nice for a little while, but in the end would come down to very flat, stale dregs and wretched poverty with mutual recriminations. She said she had, and her friend had answered that she knew all that very well, but still felt she wouldn't be able to keep it off. So no doubt that's how it has happened and that's how it will end."

To me one day he said with an innocent manner: "Georgie, isn't marriage a lottery?"

"Yes" (suspecting the platitude).

"Then," in a still more innocent voice, "as lotteries are illegal, don't you think it ought to be suppressed by law?"

The Sunday breakfasts went on always, except when either we or Morris were out of town or something else distinctly interfered with them, but during the time of Morris' active work as a Socialist he often had to leave in the middle of the morning for his street-preaching. The simplicity with which he did this was fine to see. Consider what it must have meant for him to leave the Grange unsped by sympathy, and to speak, as he frequently did, either at a street corner near his own house—where he was but a prophet in his own country—or perhaps miles away at Ball's Pond, where he was not of as much importance in the neighbourhood as a cheap-jack. A letter from him one time when we were at

Rottingdean says: "It is a beautiful bright autumn morning here, as fresh as daisies: and I am not over inclined for my morning preachment at Walham Green, but go I must, as also to Victoria Park in the afternoon. I had a sort of dastardly hope that it might rain. Mind you, I don't pretend to say I don't like it in some way or other; like it when I am on my legs, if I flow." It was strange that with Morris, who called himself a "word-spinner," ordered speech did not easily "flow": in his early addresses the difficulty was painful, but sheer weight and volume of meaning burst the barriers at last.

During these years he read a great deal to Edward out of Dumas, whom they both knew as well as they did Scott. Monte Cristo Edward also read over and over to himself in turn with Rob Roy and The Antiquary. About the two great writers he says:

"Yes, Scott is now among the assured Immortals and is beyond criticism—*super grammaticam*—and one would as soon take out a magnifying glass to pry into the mountain one climbs. He is a mountain, with a forest up one side and rivers on another side and a quarry here and a shrine there, clouds and wild flowers, and the world below. And so is Dumas, and either of them could roll up the little masters of style just now and lose them in their waistcoat pockets. Scott is the most beautiful, and yet Dumas is more to my heart—only that I love Scott most."

When Alexandre Dumas *fils* died in 1895, Edward was indignant that people spoke of it as "the death of Dumas," and insisted on correcting the phrase if he heard it. "Dumas' *son*, little Rooke," he said—and when Mr. Rooke extenuated his crime by saying he supposed he had fallen into it through having just seen the words printed on the morning's posters, Edward dwelt for a moment on the ways of newspapers:

"Yes, the papers say he's much above his father in talent, only he was hampered by having to grow up among his father's effete ways. Oh I do love it when they say that. They say he was too modest, admit he had no imagination

WILLIAM MORRIS.
From a photograph, made on January 19th, 1889, by Emery Walker.

but say he was all the better without it, did truer work. There was some imagination in 'Monte Cristo' they say, but not enough to keep it going much longer."

Long before this, on hearing some one quote Carlyle's contempt for invented stories and his saying that facts were better worth writing of, Edward exclaimed: "'Frederick the Great' 's a romance; 'Monte Cristo' is real history, and so is 'The Three Musketeers.'" And another time he said: "Ah, the historians are so few. There 's Dumas, there 's Scott, there 's Thackeray, and there 's Dickens, and no more —after you have said them, there 's an end."

The four "Briar Rose" pictures, as Edward finally called his Sleeping Palace designs, took up the greater part of the year 1889, and he was now eager to finish them. "I don't tire of them one bit," he said, "but I have so much else to do that I want to forget them and send them out of sight and mind." He was often asked why he did not paint the awakening of the Princess, but he never meant to do so. He said: "I want it to stop with the Princess asleep and to tell no more, to leave all the afterwards to the invention and imagination of people, and tell them no more." Also he said that such a final picture must have been a dramatic one, and would not have fitted the lyrical quiet and romance of the other four.

By this time we had been able to buy the little house that stood next to us at Rottingdean, and Mr. Benson joined it on to the first one in the most ingenious way, building also a fresh entrance and above it a modest studio. The house was now large enough for us all to be together in it, and also, as they were born, the grandchildren with whom we were blessed.

Edward's happiness in arranging and furnishing the new part was great. He seized on its little brick-floored kitchen for his own special purposes, chasing out kitchen-range and sink, and putting in a quantity of old oak furniture. On the shelves of a dresser were proudly displayed gay-coloured jugs, bowls, and platters of common German earthenware, treasured all the more by us when we heard that they were

daily displaced in their own country by stronger but quite ugly vessels. He often writes of the little room, which it was his ambition to make as like the snug bar of an old country inn as possible. I made short red curtains for its windows and half-glazed door, and above the fireplace (where only wood was burnt) he put up a painted bas-relief of a mermaid sporting in the waves, from which he called the place "The Merry Mermaid." Lady Leighton found the old oak, and Mrs. George Lewis had the pottery sent over from Mannheim fair, so that the kindness of absent friends was visible on every side. Certain of being understood, Edward wrote to his friend Mrs. Coronio, whose perfect taste had helped him a hundred times by finding fabrics and arranging dresses for models: "The house looks pretty now—and did I tell you of a room that I call the Merry Mermaid, made like a pot-house parlour, where men can drink and smoke and be vulgar? The most delightful room it is, and I have wanted such a one all my life."

Here he wrote letters, smoked, played dominoes, and made merry with his men-friends; the door into the garden stood open, the fire crackled on the hearth, and through the little panes of the west window he looked over and beyond the green garden to a line of the downs behind which the sun set. On his birthday, for which we all came down, bringing Cormell Price with us, he writes to Mrs. Horner:

"This is quite a delightful time here—the place is all changed since you saw it, for the magician's hand (I allude to Mr. Benson) has been upon it and another house has been added and new rooms built, and windows turned south that were east, and there is a garden now and ilexes and bay-trees and fig-trees, and a man's garth where coarse friends may smoke. Also a bower with a bow-window for Margaret (who is here) and a study for Jack (who is here) and a haunted room, and a wide hall and a new dining-room with hangings round it and a still-room for Georgie to make scents and jam, and a studio for me, and a sublime bedroom for Phil—all this since you saw the little place. Altogether it is very pretty and tiny, and to spend a week here, making

North End House, Rottingdean.

it bonny for the children before they came, more rested me than I should have thought possible. Suppose I had never tried for big impossible things and been content with little cosy cheerful ones—well, then the elements of a Christian tract would have been missing—it can't be helped now. I had nice presents too: a mug and a map and a pot of scent, very costly, and nectarines and a tobacco-jar. Does the map sound dull? But it is not—it has big sea-monsters ramping and foaming off Rottingdean, and the battle of Hastings in one corner, and the French fleet in Pevensey Bay, and Hurstmonceux is there. So it was a nice birthday."

To Lady Leighton he writes later, from the Grange:

"I am just back from the Merry Mermaid, leaving the rest there—the rest being Georgie and Phil and Margaret and Jack—loth to leave was I, but had to come away. Oh, you can't think what a room is that blessed pot-house room—and all along of you, as I gladly think. Such white walls, such red curtains, such wood fires of logs resting on the handsomest dogs—and the settle is there and the arm-chair and the long table and the new birthday cupboard, and the big dresser full of the madcappest pottery; there I sit grinning, because the floor is brick and the walls white-washed and the oak black and the fire crackling. As to your suggestion that there might be room for another settle, it is so tempting and pleasant a thought that I know not what to say. The Merry Mermaid is about full I think—here is a map of her, but this only shows half its beauties—there is the lovely little settle with its back to us, and the long black table, such a model of proportion that I have had a big dining table made just like it, only ten times as big."

Another time he writes: "It is all so peaceful and pretty and tiny, but do you know that it is very trying to have two houses, and the blessing of heaven does certainly hesitate over such covetousness. I always want things that are in London; books, drawings, even sorry clothes; and if I replenish this place, then when I go back to London I suddenly want everything I have brought here. This comes of wealth, and I see much compensation. To-night, for

THE MERRY MERMAID

instance, when this letter is done, I want a solemn folio to read, such as Plutarch or Froissart or some such handsome ancient. Do fine people have two sets of everything? I am so unused to this splendour."

The memory of the little place clung to him, and in October he says: "I have worked a bit at all my pictures, turn and turn about, and next Tuesday I go back to Rottingdean to cure me of a savage cold. I do think one day I shall live there altogether and come to London only as a happy hunting ground to see friends in—but I pine for rest and quiet, and can't understand it—it is like a caprice, and yet it lasts." A little later: "No, I don't think I shall ever come to live here—but it is rest sometimes, and London is so ugly. And then, all about us the streets have grown so hateful—noisy, rowdy, blackguardly—it is often well-nigh unendurable."

A letter to Mr. Norton, written after long silence, tells of his inward life. It begins by saying "Why am I made like this that I can't, can't write letters," and then goes on for four well-filled sheets. He writes of his daughter's married life, her home, and her husband, very tenderly, but says how much her marriage has changed our life at the Grange, "with no pang in it at all, but still the house is silent or full of echoes, and the change is very great. That seems a heavenly way the French have of living all together in a big house, within reach and within call, and I want it." Of his son too he speaks, and the pleasure it is to watch his work. "I sit and look at it with a bit of pride, and feel helped in my turn and encouraged. Also he is a good and sincere critic, and I find myself always following his advice, to the bettering of my pictures, at which I work so hard, my dear, harder and harder, I think. Georgie has been reading me FitzGerald's letters, and this morning finished the last, so I am feeling down, sorry to part from him, and I wish I had known him. Though what good would it have been? He wouldn't have liked what I do, and if he had liked me by chance I should never have written to him, and then felt remorseful seeing how much he gave to his

friends and how little he got from them. You were good, my dear, as you always are, and wrote and wrote and kept his heart up. And from these letters I have the pleasantest image of him. Pretty where he makes for himself three shrines and tabernacles, Stratford, Abbotsford and Gadshill; then I knew I should have loved him. And he has done one immortal thing and shall have a shrine himself."

"About work," he suddenly says, "I hardly know what to tell you. Daily I go on, with the old schemes, and am fast mending where it used to be amiss. I can't judge of it and suspect all criticism, but I go on, as it has to be done and as I love doing it, but whether it is any good I can never know. Only one thing saddens me, a great sense of loneliness in it, as if no other artist wanted the same things at all, and as if I must be wrong. Now we won't talk of all that—it only means that I miss Gabriel at every turn, and more and more, and that the loss of him cannot be made up."

The heart's division between him and Morris on the subject of Socialism is plainly confessed in the following words: "Every Sunday morning, as of old, Morris to breakfast—and yet not as of old—for we are silent about much now and used to be silent about nothing." And Ruskin of course must be mentioned: "A day or two back I wrote to Brantwood—I think I had not written for a whole year or more and found it so hard to do, not sure of what mood my letter would find him in, or if the nonsense would be all astray, and the bits that I let be serious chafe him. How sad it all is—surely he deserved such a gentle ending—and now—"

His reading he says is but little, for his eyes are not strong, "and so I have to read books that matter, and can seldom play with rubbish, though I should like it well enough for a rest now and then. Doughty's book of Arabia published last year has sufficed and contented me for six months, and always I am as deep as I can be in Celtic things, and find much happiness in the study thereof. And now and then I take a map journey; last year from Gaza

to Aleppo, and the year before from Aleppo to Bostra all through the Hauran: and I sleep often at Bagdad and Damascus and am to be found in Morocco often. How nice it would be to live for five hundred years, taking less and less part in the world but watching it with big eyes."

Constant to his settled joke, and alluding to his birthday in August, he pleads the passage of time as a reason why friends should meet. "I'm a great age, my dear, I'm ninety-seven. I have seen oak forests grow up and decay, and by this time have quite forgotten how roses smell, and I want a crony to chatter and mumble to and compare notes with. Oh, if you lived here—if you could come and stay for a year—long enough to rest in and not fidget about good-bye."

Edward wrote about FitzGerald to Mrs. Horner as well as to Mr. Norton, and rather more in detail:

"I wish he hadn't felt that criticism was his strong point —it wasn't one bit—it never is with any one anything but a fatal weakness—how silly it all sounds when the world has reversed all the fine judgments of wise people. And how proud is FitzGerald about his aphorism that 'Taste is the feminine of Genius.' Did it carry conviction to you? It didn't touch me a bit—all the genius I ever cared for carried its feminine in itself. Wish he had translated only the Mystery plays of Calderon. Ah well, but it's pretty how he loves his friends and all the glimpses of Tennyson are sweet. The beautiful old thing was eighty on Tuesday."

It was with great hesitation that Edward agreed to his picture of "Cophetua and the Beggar Maid" being sent to the Exposition Universelle in Paris this year, for he always dreaded injury happening to works of art when they travelled. No harm happened this time, however, and he received much recognition, private and public, the French Government conferring on him the cross of the Legion of Honour. To M. Jusserand, who wrote on December 2nd, to congratulate him in the kindest terms and saying that he hoped to be the first to tell him of this distinction, Edward answered:

"If the truth must be said, I had a letter last evening from headquarters telling me. But why should the truth be said? What weakness it is—no—your letter which reached me this afternoon was the first announcement, anticipating the one last night by at least twelve hours. But a pretty letter you have sent me—indeed I think we are good friends for always, only I wish we could oftener meet, for I think I should grow younger, as well as wiser and merrier, if it could be.

"But I have not for many a day had such comfort and pleasure, in matters that affect my work, as the sympathy that has been shewn to me in France: I cannot tell you how it has cheered me. Though I qualify the praise they have given me, and try hard to think there may be more graciousness than reality in it, still it has touched me very deeply; and a lover of France I have been for many a day, so it is all the happier for me."

This Christmas our family was divided, father and son staying in London while I went with our daughter and Mr. Mackail to Rottingdean. The men who were left in London enjoyed the strange freedom of Christmas Day; and finding Rudyard Kipling, who was in town, equally at large, carried him off to the Solferino, presenting themselves there for dinner at the usual hour, to the astonishment of the proprietor. Edward wrote of the evening: "We dined at a pot-house. It was funny dining there, as if one had no friends. The Master of the Inn is an Italian and that night expected no guests and was feasting his waiters. So we partly consorted together, and the landlord brought out special drinks which he would not sell, and so made us drink at his expense."

On the last day of the year 1889 Robert Browning was buried in Westminster Abbey. His death had taken place in Venice, who fain would have given him burial there, but England claimed the body of her son. Any fresh interment in the Abbey had, however, come to be dreaded by those who knew the irremediable damage done to the building by funerals and monuments, and nothing but the wish to

pay public respect to Browning's memory took Edward to the ceremony.

"I broke off work and went to Browning's funeral—under protest—for I hate that beautiful heaven to be turned into a stonemason's yard for any one. No one is good enough to spoil that divine citadel, and I am sick of dead bodies and want them burnt and scattered to winds. It wasn't impressive—no, not a bit. People said to me 'How impressive!' and I said 'Yes, indeed,' one has to in the world—but it wasn't, it was stupid. No candles, no incense, no copes, no nothing that was nice. My dear, now they have got these churches they don't know what to do with them—placards all about saying 'Seats for the Press,' 'Mourners'—all about. And the procession so poor and sorry! a Canon 4 feet high next one of 9 feet high—surplice, red hood like trousers down the back—you know them all.

"I would have given something for a banner or two, and much I would have given if a chorister had come out of the triforium and rent the air with a trumpet. How flat these English are—most people are. And when a coffin covered with a pall is carried on the shoulders of six men it looks like a big beetle. And what Paul said was partly so glorious that it is the last word that need be said, and partly so poor and flat that I wondered any one could take the pains to say it. But I spent the time looking at the roof and its groining and the diapered walls and wanted a service one day in praise of the church, and wondered who had built it and why his name was forgotten, and thought how only the church mattered at all, and I wanted to push people, and wasn't in a holy frame of mind I assure you. Why couldn't they leave him in Royal Venice?"

CHAPTER XXIII

WITHOUT HASTE, WITHOUT REST
1890—1891

ON the 6th of April Edward wrote to Mr. Leyland: "Work at Sleeping Beauty coming to an end—within sight now. And such a winter I have had. Come and see them; all four will be here on Saturday. Of course I'm done up as usual—quite at an end of myself for a bit."

For each of this series of pictures, now finally called "The Briar Rose," Morris made a verse of description, which was written beneath it on the frame. These words were afterwards printed in his volume of Poems by the Way, together with another set on the same subject but of profounder meaning, where the Briar is the "tangle of world's wrong and right."

> Here sleeps the world that would not love!
> Let it sleep on, but if He move
> Their hearts in humble wise to wait
> On his new-wakened fair estate.

The last of many kind things done for us by our friend Mr. Graham had been to arrange, shortly before his death, the terms on which Messrs. Agnew and Sons bought "The Briar Rose," and one condition of the agreement was that the firm should exhibit it at their own galleries in Old Bond Street; so Edward shewed nothing anywhere else this spring, except a collection of studies and designs at the New Gallery.

Many artists met the conclusion of his long labour with such generous sympathy and praise that it seemed at first as if none but Edward himself could see any shortcoming

in it. The warm-hearted Boehm said plainly that he preferred seeing the pictures where they were, by themselves, rather than in a "big kaleidoscopic exhibition," and that he was glad they had not been sent "to any of the Shows." One man, for whose work and sympathy Edward very specially cared, gladdened him by unchecked enthusiasm, while another found in the careful finish of the work a hope that it might stem the tide of what he called "an unmanly neglect of labour which is tending to stop the progress of art in England through haste and incomplete realization." The blessing of Watts rested on the painter and the paintings, and Leighton stopped for a minute on his way to a much-needed holiday, in order to send an affectionate word, —not without pathos: "They are a source to me of great artistic delight—and of sad thoughts too!"

The following note from Mr. (now Sir Alexander) Henderson, who already owned "The Days of Creation" and other work by Edward, soon told us where "The Briar Rose" was to go after it had been seen in London: "You will I know be glad to hear that the Legend of the Briar Rose is to find an English home, and I hope before long to see your pictures at Buscot. They will not be hung until you have approved of the position I propose they should occupy." Before he claimed them for his own private enjoyment, however, their new owner lent them for a few days to be shewn in the East End of London, at Toynbee Hall, where many thousand people came to see them without entrance fee. Buscot is on the upper Thames, within a couple of miles of Kelmscott Manor, and after going there to see where Mr. Henderson intended to place "The Briar Rose," Edward painted some narrow panels of flowering branches and other inanimate objects in order to connect the larger figure-pictures, and then the whole series filled the available wall-space of one room as if they had been designed for it.

"I have read nothing about them," he wrote to a friend whilst they were being exhibited in London, "not feeling the faintest curiosity or interest in what newspapers say.

And I strongly suspect their influence is a thing of the past, and that in a funny, dogged kind of way people refuse to be driven or bullied into liking what they don't, or disliking what pleases them."

Another stage of life was reached this year with the birth of our first grandchild. "I look on little newborn things with more wonder than admiration," Edward said, "but by the time the damsel can say silly words and toddle, I daresay I shall be besotted enough to please the most exacting." And such was the case.

We spent as much time as possible at Rottingdean in the summer, and Edward tried to rest. "I came back here a week ago," he writes in May, "and, if I can, shall stay on, doing little or nothing, till the end of June."

Sitting quietly in the Mermaid, he sorted and burned old papers in its wood fire. "All morning I have been destroying letters—such brilliant ones of Swinburne's that I was loth to let them go, but if I didn't his ghost would pursue mine through the next world—pity I couldn't send them on to you to laugh at." To have occasional bonfires of this kind was his system of arranging his correspondence, which otherwise was carried about with him or left on tables. "If you saw my pockets—" he wrote to Lady Leighton, "I keep letters there that I must answer, and every day I put five or six into said pockets, and I bulge like Falstaff."

In London, too, he allowed himself a few holidays after his long tide of work, and one of these is referred to in a note to Miss Eva Muir. They had agreed to go together to the Zoological Gardens, to see a brown bear that had been a pet of hers in her father's house until its claws became dangerous, and Edward pretends that he is too old for her to care for the expedition:

"Dear Bearwarden, I know you have forgotten all about that pretty plan for taking me to see him. So this is to remind you. Isn't it tiresome? And you have made other plans I know for going elsewhere, and this letter will be such a curse to you. But I'll tell you what to do with old

people—it may be a useful guide for life. Never by any chance allow them to interfere with plans, never let them for a moment be in the way. Pacify them, of course, by pretty speeches and gentle deceptions, but never for a moment admit the principle that they are to infest and destroy life because they are old. And they are so soon pacified. For instance, you write in answer to this: 'Dear Mr. Burne-Jones,—My Aunt is unwell, and so on Sunday I shall be unhappily prevented from taking you to the beasts—so sorry. Yours &c:' And I promise to be quite taken in."

Miss Muir's answer must have been skilfully worded, for another note of Edward's, next day, begins:

"Yes, you quite took me in, till I had turned over the page, and I thought you had thrown me over: but I only felt sorry for myself, and not a bit cross. Wasn't that fine of me?"

One of the first things he did on settling to work again was to make the pencil drawing of M. Paderewski which has since been exhibited and reproduced. He and his sitter were much attracted to each other, but the chances of life never allowed of an intimacy. I have heard of the musician speaking warmly of Edward, and this is how Edward wrote of him:

"There's a beautiful fellow in London named Paderewski—and I want to have a face like him and look like him, and I can't—there's trouble. He looks so like Swinburne looked at 20 that I could cry over past things, and has his ways too—the pretty ways of him—courteous little tricks and low bows and a hand that clings in shaking hands, and a face very like Swinburne's, only in better drawing, but the expression the same, and little turns and looks and jerks so like the thing I remember that it makes me fairly jump. I asked to draw from him, and yesterday he came in the morning, and Henschel brought him and played on the organ and sang while I drew—which was good for the emotions but bad for the drawing. And knowing people say he is a great master in his art, which might well be, for he looks glorious. I praised Allah for making him and felt

myself a poor thing for several hours. Have got over it now."

He took up the Perseus series again. "And now I am working at Perseus for the patient and kind Arthur Balfour. Medusa is to be very fine and costs me much trouble." "Ah," he wrote to me, "many a day shall I have of heart-break before it is done."

Not until his fifty-seventh birthday in August had come and gone did he tell any one what he then confessed, that for years he had been filled with premonitions and fore-bodings that he would never live to see it. "I had it strongly as the time drew near, and very potently the night before. And that's why I hurried so to finish Briar Rose." But when the day was past he revived in spirit and made many designs; "in a fortnight I have had more phantasies than in four months before." While the mood was on him he gave it full way, but presently he said, "now I am stuck fast again and no dreams come."

Amongst the designs of this time were five scenes for tapestry, from the San Graal story. A friend of these later years—Mrs. H. Gaskell—had to pass through the golden gate of his dreams, as all did who came very near him, and to her he wrote a description of the series, which it is well to have in his own words.

"The first subject is Pentecost morning at the Round Table, when the damsel of the San Graal appears and summons all the knights to the adventure, and suddenly writing comes on the empty chair, the Siege Perilous set by Arthur, where no man may sit but the one who can achieve the adventure. Launcelot is opposite the chair, and points to himself as if asking if he is to sit there. Gawain and Lamorak and Percival and Bors are all there. Then, in the second, the knights go forth, and it is good-bye all round. Guenevere is arming Launcelot. In the third and fourth are the subjects called the 'foiling of the knights.' Gawain and Ewain are kept from entering, eaten up by the world were they—handsome gentlemen set on this world's glory. Then comes Launcelot's turn in the fourth—eaten up not by

EDWARD BURNE-JONES IN GARDEN STUDIO.

Æt. 57.

From a photograph by Miss Barbara Leighton.

coveting of glory but eaten up he was, and his heart set on another matter. So he is foiled—dreams he comes to the chapel and has found it, but not a glorious one as he thought it would be, but a ruined and broken one—and still he cannot enter, for one comes and bars the way. And then comes the ship—which is as much as to say that the scene has shifted, and we have passed from out of Britain and are in the land of Sarras, the land of the soul, that is. And of all the hundred and fifty that went on the Quest, three only are chosen and may set foot on that shore, Bors, Percival, and Galahad. Of these Bors and Percival may see the Graal afar off—three big angels bar their way, and one holds the spear that bleeds; that is the spear that entered Christ's side, and it bleeds always. You know by its appearing that the Graal is near. And then comes Galahad who alone may see it—and to see it is death, for it is seeing the face of God."

He grew quite well and strong for a short time this autumn, and worked hard at his big picture of the Magi for Birmingham. "And a tiring thing it is, physically, to do, up my steps and down, and from right to left. I have journeyed as many miles already as ever the kings travelled. I have had a very happy month of autumn, living mostly in suburbs of Sarras."

To a young girl who, with the boldness of inexperience, asked him as she watched him painting "The Star of Bethlehem," whether he believed in it, he answered: "It is too beautiful not to be true." A serious reply was given also to a lightly asked question as he walked with some friends over the downs in a summer shower. "Let me see!" cried one of them, "I forget what makes a rainbow?" and he said: "The Lord set his bow in the cloud." Then, after a pause: "There are other reasons given in the books."

To a friend, whose question is explained by his answer, he wrote: "I don't quite understand what you want to read along with the Old Testament—do you mean what new book is there to correct its ways and set its history right? or what old books written in ancient times in other countries

that would throw light upon it here and there? Tell me, and I will tell you the little I know. But you don't really need anything to read along with it—it stands alone, and the Renans and people, I wonder what their like a hundred years hence will say of them. They are so cocksure. But tell me more distinctly and I will write all I know."

One day, whilst London was still "empty," there came to the Grange a young Belgian, till then unknown to Edward, but some kind influence of the hour opened both their hearts and made them talk together intimately for a long while. "He was a lawyer of Brussels, who has vowed himself to poverty, all along of Tolstoi, and is off to live in Assisi for love of the Saint there, Saint Francis. He wanted to tell me of it because of my pictures, and a pretty talk he talked to me. The thing that really hurt was that he would have loved most to have lived in London; 'but,' said he, 'in England it is so hard to be poor and be thought of, and abroad it is quite easy, you may be great and live in a workhouse and be honoured, but not in England.'"

An evening in November was made memorable to us by going to see Giulia Ravogli as Orfeo in Gluck's Opera, and it was the only time that I remember to have seen Edward very deeply moved by anything on the stage. He said afterwards: "It was so beautiful, and so was she—beautiful beyond anything I ever saw, as if she were an ancient statue living and moving. Yes, so beautiful to watch that I sometimes scarcely listened, though I knew she sang it finely. I don't know what kind of face she has; it seemed noble and rough, but her actions were so beautiful that at one time I choked and let the tear down fa'—only things beautiful make that happen to me." Another day, when she had been to the Grange, he said: "In the glare of noonday it is hard to think she is Orpheus, and when she is Orpheus it is impossible to think she could ever be any one else." We went again, and he found it as affecting as at the first time.

He wrote many letters this winter when the weather was

too bad for him to get out. In one of these he told Lady Leighton of a book he was reading about the arms borne by the Knights of the Round Table. "I got it from Morris," he says, "who I think knows everything in the whole world." Underneath the tapestry pictures of the San Graal he was designing forest-pieces, with shields of the chief knights hanging from the branches of the trees, and he picks out and describes some of them. Arthur's, of course, comes first: "He beareth azure, thirteen crowns of gold; but," Edward complains, "mostly the noble knights have rather commonplace arms, and the unknown ones have beautiful ones, which is like the way of this worrying world. Galahad, for whom I should have liked to violate heraldry, giving him a gold cup on a silver ground, has to bear a red cross only and it is so dull for him." He was very happy at discovering that Pharamond of Gaul bore three gold frogs on a black field—"don't believe those who say they were toads—we know. Sanados des Sept Fontaines has blue and a shower of silver tears; Mador de la Porte, black with seven apples of silver; Taulas de la Fontaine bears a World of black—that should be the arms of the city of London. Sibyllias aux deures mains, black, and a fire of red; Bedivere, black and a silver chapel. [This Edward coveted for Galahad.] The Knight of Seven Ways beareth red, a bridge of gold masoned with black, and underneath the bridge a river of silver."

But after many pages, he suddenly interrupts himself with:

"I'm not tired, but growing shy—and indeed for one day that is surely enough."

In this same letter he speaks of Newman's death: "He was a great hero to me, and I like to think of his splendid life. People write on the whole prettily about him; somehow he touched them, and I cannot wonder—to make one's life a great poem is the height of Art."

In odd hours that could be spared from more pressing work he went on with his mosaic designs for the American Episcopal Church at Rome. "Only," he said, "when they

are all finished I will influence the mind of Dr. Nevin to give the church to the Pope."

"One thing is luck," he writes to Mrs. Horner in these days, "that I can invent as easily as ever, and could make ten pictures a day if believing was seeing. I do feel very thankful for that, because it is endless pleasure, now and then weighted with a chagrin that no one will believe me."

Another letter contains one of his imaginary journeys:

"I am going to live a wild life, in a tent, travelling between Aleb and Mecca. Once in three years I shall go inside the gate of Jerusalem and look at the abodes of mankind, between sunrise and sunset, and then mount my camel and away. If the desert at last palls on me, which is not likely, I know a city, vast and walled and with splendid masonry to please me, with citadel and aqueducts and gates, and not a soul within it. It is called Anazarba—I daresay your husband knows it and has been there. Everybody built it,—Assyrians, Romans, Justinian (who married Sara Bernhardt), and Haroun al Raschid—all made it more and more wonderful. As you see it from a distance you think it must be Babylon for vastness—not a soul inside the walls. From the top of the castle you can see a little silver thread to the North, that is the infant Euphrates, narrow enough to jump over: and to the South you can see minarets, that is Tarsus, and if you like you can think of St. Paul—or Cleopatra—which brings us back to Sara Bernhardt who is to wear a dress in her new piece so bejewelled that in comparison Theodora would look like poor Mrs. Booth. Eight girdles she is to wear—and I have just maddened myself thinking how eight girdles could be worn. It wouldn't be fair to call a necklace a girdle, or a garter, that wouldn't be fair, no. Eight girdles—and how ever do they come? But I have the greatest confidence in her. ——, who hates her, has made the funniest drawing of her, out of spite—but I dream of the eight girdles round that twig of the oriental willow. Now have I gabbled nonsense enough?"

The imaginary journey lingered in his mind, however,

and before long he writes again pretending that it is all settled and that his friend will join him in the pilgrimage:

"When we betake ourselves to the East I will do all the geography if you will do the cooking—in which matter I am soon pleased—and I have made out a route already. We meet at Constantinople and after that it is one necklace of wonders till we come back to rest finally in Damascus, the abode of peace. Only one point puzzles me: somewhere in some Lycian valley is a mountain carved into a figure of Niobe, and a living stream pours from her eyes and furrows her cheek and has done for more than two thousand years, and I can't find it out exactly and foresee difficulties. After that we mount up through Phrygian highlands till we come to the watershed of the Euphrates, and there we encamp in the walls of Anazarba for months; then we go to Van and Tiflis—oh if you knew what that means for miracles of building—and after that every day a new miracle. And at Damascus is our last stay; we shall have seen no newspapers, the Lord God be praised for his bounteous mercies, for five years about: at Damascus, at the English Consulate, we shall see one for the first time, and have our reflections. Will this be a nice plan?"

Nearer within realization lay a visit to his well-loved Rottingdean, and our children met us there for a few days in November; and the spirit of Walter Scott joined us in the pages of his just-published Diary, which was read aloud most of the time. "A new book by Scott, isn't it wonderful? and incredible. The best of reading it is. Do get it forthwith; you will think it, I know, the best book that has been for many a year. Did you know Scott tried to draw, and did execute some landscapes in oil? he is so funny about it. Bless him all over, inside and out, when was his like ever?"

Before the year was over his little granddaughter, Angela, had become a living soul to him, and a fresh companion in life. In the black winter he writes: "Such horrible days—no work possible, nor going out, nothing left but to gnash the teeth, if one is lucky enough to have them to

gnash with. Phil in bed with cold, Georgie coughing herself to bits: Miss Angela Mackail the principal comfort at present. She is a haughty-looking person, with an expression mostly of indignant surprise. Mistress Angela's mind is also advancing rapidly; when asked where her papa is she points to the canary, and confounds the cat with her mamma when similarly questioned about her. This is comfortable and as it should be—none of your Girton girls for me. What does a little rub me the wrong way is that the nurse will always speak of me as 'paw grandpapa' as if I were the Kensington idiot, yet for the pleasure of being related to this charming woman I must not grumble at the price."

Even when he had to stay indoors so much that he heard little of what was said in the outer world, he refused to draw information from newspapers further than by reading their telegrams. "All these days I read no papers—and not any, and never will—full of lies they are, and every side writes with malignity and spite. If I read the Times I wish I was an Irishman or a Frenchman, anything but a countryman of that dull conceited blockhead, and if I read the Daily Telegraph I want to take orders and intone the service, and if I read the Guardian I want to blaspheme in the open streets, and if I read the Daily News I want to drown myself for dullness. And so you see I know nothing about it all, and don't want to, it's too microscopic, and I should be a bad judge." Another time he complains of all present time being too microscopic in its detail, and adds: "Here we see the advantage of studying the past, where only the essential survives."

The garden-studio now becomes a frequent background against which I see Edward, busy upon work of a larger scale than the Grange painting-room would hold. "The Star of Bethlehem," finished early in 1891, was succeeded by "Avalon" and "The Car of Love." A letter to Mr. Kenrick about "The Star of Bethlehem" contains some practical advice on the framing of pictures: "It isn't a wide frame, for a wide frame would dwarf the picture; I

find little pictures are good in vast frames but big ones frame themselves. About all this I have used my best judgment, but the sooner I order the frame the better, for I want its horrible new glare to tone a little. And glad I shall be," he adds, "for it to be in Birmingham, and gladder if they are content."

The lease of his studio in Campden Hill Road, where "Avalon" had been for nearly ten years, came to an end this spring, to Edward's satisfaction, for he found going backwards and forwards to it almost intolerable; so he had the big picture home to him in the garden-studio, where for another seven years he poured his heart into it. With "Avalon" filling one side of the long room and "The Car of Love" across the end, the place looked exhilarating.

"The Star of Bethlehem" was taken to the New Gallery on the 20th of April, and the "Sponsa de Libano" followed a few days afterwards. The whole of this picture, a water-colour of more than ten feet by five, had been done since the beginning of the year. In a letter to Lady Rayleigh there is mention of a scene with a model from whom he drew the heads of the Winds who breathe upon the garden of the Bride. "I drew the South wind one day and the North wind the next. Such a queer little model I had, a little Houndsditch Jewess, self-possessed, mature and worldly, and only about twelve years old. When I said to her, 'Think of nothing and feel silly and look wild and blow with your lips,' she threw off Houndsditch in a moment, and thousands of years rolled off her and she might have been born in Lebanon, instead of the Cockney which she was. I will shew you the drawings."

After sending his pictures away we went down as usual to our haven of rest at Rottingdean, but weather was against us and Edward did not return with strength enough to resist the infection of influenza that was in the air everywhere. On May 9th he developed his first attack of the illness, and it is clear now that he never entirely threw off the effects of its poison. We returned to the sea as soon as possible, and twice again he went there in search of

strength before our usual August holiday. A trace of one of these short visits remains in a letter to Mrs. Ady, in which he mentions that the village was disturbed by politics, and says of the cock who disturbed him by crowing, and the ducks who waddled in search of food on the muddy edge of the pond, "Even the creatures on the green are political, I believe—who could doubt the noisome views of this creature

or doubt to which party these belong?"

Morris too had been ill with a severe attack of gout, and it scarcely seemed as if this year would be one in which they were to begin a fresh and important scheme of work together. But so it proved, for the labours of the Kelmscott Press had begun, and the time was come when they were to realize their old dream of making a beautiful book with beautiful pictures in it. Whenever I speak of the Kelmscott Press I think of its crowning glory, the Chaucer, and of the strength which carried the whole thing through—Morris' strength. Listen to Edward about this: "Morris will be here to-morrow, strong, self-contained, master of himself and therefore of the world. Solitude cannot hurt him nor dismay him. Such strength as his I see nowhere."

The friends sat down dutifully to read Chaucer over again before beginning their work, and infinitely funny it was when Morris occasionally professed to be taken prosaic and not to understand what the poet meant. Edward had his own heart-searchings: "I wonder, if Chaucer were alive now, or is aware of what is going on, whether he'd be satisfied with my pictures to his book or whether he'd prefer impressionist ones. I don't trust him. And if he and Morris were to meet in heaven, I wonder if they'd quarrel." Again, with regard to the allegorical figures described in the Romaunt of the Rose: "I wish Chaucer would once for all make up his unrivalled and precious mind whether he is talking of a picture or a statue—I do wish it, for in the book I am putting myself wholly aside, and trying to see things as he saw them; not once have I invaded his kingdom with one hostile thought."

Of this faithful following a proof is given in two of the illustrations to the House of Fame, where he dares to take Chaucer at his word and makes an inside and an outside picture of the House itself, in the form of a huge round basket, "made of twigges" the poet calls it, and nothing but powerful imagination working in perfect obedience to those words could have produced so strange and yet so possible a whirligig home of whisperings.

The Golden Legend was the book that Morris had meant to be the first printed from type of his own designing, but Mr. Cockerell, in his history of the Kelmscott Press, tells how this could not be, owing to the handmade paper in stock being of too small a size; so the Story of the Glittering Plain took its place. The printing of the Golden Legend began very soon, however, and went on steadily. In September Edward says: "I saw some proof sheets last night and went crazy with pleasure." Two designs, of an Earthly and a Heavenly Paradise, were his share in the work.

From another side of the world of art a proposition came to Edward this summer, that he should fill the four semi-domes below the big centre dome of St. Paul's Cathedral

with mosaic. We know his feeling about this building, but for a moment temptation touched him. The architects, Messrs. Bodley and Garner, were authorized by the Dean to learn whether, if the commission were offered, it would be accepted, and Mr. Bodley wrote to suggest an interview, at the same time asking Edward's general idea as to treatment of the spaces; his own thought being that groups of angels might come in well. Edward's answer follows:

"I am sorry not to be able to meet you at St. Paul's Cathedral on Tuesday, as you suggest, but have not yet sufficiently recovered from my late attack of influenza to go freely about or to take any journey that can be avoided. Perhaps however I can say something by letter which may for the present do instead of a personal interview.

"In the first place, I know the spaces you mean, and in the abstract am very glad to undertake work which, like this, would be for a public building and upon the larger scale to which I find myself more and more inclining in design, whilst the fact of its necessary permanence in the place for which it was designed would be additionally attractive to me. The idea also which you suggest, of filling the spaces with groups of angels, is confessedly a beautiful one, and would no doubt answer the purpose well, but might, it seems to me, become somewhat monotonous and without proper significance unless done with a view to taking its place in due relation to the subject-designs that I presume are arranged for in the scheme which the Committee has for the complete decoration of dome, drum, and spandrils. The congruity of the whole would of course be so important that I cannot help feeling considerable difficulty in working, so to speak, in the dark.

"Whatever subject is decided upon, I think it would be best for me to prepare cartoons for one of the spaces to begin with, which might be set up *in situ* for a few days in order to judge of the effect so far as composition and scale of figures are concerned. I should not attempt colour in this first rough sketch. After that I should propose to

make a small design for each space which could be submitted to the Dean and the Committee, but I would beg to make the stipulation that it should not be in competition with any brother-artist." This he was assured had never been contemplated, but before another meeting could be arranged he had dismissed personal inclination and decided to abide by deliberate judgment. "I couldn't face it," he said afterwards, "and yet I love mosaics better than anything else in the world. It 's nonsense to put mosaic there —nonsense I think to try to do anything with it but let it chill the soul of man and gently prepare him for the next glacial cataclysm. It wants carpets hung about, and big, huge, dark oil pictures, and hangings of rich stuffs, and the windows let alone, no stained glass anywhere, no colour except black and silver, no chilling surplices, Bach always being played, and me miles away. Me miles away, if possible, and I'll be content with it."

A description which reached Edward of St. Paul's as "the central edifice of metropolitan devotion" thoroughly satisfied him, but his own views of its capacity for furthering devotion are found in the following words: "While I worked this morning I thought of your Sunday expedition to St. Paul's, and wondered if the church crushed and depressed you, as it does me, and if you could pray in it, and to whom, and if you had any hope that a prayer could get past the cornices, and if in your heart you said 'O Lord, how great is thy pomp, how crushing thy judgments; mercifully forgive thy servant if she seeks consolation elsewhere than in thy architectural presence, and confesses with thy servant David that one day in thy house is better than a thousand."

A letter to his son also a few years later expatiates on the subject: "I suppose you know the opening form of prayer used there—'We, members of the stock exchange and of several banking companies (limited) gathered together in this handsome building which the city of London erected at a vast outlay, humbly approach thy throne, O God, beseeching thee to turn thy all-seeing eye upon our

present financial difficulties, which threaten to overturn the commercial pre-eminence of our city. It cannot be wholly unknown to thee, O God, that ever since the Argentine bankruptcy our affairs &c.' and so it goes on, rather a long form. Phil, dear, I assure you no other kind of prayer is possible in such a place, and so I was pleased to find that the Book of Common Prayer used there opens with this appeal."

The news of Parnell's death on October 6th moved Edward deeply, and thus he wrote of it: "To-day about noon came as it seemed the world's end. Sudden black, and out of the blackness a flash like the opening of Hell's mouth and after the flash a roar like Domesday, and after the roar a lull, and then a wind before which all things bent and broke, and the garden is full of shattered branches, and a big poplar lies across the garden wall. All these signs are because Parnell is gone, not because Smith has gone, whatever the Times says. Did you ever see Eric's Hell-ride? Such shattering thunders are the salutes the Gods make when a brave man goes out to them, and I think that was a very brave one." Some months before this he had written to Miss Gladstone: "You won't like me for saying that if I were an Irishman I would stand by Parnell through thick and thin; but I would. And a thing to my mind far more calamitous than the loss of Home Rule is the aspect of English hypocrisy right and left, and the tone of English journalism—Ah!"

The Ireland of these days always joined on in Edward's thought to the ancient land whose place in the world's history he knew so well; and he held that the confidence of its people would never be gained until their heart and imagination had been touched. In spite of the defeat of Gladstone's first Home Rule Bill, he had taken fresh courage because he thought the Irish would recognize the sincerity of the effort. "Never mind," he wrote, "really I believe we have won—even if the elections go against us, I am certain we have won. It is a splendid year, the truth has been said, and won't and can't be forgotten again; it

is only a question of quickness and slowness, but it will be done."

The name "Anguish, King of Ireland," given by Malory as that of one of the knights of the Round Table, did not pass unnoticed: "I think he has never failed of his succession in that luckless land," was the comment made on it. And again: "I do like Paddies somehow very much; because they are unlucky, because Anguish is their king, because they made splendid legends—better and more beautiful are not in the world—and they made so many and stuck to them; and I like them because they feel quickly and laugh at the right things." Many a time he wished that a drop of Tipperary blood had been mingled with the sadder strain from Wales which he inherited.

And now, though the years that remain to be written of are nearer to me than the former ones, I find detailed memory of them less clear. In them were no more beginnings of things, which mark time so gloriously, but rather a continuous flow of the stream of life—full to its banks and with little to disturb the swift silence of its current. Edward's desire to finish work that he had in hand grew strong as he realized the mass that was waiting to be gone on with, and he curbed his inclination to begin fresh pictures, though the thought of them accompanied him always. He worked harder than ever and with increasing method and regularity; patience too enlarged her borders in his mind, and scarcely anything seemed to irritate him, but he was much oftener depressed than he used to be. This he attributed to the effects of influenza, and carefully distinguished it from dejection arising from any special reason. Over and over in his letters it is mentioned. To Mrs. Stillman he wrote: "The influenza, when it left, left also a doleful legacy in the way of melancholy, such as I have never known before. For many weeks I was as hopeless about all things as if a great and terrible misfortune had happened, and could see no light or brightness anywhere, and went about like a forlorn spectre; but this is all very slowly mending. People say I ought to be glad to

be forced to rest, but that is a height of philosophy I cannot attain to, any more than a man in Newgate might be glad of seclusion."

A picture of the Sirens that had long been promised to Mr. Leyland was re-designed this autumn, and about it he writes:

"I am making a plan for a picture that will not be very big and will need to be very pretty. It is a sort of Sirenland—I don't know when or where—not Greek Sirens, but any Sirens, anywhere, that lure on men to destruction. There will be a shore full of them, looking out from rocks and crannies in the rocks at a boat full of armed men, and the time will be sunset. The men shall look at the women and the women at the men, but what happens afterwards is more than I care to tell." To Mr. Leyland he sends word: "I want to shew you the design, as far as I have gone, of the Sirens. It is very rough, only a scheme, but you can tell sufficiently, I think. I have made two. One is that little black invention almost literally enlarged, and the other is a variation upon it. As soon as we have settled which it shall be, or what changes would better it, I should begin gathering studies together for it, and meantime I am having a ship made. Lord! how long I have been about it, nearly all the summer, and there is nothing to shew; but I have been unwell and miserable from that vile influenza, and had little heart in me for anything. But I made myself get through with this."

Mr. Leyland came to the Grange and spent a long time in the studio, talking over and comparing the two designs, and leaving Edward happy by his evident care for them and the pleasure he shewed in choosing which he liked best. This was in October, and about a month afterwards they spent an evening together. It was their last meeting, I believe, before Mr. Leyland's death in the following January.

Just as in earlier years Edward had set himself to learn sunflowers and lilies and roses in their very essence, so now he made the closest study of coloured marbles for his picture of "Avalon." Treasures of this kind were thrown open to

him at Messrs. Brindley's works in Westminster Bridge Road, and he used to go and pore over them till he had got them by heart. He said: "That 's another realm in the universe, a kingdom all to itself, and the owner of the wharf can think of nothing else, and can hardly be got to part with any beautiful piece he has: he wouldn't sell me anything, he said he would lend me two or three pieces, but no one should ever have them. So there is hope of England and there are men in it still. He said he had bought a mountain in Mauritania that once was quarried by the Romans. There were lumps of marble that you wanted to eat, and the very names of some of them should be enough to make one happy." And later:

"I have learned all I shall ever know about marble now, and when I shut my eyes last night I could see nothing but the petrified waves and tide-marks and signs of skimming winds on wet surfaces, so that I think I can make marble now without copying it, and it is fascinating work."

These words about learning a thing so thoroughly that he could "make" it for himself recall an answer that he gave to some one who named as a drawback to the work of an artist, that his pictures looked as though he had done them only "out of his head." "The place where I think pictures ought to come from," said Edward.

Precious stones as well as marbles had a fascination for him (but not those of the modern jeweller) and he had his superstitions about them. In a letter to Mrs. Horner he goes into detail as to his feeling about different ones—what he thought about opals has been already mentioned:

"Green isn't a lucky colour for any Celtic creature to wear, for it is the colour of the Tuatha da Danaan and the hill folk wear it sparingly. Sapphire is truth and I am never without it. If I heard a lie, I should know by looking. Ruby is passion and I need it not. Emerald is hope and I need it, but cut emeralds are like glass and no better, and a fat round one is hopeless to try and get. And diamond is strength, and it sparkles and fidgets and is of this world. And amethyst is devotion. I have it. And topaz is jealousy,

and is right nasty. Sapphires I make my totem of. Pras is a wicked little jewel—have none of him. I gave one to Margaret, and it winked and blinked and looked so evil, she put it away. And I got her a moonstone that she might never know love, and stay with me. It did no good but it was wonderful to look at—cold and desolate—and you sighed when you looked at it as when you look at the moon. And a black pearl I got her, because 'Far fetched and dearly bought is good for ladies.' That 's pretty on her hand, but of all things I gave her to wear on her little fingers none looked so sweet as a poor cheap bit of ivory stained so that it looked like a cherry, and it makes you laugh with delight at its funny red splash of colour, and it beats all except the sapphire, that is crown of stones."

In spite of his calling jealousy "right nasty," on another day he said of it more mercifully: "Let us praise jealousy a little. It is of so modest an origin, that knows itself unworthy and fears a better will come and take its place."

Towards the end of the year a message from M. Puvis de Chavannes reached Edward, inviting him to exhibit at the next exhibition of the Champ de Mars, and to this suggestion his love of France rather than any intimate acquaintance with its contemporary art or artists made him consent. As he had not crossed the Channel since 1878, he was necessarily ignorant of the work going on in French studios, though certain reports of it had reached him and some reproductions of pictures. In these he said that he felt a great want. "Over all France and over all where France has influence, there is one unforgiveable crime—they have not the least idea of what a face means, and what a Paradise or Hell it can express." But another thought that he had about French painters was recorded also: "The skill and daring in their work, and singleness of purpose and *esprit de corps*, their indifference to comfort and luxury, and even necessary food, proves them to be a set of splendid gentlemen whom it would be difficult to match in this country, which I do think is spoiled and sullied by wealth. I feel a constant irrepressible hope in the

French—they try the experiments for the smug world outside to profit by. I should like a splendid school of painting yet to come out of France. Most of them, even of the big ones, are quite poor, and the sight of a poor gentleman makes me feel the world is worth redeeming and can be redeemed."

M. Puvis de Chavannes acknowledged with a noble courtesy Edward's promise to send him the picture of "Fortune" if its owner, Mr. Balfour, would consent, and also a selection of pencil drawings. "C'est pour moi une grande et sincère joie que la promesse de votre glorieux concours à notre exposition du Champ de Mars. Je désire ardemment que vous puissiez disposer en notre faveur du tableau qu'un de vos amis a le bonheur de posséder; quant aux dessins ils seront aussi pour nous l'expression de l'art le plus haut, le plus pur, le plus profond." The two artists never met, but all communications between them were of a brotherly nature. With regard to the pencil studies that were sent, Edward received a letter from the Musée du Luxembourg saying that they wished to secure some of them for the National Collection, where at a later time they looked forward to placing an important picture of his in the foreign section then being organized. In reply he allowed himself the pleasure of asking that the examples chosen should be received as a gift from him, and was glad when they were formally accepted. A few months afterwards a large Sèvres vase bearing his monogram arrived from the Government Manufactory, a graceful memorial of the little transaction.

"Fortune" was safely carried to the Champ de Mars and brought back again—and in spite of Edward's deep dislike of sending pictures travelling, there were times when he was not left unmoved by a suggestion that came to him from Paris, that at a fitting season a collection of his works should be exhibited there.

CHAPTER XXIV

THOSE THAT SHALL COME AFTER
1892—1895

AS he grew older Edward looked with increasing interest upon young artists, always hoping to see the beginning of some new, great career. And not in his own country only did he look for this, but, as he said, when strangers from Paris or Brussels came to him and he knew nothing about them, he must receive them readily, for who knew but that they might prove to be Gabriels or Tennysons. His reflections after a visit from an English youth are to be found in a letter to Mrs. Horner:

"Came an anxious enquirer yesterday to know what he should do to be saved. The last new race of youngest artists is a very anxious one. What delight if the priggish and the cynical race are already things of the past—and there are signs of it. I see such young things from time to time, and am very careful to say no disheartening words. He said he meant to go and live away from London, in some cottage, and that if artists could do that everywhere the time would come when the world would want them again and seek them. And to this I said that I thought it would be far away the best thing to be done, especially if those recluses would be content never to be sought for and wanted, for they never would be. And after he had gone I fell thinking about poverty, and how art had always lived with it, grown from it, prospered with it, and perished when it departed. Can you imagine an artist born at Panshanger or Hatfield? I cannot—imagination fails me there; but I do like young things to come to me, and spare no

pains with them: and after all it is for them I paint. If ever they would look at me as I have looked at Mantegna, what a well-rewarded ghost mine would be."

This sympathy on his side produced confidence on that of the young, and a letter which was a signal instance of this touched him so much that it drew from him in reply some lines of ghostly counsel which I am glad to be able to transcribe. The writer of the letter had laid before him an anxiety of which he had full understanding; his own words of long ago to Mr. Watts expressed a self-distrust almost as great. His correspondent wrote that he felt all he had ever done to be vain and speechless, that he had arrived at a point in his work when he must begin again at the beginning, and his only hope was that it might not be too late. The letter ended by saying: "Your advice shall be to me as a guiding star. I know your kindness of heart too well to apologize for writing to you; I know no other physician."

"It touches me very much," Edward answered, "that you should turn to me for help and counsel in your perplexity. I have thought much over what you tell me, and I think it is a happy sign that you feel this disheartenment. The mood of disheartenment will not last, but the pause in your work and the close examining of yourself may have an excellent ending.

"I once had a terrible time of perplexity and self-abasement. I had been working conceitedly and audaciously for a few years and never looked for any discomfiture, but it came, and weeks ran into months and no light seemed ever to come to me. I too looked despairingly at the past as if all had been done and nothing was left to do. I think it was the most wretched time I ever endured. I worked every day through, I let no day pass without some study, drawing incessantly but very doggedly, as one who had little hope of any issue. I went back to Oxford, having a great belief in the effect its ancient peace would bring me, and every day drew in the gardens there—a whole forest of trees, grasses, flowers, ends of streets, anything—but all

my painting I had put aside. I drew beasts too, a little, but no men or women, nothing to remind me of my old moods—and somehow the distressful time ended itself, and I found my road again.

"It is possible you need rest; but rest for an artist is waste unless he is ill; the rest he needs is change of work. It might heal you and bring you back to confidence if you could for a little time change the material of your work—for art is one—and from the side of colour some refreshment might come to you. Books are of little avail, I think; something allied to one's old work and yet different would surely help you more.

"You have worked very hard and unremittingly for some years now, and perhaps have not let yourself enjoy even the innocent pleasures of life, and the strain has never been lifted for you. Come and see me, and let us talk the matter over—in half an hour's talk we should be further on our way than after a hundred letters. Come to lunch on Wednesday, and in the lull of that simple meal we may be able to beat out some plan; and rest assured of my sympathy."

An incidental mention of Mr. John Morley in a letter written towards the end of 1892, at the time when the second Home Rule Bill was being drawn up, gives an idea of the kind of politician with whom Edward could still sympathize. Let it stand by itself. "I am glad he is in politics. I don't think he expects to win, certainly not to steal a victory. A. says he is very discouraging: he is too good for the tricks of the world. I am sure I shall like his way of fighting and being beaten; he would not discourage me a bit—what discourages is a shabby victory."

For all except purely personal correspondence Edward from this time onwards allowed himself the assistance of a secretary. This lady, Miss Sara Anderson, who was a friend of ours, had long been Mr. Ruskin's private secretary, and the skill and tact with which she filled her most unconventional post at the Grange was a great help to us. To begin with, she agreed to come in the evening, as daylight belonged to painting, not writing, and just when her

help was wanted, not at set intervals; nor was she disturbed if on her arrival she found Edward too tired for anything but laughter and talk, in both of which she bore her part most worthily. Even thus softened, however, the time of reckoning with business letters was one from which he shrank. "In about half an hour comes my secretary—the live one, not the mahogany one—and then will set in the evening I dread, but it's a mighty comfort and I am little by little recovering a lost conscience." Occasionally, as a relief from this compulsory work, he would suddenly stop and say "Now let us write to so-and-so," and at once dictate a letter of quips and jests to some intimate friend so swiftly that even the quick pen and quicker wit of Miss Anderson were put to the proof—then back again to business.

The story of Peter Ibbetson, published in 1892, revived in Edward's mind the ancient kindness between himself and Du Maurier, of whom he had seen but little for a long time, checked by resentment at the parodies of Rossetti that appeared in Punch. But now he obeyed an impulse, and wrote to thank him for his book. With no notice taken of the gap in their intimacy, he begins: "I'm reading your story and have nearly finished it. I love you for having written it. Somehow I was trying to make up my mind to be content and not grumble at the ugly, squalid, vicious tales that people like nowadays. I thought the world was going all one way, and that I had better make peace while there is time and reconcile myself to it, and here comes your book like a fresh wind—full of beauty, and beautiful people—so I want to tell you how happy I am about it, and that I don't lightly say I love you for having written it. But if you hate writing letters as I do, you won't answer this—and who should understand if I do not?"

The Little Minister also, which was read aloud to him to beguile convalescence from illness, gave him great pleasure; I shall always remember the way he answered to its beautiful opening and prepared to enjoy himself. Speaking of Mr. Barrie before this, he said, "I like all the books of his I have read; I am glad some one is making

tales for me that I shall read with happiness." When he met the writer, however, the time was not a lucky one; it was an evening of a prepense kind likely to fail, and he regretfully wrote of it, "I dined out to meet Barrie—Barrie of Thrums. He would not talk at all—but nice and thin and pale to look at. Next morning came Rudyard Kipling, and the contrast was great; so that I gave praise to Allah by reason of his power in diversifying his creatures."

In August he saw Tennyson for the last time, going to lunch at Aldworth by invitation and happy in taking his daughter with him. There was talk of her going there again to take her own children for Tennyson's blessing—but it could not be—it was too late.

In October, after the burial of Tennyson in Westminster Abbey, Edward writes to his son: "Did you see that up to the very end of the end all was perfect about that splendid life, and that the city of Mantua sent some bay from Virgil's birthplace to lay in the tomb—and from Delhi too—O dear! Bain's shop showed the only sign of mourning in all London, and had its shutters up, so I went in and bought five books at once."

About the exhibition of his own collected works at the New Gallery this winter he writes: "It is the kind of thing that should never be done till a man is dead. I dreaded it exceedingly. I feel a little as if a line was drawn across my life now and that the future won't be quite the same thing I meant it to be—I can't tell quite what I mean, and it is a sort of superstition, but there it is. It will be like looking in a magic mirror, and seeing myself at 25 and 30, and 35 and 40, and 45 and 50, and so on to the hundred and tenth year I have now, and I don't like it one bit. I try to close my ears, and to forget it all. It was a mistake of Nature that we cannot shut our ears as we can our eyes, with firm lids." But afterwards he said: "Though I was discouraging always when the exhibition was first thought of and was loth to have the pictures tried again by the public, yet now that all is over and many were pleased, I am glad."

A letter from Du Maurier in February, 1893, full of sym-

pathy and remembrance of their youth, was amongst the few papers that Edward preserved. It follows here.

"My dear Burne-Jones, I went yesterday to the New Gallery. It was a peculiar sensation of pleasure—*très doux et un peu triste*—like opening an old diary. I knew all or very nearly all the pictures there, remembering well where and when I had seen them, and with what impressions. It reminded me of Millais' show at the Grosvenor Gallery, where you were so enthusiastic—do you recollect? We went down Bond Street afterwards in a four-wheeler together and you nearly stamped through the floor! Millais' Autumn Leaves, the Vale of Rest,—at Christie's—what a pleasure it was to see them again after so many years! And in just the same way I can't tell you with what pleasure I saw Merlin and Nimue, the Merciful Knight, Circe and her black panther, and others that I had so loved in the happy days of youth; and found that absence had only made the heart grow fonder!

"I think your special glamour (the Burne-Jonesiness of Burne-Jones, if I may coin such a word), the gift you always had among others of so strangely impressing the imagination and ever after haunting the memory, was almost as fully developed then (when I was young and tender!) as in the later work of greater scope where you had reached your full mastery of execution and draughtsmanship and design—which you seem to have reached so soon.

"I suppose it is this very marked and peculiar flavour in your work which has made you such friends among even those who have had no special technical training and can only feel without knowing why—like my wife who was with me and shared in all this delight of walking in a lovely dream-land full of mystery and reminiscence,

> Fair passions and bountiful pities
> And loves without stain!

It is of course a great pity the Briar Rose was absent. But King Cophetua, the Wheel of Fortune, Merlin and Nimue, Laus Veneris, Chant d'Amour, and these later

works (that must be so good to live with) I beheld again with a still keener insight and appreciation than in the old Grosvenor Gallery days.

"But I won't bore you any longer with my own sensations; I will only say that I have always loved your work from the beginning and shall no doubt do so to the end. If you had been a stranger to me I should have felt the same. It is only because on more than one occasion you have been good enough to tell me that you have had pleasure from things I have done (and thereby given me very great pleasure indeed) that I venture to try and express myself thus directly to you."

These words cheered Edward, and he answered at once:

"What a comforting and long letter you have written to me. I shall put it away among my phylacteries. My phylacteries are a few very special happyfying letters, like yours, which I can take out and read when I feel particularly worthless to myself, and they serve to drive away demons and night goblins. One of them is a testimonial from Margaret on the eve of her wedding day, saying in the main that I have been a good father, and there are three or four others, and yours shall be there too."

The day before writing these words to Du Maurier, Edward had, after long thought, sent to the Royal Academy his resignation of the Associateship accepted in 1885. His letter and its official acknowledgement are given in their order.

February 10th, 1893. "To the President and Council of the Royal Academy.

"Gentlemen, it is now nearly eight years since you did me the unlooked for honour of voluntarily electing me an Associate of your body—an honour which I accepted with cordiality as a sign of sympathy from brother artists which it was impossible to reject.

"But you on your part have never asked me to enter further than the threshold which you invited me to cross, and I, on mine, have found that it was too late to change the direction of my life and work, so as to be able to

carry on the traditions of a school in which I did not grow up.

"To-day I am no longer a young man—too old a man certainly to spend time in competition which I neither sought nor desired, and which is deeply distasteful to me; yet for the past eight years I have found myself involuntarily forced into competition at each successive election for the final admission which you have denied me.

"These facts have gradually brought me to the conclusion that it would be a relief to both of us, if without reproach from either side our formal connexion is brought to an end.

"This I beg respectfully to do now by resigning my Associateship, in the hope that some one else may be elected in my place to whom its conditions will be helpful and inspiring."

The Secretary answered: "Sir, I am desired by the President and Council to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th inst: resigning your associateship of the Royal Academy, and to express to you their regret that you should have thought such a step necessary."

To Leighton, Edward wrote personally by the same post which carried his letter to Burlington House:

"It is the only way out of the difficulty—I have thought and thought and it is the only way, and after it we shall breathe more freely. Next to the delicious position of never making a mistake ought to rank the humbler one of confessing the mistake and repairing it. Please don't try to dissuade me—this time I believe I am right—and by and bye I believe you will think so too. But if you blame me, you must keep your old friendship and affection for me, because it is dear to me, and the years are getting short. We shall all be much happier and more cosy afterwards."

Leighton's reply was an affecting one.

"What pain and distress your yesterday's letter brought with it I need not tell you—you know it. You deprecate any attempt to dissuade you!—is it not late, Ned, to ask me not to dissuade you from an accomplished act? I have

seen only too plainly for a long time, ever since that first year when I was filled with hope, that an unbridgeable difference divides our several views about your attitude towards what was till yesterday your Academy. It has been a constant sorrow and a deep disappointment to me, and the one dark spot in the term of my Presidency, as your election was its brightest. For your kind words to me individually I thank you very sincerely. I am not of those whose attachment to old friends easily fades away."

This could not miss the mark, and Edward took pains during the remainder of Leighton's life to shew him how much he valued his warm-hearted friendship.

A letter to Alma Tadema, although naturally in a lighter key than that to the President, still expresses the truth which was at the root of the whole matter, and may now sum it up:

"Promise me faithfully one thing before I tell you something. Have you promised——?

"Don't turn me out of the house to-morrow evening when I arrive because I have resigned my Associateship at the Academy.

"It was best to do it—we have got stuck fast—and nobody ever was born to whom freedom is more necessary than it is to this friend of yours. I hope you are not vexed —I am not myself one least bit. I think they are quite right, and I think I am quite right, and there it is, and we shall live happy ever afterwards. You see, dear friend, I am particularly made by nature not to like Academies. I went to one when I was a little boy, and didn't like it then, and thought I was free for ever when I grew up, when suddenly one day I had to go to an Academy again—and now I've run away.

"You promised you wouldn't kick me out to-morrow evening, mind, for I shall turn up if it is humanly possible."

An attack of influenza that Edward had in April was so sudden and violent that for some hours the doctor looked for a specific fever to develop, and though he was soon back in his studio it was long before its evil effects passed away.

A visit to Rottingdean as soon as he could travel had its usual good result, and a trace of the time remains in a letter written while there which contains a bright exclamation about the pleasure that the sight of a friend's face always gave to him: "Who should come in suddenly the other day, but Arthur Balfour whom I love—both him and his company." In August again another letter from Rottingdean, to Lady Leighton, says: "I have been very, very unwell—what it was I don't know, and the doctor knew less, but for days I held my head as if the boiling wits of me would burst if I didn't hold it, and when at last I came here to rest, rest wouldn't come at the bidding. I am only now beginning to sleep; the little place has never yet failed to revive me, and to-day I begin to mend." Most of the failures of health from which he now suffered we learned to attribute to influenza. The attacks were something like his old malarial ones, and the sea and the downs always refreshed him afterwards.

One drawback to the pleasure of Rottingdean was that occasionally the cold sea-winds would bring on a fit of toothache. By the advice of a friend he put himself under the care of an excellent American dentist, and a professional visit to him is recognizable under the following slight disguise: "This afternoon I am looking forward to a most delightful hour with ——, perhaps two hours." Then next day: "So I went to play with ——, who made me very welcome and put me into his best easy chair and turned his lamps full upon me: he was glad to see me and anxious not to lose the least passing expression in my face. He pressed me so to stay that I sat in that chair from half past three till close on five, and then he said he looked on it as only half a visit, and would I promise to go again, say Wednesday next, and he would look forward to it with such delight. What a warm-hearted cordial fellow he is to welcome one so gladly—and yet I have only seen him twice in all my life."

The work-list for 1893 includes mention of four portraits in hand—an unusual thing. One of them was that

of the little daughter of his friend Mrs. Drew (Miss Gladstone), who was so eager to have it to give to her father that Edward could not refuse her wish. After the mother had brought the little one to be looked at, he writes: "It's a darling baby, that's the truth—and with a little help from her, if she is just short of being a whirlwind or a windmill, I may make shift to get some resemblance. How easy it would be for some men, not to me, but expect little and that will help me. At any rate I'll try."

Then, after a sitting: "What a day!!! What a morning—and you left me to it, and neither came to help nor to sympathize. [A drawing here in the letter of a child who is both whirlwind and windmill.] And that's all I've done to-day: ask the nurse. In the main I must do it from memory—a sort of impressionist work—and you will be horribly disappointed, and I shall suffer exceedingly; but that is the only way."

The pressure of the London season told very heavily on Edward, and his determination to carry on work through

it all often resulted in illness, for it was not possible for him to go out more than two or three evenings in a week and yet keep well, nor was it in his nature to deny himself to friends who sought him at his own house. Year after year he vowed that he would not face it again, would go down to Rottingdean when the rush began, and not return till it was over. But to cut off any kind of life, especially one of work, at a given moment is almost impossible; there was always something to be done which overlapped another thing just begun, and that too must be finished; or the very crush of people in London included friends not to be met with at other times or in other ways: some reason always kept us at the Grange until the day came when he was so exhausted that a knife had to be drawn across all engagements. Of such a crisis his own words tell:

"I stayed in that Thursday and rested and went to bed at nine, and slept, and I haven't been out since, and every night quiet at home, and am better. Indeed the gad-about life suited me never, and as time goes by it fits me less and less, and people won't believe—believe only that I am making excuses and won't play with them."

June brought M. Paderewski to London again, of which Edward says: "Paderewski on Thursday, and a delightful and most happy two hours I had with him, and I love him."

It was in August, 1893, just after he had recovered from the fit of exhaustion described in his letter to Lady Leighton, that a grievous misfortune befell us in the destruction of his picture of "Love in the Ruins." It had been sent to be reproduced by photogravure in Paris, where, in spite of a printed warning on the back that it was painted in water-colour and would be injured by the slightest moisture, it had been washed over with white of egg or some such substance, and every part of the surface so touched was destroyed. Our friend Luke Ionides was with Edward at Rottingdean, but I was away when our son came down to tell his father the evil news, and to carry him back to London. Edward wrote to me the same evening:

"I have come back and seen Love in Ruins indeed—all gone. P. is an angel of sympathy and goodness. I shall pick up and work very soon. I will go to Lancaster [to pay a promised visit] on Tuesday—they will all be kind, and new, and that is refreshing under the circumstances—and I'll stay till Saturday and then come back to be at Rottingdean on my birthday. It is a wretched accident: no one could have foreseen it or fenced themselves against it; we won't talk of it, for no words can avail, and to say it's a pity seems as well as to say any other word. How Luke and I had been enjoying ourselves. I never will again; that comes of resting—a very bad thing for me. I had rested more this week than any week for twenty years—thirty years I think—such rest for three days and a half."

"I shall be glad when the next days are over," he wrote again, "so glad—but all things pass, the evil times and the good ones, and that is life, my dear. After all, this isn't to be named by illness of loved ones. It is quite irreparable, but it is life, and all in the bargain—I don't know who made the bargain. And I know I have been spoiled in this life—it is quite fair." But in the train, as he travelled up to Lancaster, he wrote: "I try to forget work, I try to forget disaster, only now and then it bursts upon me horribly."

By the end of the week his resolution was made—to repaint the picture as closely as possible to the original, but in oils, so that it would be proof against any repetition of such an accident as had ruined the water-colour. No trace of the pain and labour this meant is visible in the last entry of his work-list for 1893, which repeats on a larger scale the story of his struggle with the picture of "Merlin and Nimuë" twenty years before.

"In the autumn the water-colour 'Love in the Ruins' was destroyed and I began it afresh in oil, working on it all the rest of the year."

But first he came back to Rottingdean, where he and I and our son kept his birthday. Mr. Price joined us next day and the friends had a short time of quiet together be-

fore our party increased. One day we went over to the little church and watched the workmen putting in the last light of the window that he had given as a record of our daughter's marriage there—*Pro unica filia Margareta in hac S. Margaretae aede feliciter nupta Edwardus Burne Jones pictor dedicavit* says the inscription—and indoors he read to himself from a book that he always kept in his own room, Sir Thomas Browne's Religio Medici and other writings. Of this author he wrote: "His grand pomp pleases me: this morning he said to me, 'Whatever influences, impulsions or inclinations there be from the Lights above, it were a piece of wisdom to make one of those wise men who over-rule their stars, and with their own militia contend with the host of heaven.' And that is handsome astrology. He says a nice thing too about another life. 'It is the heaviest stone that melancholy can throw at a man to tell him that he is at the end of his nature—or that there is no further state to come, unto which this seems progressional and otherwise made in vain.'"

Robert Louis Stevenson's Catriona pleased him too in another way these days and even excited him. "Have you read Catriona?" he exclaims, in a letter of this time: "you didn't tell me, and if you had you must have talked of it, for it is a wonder, and every page glitters, and I can't make out why the Speaker doesn't read it to the House of an evening—much better for them to listen to it than to each other's nonsense. I am right glad he has made a woman at last, and why did he delay? this one is so beautifully made. Oh, he 's a miracle of a lad, that boy out there in the Cannibal Islands; I wish he would come back and write only about the Borderland."

The death of Madox Brown this October brought unforgotten kindness to mind more than ever. I was able to join the friends who stood round his grave. Edward could not be there visibly, but a letter written the same day shews how he was thinking of his old friend: "And to-day they bury Madox Brown—I can't go, but I ought to be there. Little was his luck in this world—less wonderful men have

even been famous. At first he was very kind to me, then he wasn't. I know no more why than you do—perhaps chatterers came between. He knew no middle way between loving and hating, and I ought to understand that—a turbulent head, impetuous, unjust—always interesting; but it was more fun for those he liked than those he hated—and to-day they put him out of sight. For the first three or four years he was a great part of my life; and I could have done very well for that mood never to have passed away. He died quite young for an artist. Our first fifty years pass in mighty mistakes: after that we grow timid, and can scarce put the right foot in front of the left, for self-conscious shame. Then another twenty years of halting, and we get new courage and know what to do, and what must be left undone: and then comes a gleam of hope and a trumpet call—and off we have to go."

Later on, the winter's labour was cheered by the appearance of a small volume of poems by an author whose name (Francis Thompson) was till then unknown to us. The little book moved him to admiration and hope; and, speaking of the poem that he liked best in it, he said: "Since Gabriel's 'Blessed Damozel' no mystical words have so touched me as 'The Hound of Heaven.' Shall I ever forget how I undressed and dressed again, and had to undress again—a thing I most hate—because I could think of nothing else?"

On January 27th, 1894, came the following letter from Mr. Gladstone at Biarritz:

"Dear Mr. Burne-Jones,

"With the sanction of Her Majesty, I have to propose to you that you should accept the honour of a Baronetcy, in recognition of the high position which you have obtained by your achievement in your noble art.

"Perhaps I give more pleasure to myself in writing this letter, than I shall give to you on your receiving it. But I hope that it may be agreeable to you to fall in with my views; for, setting aside private satisfaction, their aim is to promote

a due distribution of public honour in a great profession, which has not always received in this respect anything approaching to liberal treatment.

"Believe me most faithfully yours

"W. E. GLADSTONE."

The honour was accepted, but I have no copy of Edward's answer to Mr. Gladstone. There is, however, a letter on the subject to Mrs. Drew, a few days later, in which he says: "For me to sit down and write a semi-official letter is well nigh impossible, and I posted the stiffest little note that ever was penned, all the time wanting to say what is easier to say to you. I want you to assure your father from me, more fully than I could in the pompous little note I sent him, how comfortable his words were to me, and how I shall cherish them."

To another friend he speaks of the kind letters he had received when the distinction was publicly announced, and then continues: "Why on earth we should wait for something to happen before we say nice things to each other, I can't see. Mayn't I, one day, write and congratulate you about nothing in particular, and say all the comforting warm things in my heart about you and to you, without any special reason? I am sure we might support each other through life if we did. In January, for instance, all the month through; day after day it rained troubles and maladies and heartbreakings on my friends—then would have been the time for delicious letters. A lady has written to me beseeching me not to think too much of earthly things, or of perishable beauty, but to remember my soul. I gave it to Georgie to answer."

Then followed what were called "the necessary heraldic arrangements" on the occasion — the question of arms and a motto. About the former, "I don't suppose I have any," said Edward, "I should think not"—and so he chose for himself, and obtained permission to bear, Wings and Stars, with the motto *Sequar et attingam* (I will follow and attain). Also he took the practical step of obtaining

the Royal licence for the surname of Burne-Jones, his, till now, by custom only and not by law—and thus he became Edward Coley Burne Burne-Jones; but I doubt if he ever used the full signature except under his petition for the licence.

One of the "kind letters" about the baronetcy was from Du Maurier, and part of it is given here because of the beauty of its expression. After saying how pleased he was that "this compliment should have been paid," he continues: "Let me add however that your name has for so many years been so extremely pleasant in mine ear when spoken, to mine eye when written or printed, and above all to my heart when inwardly sounded by myself (as it so often is) that I cannot help grudging any change—I remember feeling just the same about my dear old friend J. E. M."

Swiftly came Edward's answer:

"My dear Du Maurier,—Some people can write nice letters, my word! and I am a wretch at answering, but don't say you didn't look for it. Oh let me be E. B. J. to you always—these changes are nothing, are no changes at all: E. B. J. I shall be to the end I hope, to you and all who like me. Meantime a far more important matter is this: are you going to kill Trilby, or be kind to her? I cannot have her killed. You may polish off as many men as you like in the process of her career, and they must endure their fate with courage, proud to be crushed by such feet, but no harm beyond a heart-ache or so to Trilby, as you love me. And still I'm sorry we don't meet—soon we shall be such dodders, and have only internal disorders to talk about to each other; already I cough myself to bits if I laugh, and wear goloshes (at least I ought to); what will it be in a year or two? Love to you all. Your affec^te^ E. B. J."

As soon as he saw the beginning of Trilby Edward had called attention to it in a letter to a friend, saying "I have read the first number of Du Maurier's story in Harper's with his skilful pretty drawings. I am always in the

mood for him, and no one pleases me so well as he does when he talks of music, also his artists are like artists and his studios are real studios. Terrible stuff even the best novelists make of studios, and the strange life of them, with its innocent lawlessness. There is a most loveable melancholy in what he writes, to my thinking, and he would not one half have expressed himself in his satirical drawing. I have so little mind for satirists that I avoid them, and never opened Juvenal after school days."

On April 22nd my diary says that he put the last touches to the new oil-colour "Love in the Ruins," and we were thankful that he had had strength to accomplish his purpose. "And now," he said. "I feel OH——and don't want to speak of it or think of it again, but after a little rest begin some fresh life."

In the midst of his engrossing days had come a message from far-away Harris Bridge, saying that Edward's aunt, Mrs. Choyce, now a very old lady, was so feeble in health that it was thought best to let her family know. The tidings roused many memories. "I never forget old times and all your ancient kindness," he wrote to her, "never forget it one bit, and I send you my dear love." He said to us that he kept an image of her vividly from the time when he was only three or four years old—"of her gentleness and affectionate ways and ceaseless busy care for the wants of all near her." She revived, however, and lived for some years longer, while another sister of his mother reached the age of eighty-six. We rejoiced to think that he came of a long-lived family. For himself he dreaded the feebleness of age far more than death; would have liked to live and work for ever, he said, if power did not fail him, but not a day after it went. Of his state of health in the beginning of 1894 he said: "I am stronger than I used to be, far stronger than in early manhood when bogies were ever beckoning me to join their society." This was in a letter to Miss Olive Maxse, for whom, as well as for her sister, he had much affection. Of course they came to drink at the well of his knowledge—as we all did—and the following words

evidently refer to some question asked about the Parcae by her. "Yes, they were three, the Parcae: there was Clotho who span and Lachesis who measured and Atropos who snipped." And then, under a figure of speech, a word about himself: "Atropos is just outside the door now, and I don't know her ways, whether she will rap at the door or come in without knocking. Anyhow I shall treat her as a fine lady. She has let me see splendid things and the world is more beautiful to me now than it was at first, and it shone and sparkled then."

A meeting with Millais in Kensington High Street this spring touched Edward very much, for he thought him looking broken in health. They stopped and chatted together, and Millais enquired about our daughter, and, as they were near her house, suggested that Edward should take him there to see her and her children. She remembers how big he looked as he stood before the fireplace in her low drawing-room, and how he went up to the nursery and saw the children, who thought he was a new cheery doctor. The Mackails were in Young Street then, just opposite the house where Thackeray lived for years, and Millais looked out from the nursery window and recognized it. He told Edward of a day when Thackeray had asked him to dinner there. "I remember all that dinner," he said, "and they are all dead, all but me. And afterwards we went into Thackeray's room and he read us the last thing he had written—it was a chapter in Esmond."

The retirement of Mr. Gladstone from public life this year could not but interest Edward, though he had long ceased to hope anything from politics. "Yes," he said, "the going-out of Gladstone is very strange—how dull it will be. Who cares who is made chief Minister or who not? Nobody else for many a day will fill the stage as he has. It is better to go out so than to go out because a general election will force it. Since the most dramatic things so seldom happen, this must serve us. He has been a mighty part of his country—now let us see how they like it when the big one has gone. They always quarrel with

their big ones, always; hate them really and pretend they wish them back. It will never be a really happy world till the last big one is gone and the flat ones can have a fool's paradise, and all things their own way. It is coming; presently there will be no more big ones at all, on any side of human life, and everything will be smug and comfortable." He spoke of the newspapers which had never been on Gladstone's side when he was in office, but as soon as he was gone cried, What would happen to the country now the hand of the Master was lifted! "I thought that would have been in six months' time," he said, "but it began last evening with indecent haste, and it amuses me."

In August we all went down to Rottingdean for his birthday, and another letter to Miss Maxse written on the 28th shows him in merry mood:

"This is said to be my birthday—so Margaret and Georgie say, and they ought to know. I am to have a seed cake and one tallow candle burning—only one, for the room itself will not hold candles enough if there was one for every year. My dear, there would be, if you will believe me, 485 candles, and Georgie says we must economize. And sometimes I say what a pity I was born and sometimes I don't say it so much, and I don't this morning. All I can say is I hope every blessing will attend me: I hope sincerely I shall have many many happy returns and that all I wish (if my wishes are virtuous of course) may come to pass, and that I shall live long, honoured and respected, to fulfil the expectations my indulgent friends have formed of me. May every——oh dear, I forget what I was going to say, but if you won't say these things I must—you would not have them unsaid, I hope."

Our Rottingdean visitors' book contains many emblematical drawings in illustration or names and events connected with the little place: singing birds and soft cats for the young and gentle, with strange animals for friends of a rougher cast. This birthday of Edward's is not marked by a picture of the seed-cake and the tallow candles, but by one of a vast plum-pudding. In the spring he drew lambs

leaping in the grass upon which his daughter stands. But perhaps the prettiest tribute in the book is one to our friend Mrs. Sellar of Edinburgh, where the impression she made on him is presented in the form of a nymph, who walks light-footed among trees and birds and sunshine, with the grace of immortal youth.

In October we both of us took a holiday and went north from a Monday till a Saturday, first to see Mrs. Gaskell in a beautiful little old house near Lancaster, and then to Hawarden. We thought Mr. Gladstone much aged in appearance, but he was full of life and fire. Politics were not so much as once named, and Edward had a delightful walk and talk with his host which was the heart of the time. We admired and liked Mrs. Gladstone extremely, feeling the sympathy of her nature at every turn.

Design for Seal for the University of Wales.

Amongst other work this autumn he made the design that he gave to the University of Wales for its Seal (here reproduced), and also arranged many of the scenes and dresses for Mr. Comyns Carr's play of King Arthur then being prepared at the Lyceum Theatre. For the whole of the armour he was also responsible. His indifference to the theatre in the abstract was shewn by the fact of his feeling more interest in the studio of the scene-painter than in anything else connected with the play. One day he took his daughter with him when he went there, and an extract from her diary of October 31st brings the visit before us: "We went by train to Charing Cross and walked along the Strand to the Lyceum, entering by the stage door, and we climbed up and up to Mr. Hawes Craven's studio where he was working on the scenes which Father has designed for 'King Arthur.' He was very cordial, and shewed us the working of the scenery from high up over the stage, whence it is managed by innumerable ropes. We looked down sheer depths to the stage, and upwards to more platforms and more ropes and an indefinite roof—it all looked vast and impressive. Then we watched him paint"—and from memory she now adds: "Father seemed to have nothing to suggest or criticize, only to wish to be shewn things, and they talked like brother artists."

I remember myself that he came away envious of the vast scale on which the work was being done, and I believe it was in emulation of Mr. Hawes Craven's brushes that he had a number of huge ones made for "Love's Wayfaring."

After the play had been produced he said very little about it, and when taxed with this, in a letter from a friend, he answered: "No—I didn't say a word about the King Arthur, not quite knowing what to say, for friends are involved in it: Irving is loveable, and Carr is an old friend now. And I can't expect people to feel about the subject as I do, and have always. It is such a sacred land to me that nothing in the world touches it in comparison. If people wanted to act Calvary I couldn't help it. Somebody

was bound to do it I suppose. I don't like plays—don't like the theatre at all. I see that people like the pageant in it and are civil to me about that—it only shews how useless it is to make pictures for them; they need to be roared at or they can't hear; sickening thoughts be these. The pageant looks rather bonny now and then; when the knights gather for the San Graal there is a moment of beauty—of real beauty. It is gone before you can measure it.

"Irving is a dear fellow, and I have an affection for him. He thinks it is better for people to see an Arthurian play than not—that there are enough people who like romance and they might be fed—and perhaps he is right: also I know it is a matter of mood with me how I feel about that. In the main I should like to keep all the highest things secret and remote from people; if they wanted to look they should go a hard journey to see. Yes, that is what I mostly feel, but now and then in weak moments I give way: weak moments come to me through friendship. I should be colossally strong if it wasn't for friends, who weaken one at every turn. So when Irving came softly and waylaid me I relented. Some things they have done well and some they have spoiled; and they behaved badly about Merlin and dress him not as I designed him, so I have made a row and now they are going to alter it. They hurried the thing so that I saw nothing till it was on the stage—so all might have been much worse."

"I did not go to the first night," he says in another letter; "the morning papers say I was there, constantly leaving my box to superintend. I was here all evening playing dominoes—but I should hate it if papers were ever right."

The play was performed a hundred times in London and then taken to America, whence all its scenery returned safely across the water, only to be destroyed by fire in a place where it was stored for safety—fortunately not at the Lyceum.

The drawings that Edward made for the scenes were but slight, with a rough suggestion of colour, and were actually painted by the artists of the theatre, in consultation with

THE PASSING OF ARTHUR.

Mr. Comyns Carr. Four points in the play were taken: the Magic Mere, the Hall of Camelot, the May Scene, and the Scene in the Turret.

Whilst this work was going on I found upon the studio floor, thrown down as uncared for, a small sketch of Arthur in the barge, watched over by three vast forms of Queens robed in a cloudy blue, and the proportion which leaves the figure of Arthur undwarfed while they so greatly surpass him in size is a mystery.

CHAPTER XXV

1893—1895

Come, shoulder to shoulder ere the world grows older!
Help lies in nought but thee and me.

THE acquaintance with Dr. Sebastian Evans, which had begun in 1885 and steadily grown into serious friendship, differed from that which bound Edward to the men whom he had known from his youth up. With these he shared a world of thoughts and principles long since agreed upon and now seldom put into words, but intercourse with a new friend could not have the same quality; it had to be interrupted by explanation or argument, or even by profession of faith. Some of their conversation as related by Dr. Evans gives proof of this, and bears traces also, in a human and unpedantic way, of Edward's old love for logic and philosophy. There grew up between them a sort of accepted formula which they called "talking after the manner of the ancients"—meaning that they would speak to each other as clearly as possible on things close to their hearts. Forms more or less reminiscent of Socratic dialogue were generally used at such moments, the slight disguise helping open speech and producing a kind of humorous incongruity that gave still further freedom. Otherwise, Dr. Evans says, Edward very seldom talked seriously to him about the religion of art, though at times, when provoked by something which he felt to be a blasphemy against it, he would flare up into an indignant vindication of the principles by which he lived. Such a provocation reached him during the exhibition of his collected work at the New Gallery. Some lady—I know

not who—wrote to the effect that she had been deeply impressed by the contrast between the crowds of ignoble faces she had encountered in Regent Street and the "divine hush" of the New Gallery. The substance of her letter was, how delightful it must be for great artists to be able to detach themselves at will from the passions and sorrows of this wretched world, and, like Tennyson's gods, to

> . . . lie beside their nectar while the bolts are hurled
> Far below them in the valley, and the clouds are lightly curled
> Round their golden houses girdled with the gleaming world.

Dr. Evans chanced to come in while Edward was reading this, and finding him evidently disturbed, asked what was the matter.

"There!" said Edward, trying to hide the seriousness of his mood under the cloak of a flat cockney dialect, "Read that!" and as Sebastian finished it, "There!" he exclaimed again. "What has a poor old 'ard-workin' feller like me done, as he 's to be called a Tennyson's gods and the Lord knows what by the likes of she? I arst you as a man? *You* don't think I'm a Tennyson's gods nor nothin' o' the sort, do you? It ain't fair, it ain't! A man as has always worked 'ard for a livin' and liked to see things decent and comfortable about him, and is a growin' old—very old, my dear, very old. Tell me I'm not a gibbering idiot—tell me I haven't wasted my whole life in running after things that no man will ever be the better for!"

"In spite of the way in which he spoke of himself," says Dr. Evans, "he was very much in earnest, and I did all I could think of at the moment to soothe him. After a time he said, 'Let us talk after the manner of the ancients.'" What follows is the part of their conversation that concerns us now.

E. "It wasn't the multiplicity of life that I was thinking about, it was the duality, which lies further back. I suppose all these antitheses, material and immaterial and so on, really mean ultimately just this, that consciousness itself necessarily implies a duality. There is something, call it what you

please, which is conscious, and something, call it also what you please, of which it is conscious."

S. "Suppose we call one the microcosm and the other the macrocosm."

E. "It is a free country, my good person. It is allowed us so to do if we be so minded. Only, when you have safely 'posited' (the correct word, I hope) your microcosm and macrocosm, the one meaning you who are conscious, and the other the things of which you are conscious, you have to remember that there is no real antithesis between them, sometimes not even a seeming one. As a matter of fact, one is a part of the other, an infinitesimally small part. Speaking after the manner of the ancients, you and I don't constitute any considerable item in an order of things which includes, for instance, such entities as Orion and the Pleiades." And he repeated to himself slowly: "Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades or loose the bands of Orion? Canst thou bring forth Mazzaroth in his season or guide Arcturus with his sons?"

S. "And now, O beautiful, let us get back to the two lives in one that we have to live and the two worlds in one in which we have to live it. Is it not somewhere about here that one of the two interlocutors says 'morality and religion,' and the angels take up the cue accordingly and enter on the stage?"

E. "Yes—they are coming directly. Who was it that said 'Know thyself' came down from heaven? It is quite true—true as Gospel. It came quite straight to whoever said it first."

S. "I don't see it. There's more in Sartor Resartus' emendation of the saw into 'Know what thou canst work at!'"

E. "It was Sartor Resartus who first made me think about it. But I soon found that he wanted patching again himself—or rather, that he wanted a new suit altogether, for Sunday best, at all events. He says: 'Work at what lies nearest thee, it doesn't matter what, only work at it in earnest like a nigger'—or words to that effect. Which is, or may be, sheer atheism. It is neither morality nor religion."

S. "Well, you have given the cue, but I don't hear the rustle of any wings."

E. "Don't you? I do. You are a little deaf of one ear, my dear."

S. "I don't confess it. People who confess never mend. But how do you evolve your morality and religion out of your blessed *Gnothi seauton*?"

E. "I don't 'evolve'—never did such a thing in my life; it is your scientific people who demean themselves that way. 'Know thyself,' my beautiful and good, and know that you are really beautiful and good. That is the whole duty of man."

S. "There's a solution of continuity somewhere. I fail to connect."

E. "No. There's no solution of continuity. The connexion is inevitable. Follow it out for yourself. Long before you can speak, your first consciousnesses are that one thing is more beautiful than another—more 'grateful and comforting'—more good in some way. And contemporary with these first consciousnesses,—a part of them, indeed, inseparably, inevitably a part of them, is the consciousness that of these things pleasant and unpleasant, ugly and beautiful, good and bad, some are outside you and some inside you. Then comes, much earlier than people think, the 'be good!' 'be a good boy!' stage, and the converse, 'don't be naughty!' 'you are a very naughty boy,' and so on. All this, whether or not you, the microcosm, agree or disagree as to this, that, or the other being really 'good' or 'naughty,' takes it for granted, and quite rightly, that you already know long before you can speak what is meant by being good and being naughty. And not only this, but a great deal more; that however naughty other people may be, (you can call them the macrocosm if it any way soothes you to do so) you, at least, ought to be good. It is, in fact, your duty—the one object you are alive for—to be as 'good' as you know how. However young you may be, and however naughty you may choose to be, you know that you ought to be good. Of course I'm speaking of children who

know anything at all. If they know anything, they know that, and there 's no getting behind it. Well, and when you grow up, it is just the same."

S. "But are not we drifting in the direction of the double-damned old fallacy—making the individual conscience or consciousness the everlasting standard of things right and wrong, beautiful and unbeautiful? Where is to be the 'ultimate sanction'?"

E. "We don't want any external 'ultimate sanction.' We have our own. And we are not drifting on to any old fallacy. Take this woman for instance [one who was on trial for the murder of her husband]: you would hang her and I wouldn't—I am glad you are not Home Secretary—but how does that affect the question? What we both want is that justice should be done, and justice tempered with mercy. I think more about mercy towards the woman and you more about mercy to foolish persons who run the risk of being poisoned by their wives. But both of us want the same thing—so does everybody else worth counting. That 's good enough 'ultimate sanction,' isn't it? The application of any principle in any particular case of the kind is a matter for the macrocosm, not the microcosm, to settle as best it may—a muddling, makeshift way generally, but the poor thing has to get along somehow. The notion that justice ought to be done is primary and instinctive; *quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus.* How it ought to be done is a matter on which we may all disagree. Next Friday, or Friday week, I may think quite differently from what I think to-day about it."

S. "But doesn't your *Gnothi seauton* mean among other things, Know your own mind?"

E. "Not a bit of it! Nothing to do with it! *Perperam de hoc sentit Sebastianus noster.* Nothing of the kind, I repeat. *Gnothi seauton* means this: Here 's this rickety old macrocosm of a world, my dear, full of maladies and evil humours, purblind, decrepit, paralytic, stumbling and staggering along through a welter of thick mud where she can only just see to take her next step towards nowhere by the

'wan water' in the puddles. Poor old thing! What does she know of beauty, or truth, or love, or God? She has heard tell of such things, but where are they, for her?—If she did but know! If she did but know!—Listen, you can hear her: 'Who will show us any good? Who will show us any good?'"

S. "And then?"

E. "Why then, your little, tiny, insignificant whipper-snapper of a microcosm, he ups and he says, says he: '*I* will! Mother! It's little enough as I or any man can do for you, but what I can do, by the Splendour of God, I will!' That came to me early, as soon as I could think consecutively. It doesn't come to everybody. But it's just here that 'Know thyself' comes in. How are you going to help the poor old world to any advantage, if you don't know how to make the most of any help you have in you to give? And this is why I say that Carlyle's 'Work at the task that lies nearest' may be atheism. If I had followed that, I should have been a parson, and what I mean when I say 'atheist'—that is, a man who, having it in him to do something to help the world, deliberately does less than he might by choosing an uncongenial medium in which to work. If God says 'You can do this better than that,' and you choose to do that rather than this, you are an atheist—you don't believe in the voice of God."

S. "Suppose we call him a fool instead of an atheist? It comes to the same thing. It is the fool who saith in his heart, There is no God."

E. "Right. Fool he is and fool he shall be. There are lots of people who have no 'call' at all. They don't count—they are no more fools than they are wise for not having it. The real fool is the man who hears the call and doesn't obey it. To do any real good, you must work to the best advantage. What you have to do is to express yourself—utter yourself, turn out what is in you—on the side of beauty and right and truth, and of course you can't turn out your best unless you know what your best is. You, for instance, start a rag of a newspaper—I cover an acre of

canvas with a dream of the deathbed of a king who you tell me was never alive—why? Simply because for the life of us we can't hit on any more healing ointment for the maladies of this poor old woman, the world at large. Our religion is the same. There is only one religion. 'Make the most of your best' is common sense and morals. 'Make the most of your best for the sake of others' is the Catholic Faith, which except a man believe faithfully he cannot be saved. Athanasius did not know the real strength of his position: all these things are automatic. You are a true believer—you enter the Kingdom of Heaven. You are a heretic—you are damned. It has nothing to do with happiness or unhappiness. People who are damned, as far as I can make out, are generally happier than we poor devils who humbly enter the Kingdom of Heaven. Day of Judgment? It is a synonym for the present moment—it is eternally going on. It is not so much as a moment—it is just the line that has no breadth between past and future. There is not—cannot be, if you think it out—any other Day of Judgment. It is not in the 'nature of things.' The *Dies irae dies illa* is everlastingly dissolving the ages into ashes everywhere. It is Nature herself, *natura*, not past or future, but the eternal being born, the sum of things as they are, not as they have been or will be. What I am driving at is this: We are a living part, however small, of things as they are. If we believe that things as they are can be made better than they are, and in that faith set to work to help the betterment to the best of our ability however limited, we are, and cannot help being, children of the Kingdom. If we disbelieve in the possibility of betterment, or don't try to help it forward, we are and cannot help being damned. It is the 'things as they are' that is the touchstone—the trial—the Day of Judgment. 'How do things as they are strike you?' The question is as bald as an egg, but it is the egg out of which blessedness or unblessedness is everlastingly being hatched for every living soul. Of course you can translate it into any religious language you please; Christian, Buddhist, Mahometan, or what not. 'Have you faith?'

I suppose means the same thing. Faith, not amount of achievement—which, at best, must be infinitesimally small —that is the great thing. Have *you* faith, my dear? Do you ever think of this poor old woman, our Mother, trudging on and on towards nothing and nowhere, and swear by all your gods that she shall yet go gloriously some day, with sunshine and flowers and chanting of her children that love her and she loves? I can never think of collective humanity as brethren and sisters; they seem to me 'Mother' —more nearly Mother than Mother Nature herself. To me, this weary, toiling, groaning world of men and women is none other than Our Lady of the Sorrows. It lies on you and me and all the faithful to make her Our Lady of the Glories. Will she ever be so? Will she? Will she? She shall be, if your toil and mine, and the toil of a thousand ages of them that come after us can make her so!"

Afterwards he said: "That was an awful thought of Ruskin's, that artists paint God for the world. There's a lump of greasy pigment at the end of Michael Angelo's hog-bristle brush, and by the time it has been laid on the stucco, there is something there that all men with eyes recognize as divine. Think of what it means. It is the power of bringing God into the world—making God manifest. It is giving back her Child that was crucified to Our Lady of the Sorrows."

Outbursts of this kind were of the rarest, but they were connected by hidden fire with those of his youth, whose flames still glow in the memory of the only surviving member of the Oxford Set.

Four pictures were finished for the New Gallery exhibition of 1895, and amongst them was "The Fall of Lucifer," which gave Edward much trouble: "Never was such an unruly crowd: but they are tamed at last and the doors shut tight and fast behind them." He pacified himself by painting this subject instead of making the mosaic of it that he longed to do, for the design was one he specially cared about; but he said when it was done that people did not know how to take it because it was different from his usual work, and they could not tell whether to praise or deplore this.

When the picture came back to him after exhibition and was hung in the garden-studio, mention is made of it in a letter to Mrs. Gaskell, followed by his own version of one of the legends that swarm round the name of Lucifer:

"The other day in Avignon a priest was confessing sinners, and saw in the congregation a splendid-looking youth, broad-shouldered, stout-necked, gold-haired, and fierce—very tall—whose turn came at last to confess. He confessed so many things that the priest's hair stood on end, and he said, 'But have you lived hundreds of years to have done so much evil?'

"'I have lived thousands of years,' said the youth; 'I fell from heaven at the beginning of the world, I want to get back there.'

"The priest, who belonged to a glorious, ample, wide-eyed, wide-hearted religion, said it could be done. He didn't even ask him to be sorry, being wise and knowing the story. He said: 'Say after me these words: *God only is great and perfect*.' The curly-headed splendour of a man strode away desolate and still damned—that was only the other day it happened."

And elsewhere he asks: "Did you know that the darkness of night is caused by his hosts still falling?"

"The Dream of Launcelot" was another of his own favourites, and he used to be a little jealous when friends turned from it to the brighter "Aurora" that was in the studio at the same time. The figure of the knight sleeping beside a well recalls that in Rossetti's picture of the same subject, long since faded from the walls of the Union at Oxford: indeed I think the whole design may have been commemorative, for the lines of the two compositions have much in common.

One day this spring the post brought an anonymously published book called As Others saw Him, the spirit of which Edward was at first inclined to suspect, but on reading further he was both touched and roused to admiration. It purported to be a retrospect of the ministry of Christ in Jerusalem, written A.D. 54 and sent by a Jewish scribe at

Alexandria to a learned Greek at Corinth. The writer speaks of himself as having been amongst "those who voted for his death in the Council of Twenty-three." The learning of the book, combined with its ardour, simplicity, reverence, and imagination, made Edward curious as to the author, but he failed to recognize in it the hand of his friend Mr. Joseph Jacobs, which was afterwards confessed. The world-wide spell cast by the world-wide thought of an incarnate God had led the modern Jewish scholar and critic far beyond his accustomed path of knowledge, so that he had lost himself in the desire of all the nations and spoke with longing instead of certainty.

In the early summer Edward took a week away from everything else and gave it to Avalon. "If only I could paint at that now, when I am in the mood," he said, "but I stole this week, and next I must get to other work."

The Chaucer designs are mentioned in various letters. To Lady Leighton he says:

"Yesterday I began the last ten that will decorate the last poem, Troilus and Cressida. Seventy I have done—ten more to do—and in three or four weeks I can breathe and look back on a longish task; and I shall be glad and sorry. But," he adds, "while I have been busy with this no more Flower pictures have been done, which is a great pity."

To Mrs. Horner at an earlier stage of the work he wrote: "And I have been calculating that the time I have given to the Chaucer work in the last two years and a half is exactly to an hour the time I should have spent in visits from Saturday to Monday at 'houses,' if I had been amiable and sociable—for I haven't let it invade the week's work, but have designed only on Sunday with very little exception. Now to think of that! And yet I know quite well not ten people in the land will care twopence about it. Yet it will be a very nice book. But I think about the year two thousand one hundred and thirty-three, there will be a passing craze for it, and it will be the fashion in London to talk of it during the Easter recess of that year. I have fourteen more designs to make and then my share is done,

and I may permit myself the luxury of one smile. I have been happy over it; it has never tired me but refreshed me always."

Yet there were days of discouragement as well as refreshing, as when he says: "I want to show Morris the new Chaucer designs: he tells the truth always, and I shall know if he likes them. If he likes them, they are very good—but I doubt. It is so hard to tell at once, and until time has gone by I can never judge of my own or other work, of my own especially. To-day I feel disappointed as I look at them, but I shall know when he has seen them. Inexorable judges, both of us—no appeal when we condemn."

Any condemned design was done over again, and again after that if necessary. Mr. Catterson-Smith, who was translating the pencil drawings into ink for the engraver, noticed this while he was working in the studio, and remarked one day: "You don't do everything right off at once then?" "No," said Edward, turning to Mr. Rooke, "we'll leave that to geniuses, we're only plodding coves, we're hard-working chaps, we are, aren't we?" There were eighty-seven pictures in the Chaucer when it was finished.

He trusted none but an artist's opinion about a work of art. "People don't know anything about our work, and don't really care. I am more ashamed than pleased with the best part of the praise I ever get."

The name of the picture called "The Chariot of Love" was changed as he worked at it and became "Love's Wayfaring." It was very laborious to paint, for its height obliged him to mount a scaffold of two stories, going up and down by a ladder—"and I never, no never, remember the bottom step." His thought about it as he looked at it one day was uttered aloud to Mr. Rooke: "I have a hope there will be no part shirked in it. I don't like parts of pictures looking as if no trouble had been taken over them. Even Michael Angelo shirks sometimes, but Botticelli never; he thinks well about it before he begins, and does what is beautiful always." He complained that as a rule

WILLIAM MORRIS.
From a photograph made at the Kelmscott Press on September 13th, 1895.

men do not give themselves enough time or take enough trouble over beginning a picture—"and that is strange, because a picture is such a serious labour. How happy it is to begin a new picture, but how arduous to carry it past the middle stage, and what a worry to finish it!"

"Realism" in painting was a question on which he spoke as clearly as he did about "expression." Here are some of his words on the subject:

"One of the hardest things in the world is to determine how much realism is allowable in any particular picture. It is of so many different kinds, too. For instance, I want a shield or a crown or a pair of wings or what not, to look real. Well, I make what I want, or a model of it, and then make studies from that. So that what eventually gets on to the canvas is a reflection of a reflection of something purely imaginary. The three Magi never had crowns like that, supposing them to have had crowns at all, but the effect is realistic because the crown from which the studies were made is real—and so on."

Another time: "Realism? Direct transcript from Nature? I suppose by the time the 'photographic artist' can give us all the colours as correctly as the shapes, people will begin to find out that the realism they talk about isn't art at all but science; interesting, no doubt, as a scientific achievement but nothing more. Some one will have succeeded in making a reflection in a looking-glass permanent under certain conditions. What has that to do with art?"

"Transcripts from Nature," he repeated, "what do I want with transcripts? I prefer her own signature; I don't want forgeries more or less skilful." And to a friend who urged some piece of realism in his work, he answered: "I don't want to pretend that this isn't a picture."

"It is the message, the 'burden' of a picture that makes its real value," he said one day to Dr. Evans—and then, before following the thought more gravely, went off by a whimsical and characteristic turn to a memory that it aroused. "There's an eminent artist who has a gallery of his own works generally on show in one or other of the

paved courts near the Army and Navy Stores, at Kensington Gore, or wherever he finds the flagstones favourable for treatment in pastel. He 's the only one I know who writes the message of his picture quite plainly, and even then it 's a lie—'I am starving.' I'm told he is a fraud, that he goes round in a morning and scrabbles his things in ten or a dozen different places and farms out these stations to the highest bidder, who makes a good thing of sitting on the pavement all day. But the great man insists on the pictures being obliterated every night under severe penalties. How wise and right! The producer requires a middleman, but the middleman must not unduly impoverish the producer. The 'unearned increment' &c. &c.—I may not be an artist myself, my dear, but at least my political economy is above reproach. They don't write the message up at the Academy or other exhibitions; there 's no occasion. The burden is generally obvious enough: every 'pot-boiler' says 'Please, sir, master's pot doesn't boil; buy me like a gentleman, and make it boil.' A most legitimate message, an entirely laudable one. 'Keep the pot boiling' is, as we political economists are aware, the fundamental principle of our science. Still, regarded as a message from the artist to the outer world, 'Buy my pictures because I have to boil my pot,' seems to deflect a little, if I may be allowed the expression, from the strictly logical sequence desirable in dealing with economic problems. On the whole it is uninspiring—it is not 'a thought that shakes mankind.'

"After all, it is the general burden of an artist's work that is of importance, and the greater the artist the simpler his message. Intellectually, I suppose, nothing grander has ever been done than Michael Angelo's Prophets and Sibyls and Angels in the Sistine Chapel. What is the burden of them? The burden of Michael Angelo that he wrote very large upon the walls of the temple of God: 'Of all earthly things those that are nighest to God are Beauty and Strength and Majesty and the Thought of a wise man, and all these things are a Mystery.' I suppose Phidias and Myron and

a lot of the other old Greeks got as far, possibly farther, in everything bar the mystery—bar the mystery. They give you the godlike beauty, strength, majesty. They suggest that wisdom is godlike. They nowhere suggest the mystery of life. That is later."

"And earlier," objected his friend. "How about the Nile Valley?" Edward's answer came instantly, and Dr. Evans says that its swiftness even more than its subtle accuracy of analysis impressed it upon his memory. "Yes, Egypt itself is mystery. And in certain qualities Egyptian art is unsurpassable, at all events unsurpassed. And it did know how to symbolize mystery. The burden of the Sphinx and the burden of Michael Angelo's Jeremiah are mystery. Both belong to grand art. But the difference one feels between them is one of kind, though I don't quite see where it comes in. Perhaps it is this. The Sphinx and all the beast and bird-headed things are symbols of certain mysteries of *religion*. The Jeremiah and the rest are symbols of the mystery of *existence*. Get up the Book of the Dead, and your Egyptian mysteries cease to be mysteries. They are just metaphors or allegories. Jeremiah remains a mystery. He is inscrutable. 'The solemn thought of the prophet is the inspiration of God.' That is his burden. There is no allegory about that."

His certainty of the limitations of what is called perfection in art was often expressed.

"Aeschylus had his Sophocles, just as Michael Angelo had his Raphael. And in both cases, the knowing ones think the 'perfect artist' the bigger of the two. But of course, it is God that creates, and the more that man can create, the more God he has in him. That 's the right way to measure Michael Angelo, and then you find he 's immeasurable. You can tell how high Raphael is to an inch."

He often referred to the likeness between Aeschylus and Michael Angelo: "'A mere difference of time and *milieu*,' —see the Reviews, *passim*—'the one manifesting his intellectual activity in Literature and the other in Art'—capital letters of course, to mark the antithesis. What rot

it all is! As if literature was not art! Why literature is only literature because it is art, and for no other reason. It is art that makes paintings pictures, and it is art that makes verses poems; literature cannot do it any more than printing can."

Take another day in the studio, when work was going quietly, and younger men were with him who saw that he was in the mood to talk. Rossetti's name was sure to be in the conversation sooner or later, and of his double artistic gift Edward said that no man ever did two arts at once so perfectly as he. "Painters, for instance, have written poetry before, and it was always interesting because of the greatness of the writer, but no one has ever done the two as well as he did." Asked if a poet had never taken to painting: "Oh no, why should he? There is no object in trying to learn a new and difficult art if he has the means of expression ready to hand. He is born into the language, has nothing to acquire, has simply to pour out, if it's in him." Returning to Rossetti: "Like many people he could not bear the length and quietness of an epic. He wanted to keep a poem at boiling point all the way through, and he did it to that degree that it went into ether with fervent glowing heat before he had done with it. The short form of his poems helped him to this. As soon as the pot went off the boil he'd take it from the fire." Then as to epic: "Those who love architecture know how delightful the long, splendidly built straight wall is, and how precious it makes a piece of rich ornament when you come to it. If a building is all crockets you go mad. But people don't want epics; they find them too long and wearisome, and would rather read a story straight off in prose if they want a story."

He himself could only say that he "a little bit cared for epics, but grudged the drowsy sleepy parts that have to be." "What I most love are little things, not many lines long, that make me tingle every time I say them—whereof the crown and ensample are those piercing ones,

> Magic casements opening on the foam
> Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

As to Morris' poetry he said: "His line is so simple, unencumbered and straightforward, it endures for ever, conveys its meaning and makes its mark at once. But you cannot find short quotations in him, he must be taken in great gulps. Chaucer is very much the same sort of person as Morris; unless he can begin his tale at the beginning and go on steadily to the end, he 's bothered. There is no ingenuity in either of them, the value of their work comes from the extreme simplicity and beautiful directness of their natures. They are neither of them typical artists —typical poets but not typical artists."

Edward often mourned that he could not remember the exact form of words used by Morris in talking. "There 's Morris: the larger half of that wonderful personality will perish when he dies. I've tried to put down or repeat some of his rare sayings, but somehow it always seemed flattish the day after, with all the savour gone out. There is no giving the singularity and the independence of his remarks from anything that went before. What never can be put down are his actions and ways—perpetually walking about a room while he is talking, and his manner of putting his fist out to explain the thing to you. When I first knew him at college it was just what it is now."

But if Edward lamented his own want of verbal memory he insisted on Mr. Rooke's cultivating the quality, with a view to remembering what he read and repeating it afterwards as they sat at work. Mr. Rooke declares that to begin with he had no power of this kind, and that it only came gradually by incessant practice. "I was made," he says, "to tell as much as I could give account of from what used to be read to me at home, however lamely I did it." This tale-telling used to begin after they had got well to work, and all had been said that might occur to either of them about passing events public or private. In this way most of Boswell's Johnson, Carlyle's French Revolution, Frederick, and Cromwell, Dickens, Thackeray, Dumas and Scott, and some of their books twice over, were gone through in the course of years. When The Newcomes

was being told and the tale came to where Clive and Ethel meet at Bonn, Edward interrupted it by praise of its illustrations: "Ethel beautifully riding on a donkey as Dicky Doyle drew her. He did it so well. To read The Newcomes with Doyle's pictures is the only way—Ethel, Colonel Newcome, Clive, and all of them done beautifully. It 's a treasure of a book."

At one time Edward read many detective stories—Gaboriau especially—the bookstall at Victoria Station being ransacked for them whenever he went down to Rottingdean. But he wanted to hear them also. "Rookie, you must read a Gaboriau and tell it to me. He 's the most wonderful inventor of detective business that has ever been. Do you remember that wonderful chase through Paris that lasts a whole day—by the police, a detective and a woman?"

"Didn't Dickens do good detectives?" asked Mr. Rooke.

E. "Yes, but it 's quite a different kind of invention that I am thinking of: the clever tracking out of intricate mysteries. Edgar Poe began it, I believe, in the three stories of the Gold Bug, the Mystery of Marie Roget, and the Purloined Letter—but I should very much like to know whether he was first or Dumas with his half-burnt paper of the Abbé in the Château d'If. I wish I could find out."

Lefanu's tales interested him much, and are mentioned in a letter: "They are full of gift and genius, but never very shapely or satisfactory—yet I like them. Bits may amuse, and bits will surprise and delight, and a good deal you will be vexed with—that with such genius he could not bring more to pass. But often there is deep poetry in him, and after many a sentence I have thought long."

One day, when Mr. Rooke was telling Middlemarch to Edward, he came to the Captive King design mentioned by Ladislaw, and asked if it was a new subject. "No," Edward said, "it wasn't new—hardly any subjects are new. That" turning to "Love's Wayfaring" "isn't a new subject. It has been done before, but not as I like. If I had

seen it nicely done already I wouldn't have done it again, you know."

A letter written in the autumn of 1895 refers to a symptom which he spoke of from time to time, though his doctors never seemed to treat it as significant. He says: "I worked away till very late, lying down often because of heart-thumpings." For years he had been used to say of anything that at all agitated him, "It makes my heart beat": but he did not suffer from breathlessness, nor did he mention pain in association with the feeling, and the quickened pulsation appeared due to mental rather than physical causes. For instance, if any one read aloud too quickly, he would say, "Don't read so fast, it makes my heart beat"; and one learned to avoid talk on all emotional subjects, for fear of causing this, but no warning about it was ever given to us, or, so far as I know, to himself, by any doctor. A second time in the same letter this feeling is recognized: "To-day I worked too, lying down often," but no comment is added; indeed he speaks of getting up and going out. "And then I went to the Indian Show to watch the Elephants—a thing I love to do—watch them long, and with unfailing wonder, and gratitude that they have survived the waste of time and are here still, to be looked at by enchanted me."

The entrance to this show was only about five minutes' walk from the Grange, and, truly, wonders were brought to our door in these days, with Olympia on one side of us and the Wild West on the other. Little did we dream when we first came to live in an obscure part of Fulham, that we should ever see a troupe of tall, white-cloaked Arabs flit soft-footed down North End in the twilight, chattering their own tongue as they spread over horse-road and foot-path, or that Red Indians and Zulus would be our near neighbours—yet so it was. Gladly as Edward welcomed the elephants of the Indian Show, it must be said that with regard to animals generally he cared rather to look at them than for any closer dealings. Bears he delighted in; dogs he hated, because of their barking, which seemed to torment his nerves more than any other sound, and made him ex-

press a fervent wish that they were really what they were called, dumb animals. "Horses I respect and dread," he said. "Do you know what a horse is? It is a dreadful beast, and when you are on its back it is like being on the top of Salisbury spire, moving—and the beast looks back at you with eyes, wicked ones, full of mockery and conspiracy." Cows he reproached with being "clumsy." Donkeys he loved, and pigs he drew by the hundred, but a cat was the only four-footed creature with whom he was on intimate terms.

Some words spoken by Morris towards the end of the year found an echo in Edward's mind, and he repeated them to Mr. Rooke as they stood before his picture of "The Pilgrim of Love" begun so long ago. "It is nice to finish an old thing. What Mr. Morris said the other day was very true; he said, 'The best way of lengthening out the rest of our days now, old chap, is to finish off our old things.'"

So the friends had recognized to each other that the days which remained must be numbered.

Over Morris a change had for some time been coming, which we tried to think was nothing beyond the usual effect of time. "Sad," said Edward, "to see even *his* enormous vitality diminishing."

After "The Fall of Lucifer" was finished, "Venus Concordia," long patiently waiting its turn, was taken up again. With the three Graces who stand together at the right hand of the Goddess Edward took endless pains, to make them beautiful in themselves, yet subordinate to the beauty of Venus. And again, the beauty of each one of them must be measured, none transcending the other. As he stood altering the outermost of the Graces one morning, he said: "In my anxiety to make it a good figure in itself, I've made it too independent of the others, and it 's become an isolated figure instead of part of the group, and that won't do, we mustn't indulge in favourite passages in a work." In the pencil design for this picture he had filled the background with happy lovers, a scheme which when he came to paint it he decided to alter. As he rearranged the figures he said:

"They must be quieter than the people in the drawing are, and we cannot have so many of them. I mustn't make them too amorous either: Love's asleep you see [he lies as a sleeping infant at his mother's feet], and only Beauty is going on till he wakes up. They are waiting for him to wake up and then they can begin." "Oh," said Mr. Rooke, "that's what I had not noticed; did you always intend that?" E. "From the very first."

He called this his "panic picture," for he said he had suddenly waked up one night and thought what a bore it would be to Phil and Georgie to be left with such a lot of pictures that weren't finished! "Indeed I am thronged with things to do at present, having determined to make a great clearance of ancient impediments. Some things I have destroyed and got rid of altogether, but I have a plan to carry up to a presentable point some of my ancient work, that would be of no value now if it had suddenly to be sold, and I want to make it more promising and serviceable if I had to leave it all; which must be one day, mustn't it? and it won't be hurried by taking it into account."

The thought of "Venus Concordia" with her attendant Graces recalls a saying of Edward's about pictorial treatment of the human form: "A woman's shape is best in repose, but the fine thing about a man is that he is such a splendid machine, so you can put him in motion, and make as many knobs and joints and muscles about him as you please."

There was a piece of work talked of now which I believe was the only one Edward ever undertook with Morris without his heart being in it. This was the illustration of Sigurd the Volsung, and, deeply as he felt the grandeur of the poem, he found the task quite distasteful. "Terrible the tragedy of it is—and the fine things in it are so much fitter for literature than for my art." And about the subjects it suggests he said: "Even there I am not as well off as I might be, because of the rule that Morris and I have made for ourselves, that in illustrating a story we must always choose the essential incidents." He carried the book down with

him to Rottingdean, to look carefully into the story and see what he could do. The first step he describes: "I have got to make up my mind what each chap is to be like before I begin—must make a kind of ground plan first of all. There are five or six important subjects that are very well, but some are quite impossible." The terrible battle in the hall of Atli he instanced: "Imagine getting that fighting, struggling mass of men into the space of a few inches." "But Mr. Morris very much wants you to do it, doesn't he?" E. "Of course he does, and I'll have to."

"Will there be many horses to do in Sigurd?" some one enquired; and Edward's answer to this question forestalls what another might say: "Not many, but they will come into some of the subjects. A horse is such a fine ornament in a picture, when a knight and his horse look like one animal. I won't seek horses to do, but I won't shirk them when they come in. I can't do them anything like as well as some chaps, but I'll get through them somehow."

When Sigurd was finally published by the Kelmscott Press, in 1898, it had but two pictures: one, at the beginning, of the hall of the Volsungs in the days of their renown, with the tables and the high seat and the Branstock, a mighty tree that sprang from the middle of the floor and in whose branches the wild hawks nested; the other, at the end, is Atli's hall in flames and Gudrun rushing through it with her dreadful torch.

Dr. Evans was making his translation of the High History of the Holy Graal and used to bring it to the studio to read aloud. "I am pining for more San Graal," Edward writes, when something had interfered with the reading; and again: "is there no sacred evening when we can dine and talk of that most holy subject?" Or later in the year: "If you came on Sunday to lunch at 1½ and we talked of S. Graal, would it be nice or would it not?" Dr. Evans did not publish his theory of the historical meaning of the legend for some years after this, and the question was impossible to discuss with Edward, to whom it was a living

power. But the two men had endless subjects of conversation without this. Sometimes as they sat together they compared notes about their childhood, and one day they reckoned how narrowly they had missed meeting each other then. Both of them as boys had shivered with fear at a gibbet with clanking chains that stood not far from Harris Bridge, and both had forced themselves to pass by it after dark in order to see if the horror could be borne. Dr. Evans says that Edward was greatly interested in hearing all that he could remember concerning John Flower of Leicester, his first drawing master, who used to encourage his pupils to go on with their work or to carry it to a good end, by saying: "Make it sing to you, sir! Make it sing to you!" Edward adopted the phrase, and often repeated it about his own pictures: "I haven't made it sing yet—It is beginning to sing," and so on. He was excited by learning that Mr. Flower had known Blake, and possessed a copy of the Book of Job which Blake himself had given to him and which he used to shew to the young Sebastian.

"Think of it!" Edward exclaimed. "There were you learning to draw from possibly the only man in England who cared about Blake in that age of darkness, and there was I, already beginning to eat my heart up among the dear kind people great and small at Harris Bridge, within an hour's walk of you. Think of it, and of what it would have been for me in those days to have been shown Behemoth as he was revealed to Blake."

"My dear," said Sebastian, "you would have been carried off in convulsions. I'm coarser stuff than you, but that design 'With dreams upon my bed,' of Blake's, scared me out of my wits."

"I believe you are right," Edward agreed; "did you ever notice too that along with the awfulness of the picture it gives you a feeling of sea-sickness? I suppose it is the terrible floating figure. But the most dreadful of all is the messengers coming to Job. Calamity! Calamity! Calamity! in every line of them. You are right, it would have been dangerous. But the Songs of Innocence, they would

have been good for me. 'Tiger, tiger, burning bright . . . What dread hand formed thy dread feet?' Why couldn't he have shewn that to poor little Ned instead of going out of his way to waste it on a great hulking schoolboy like you? I know you 'hulked,' my dear."

S. "No, I don't remember that I ever 'hulked.' I was much too fond of them all, the old man, his old wife, and his widowed daughter."

E. "And what did the old man say to you?"

S. "He used to tell me every time I went to see him that I should never be a happy man till I was an artist."

E. "A prophet of God! But why couldn't he say the same to poor little Ned, not four miles away, who was left to find it out for himself years later and through manifold tribulations?"

A particular kind of humour belonged also to this late but well-found friendship. An instance of it exists in a memorandum which Dr. Evans has given me of a visit they paid together to the American Tattooed Lady when she was being exhibited at the Westminster Aquarium. Edward had been there before, and was as eager as a schoolboy to take his playfellow to the incredibly queer entertainment; so one afternoon when he had done work, they went to it. The lady, whose photographs reveal indescribable wonders, was tattooed across her spacious back from shoulder to shoulder with an amazing reproduction of Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper." Upon her right arm were the Stars and Stripes, and the Union Jack was emblazoned on her left. A brightly coloured necklace of elaborate pattern encircled her throat, and not a hand's breadth of her visible person was undisfigured by devices more or less grotesque and incongruous. Whilst they took in this wonderful sight, an American gentleman delivered a short lecture to them upon religion, art, female beauty, and tattooing, not a word of which escaped their ears, and when their last bows and compliments had been made to the lady, they left in silence. "Both of us felt," says Dr. Evans, "that the occasion was not one for many words, and

it was not till we were in St. James' Park that Edward got beyond an occasional exclamation." Then the gates of speech were opened, and he began: "I wanted you to see it. Nobody could believe in the beauty and grandeur of such an apocalypse without seeing it with his own very eyes. How unerring is the artistic insight of commercial speculation! 'It was reflected'—I trust I may never forget these precious words—'it was reflected that a really artistic representation of Leonardo da Vinci's magnificent shaydoover on the undulating contours of the beautiful female form, could not fail any way to be equally attractive on both sides of the Atlantic.' Ah! 'Hide me from my deep emotion, O thou wondrous Mother-age!' Think of them—'Men my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping something new; That which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do.' We have not lived in vain! We have hailed the dawn of the new epoch." Then, after a pause: "One direction in which the new departure seems fullest of promise is the impulse it must inevitably give to the table-talk of the future. Conversation will be no longer a lost art. Conscious of the masterly representation of the Beasts entering the Ark that adorns your own manly bosom, so absurdly concealed at present by the colourless and unmeaning shirt-front, you will turn with unabashed rapture to scrutinize the richly embroidered expanse of your fair and ample hostess' bust and back. 'Ah, Duchess,' you will murmur, 'I see you have been under the President's hands again! Nobody but Sir Frederic knows the secret of that adorable forget-me-not blue! Upon my word, I took them for real turquoises at the first glance. I can't conceive how he contrives so completely to obliterate the marks of the puncture. Now, may I ask you in confidence? I was thinking of having some of my old beasts retouched—a spot or two of vermilion and blue, don't you know, just to freshen them up a little for next season. Does this new red ink of Church's hurt one more, or the patent indigo that Lord Kelvin is prepared to distribute gratis? I only ask for my own private information.

The last time he operated on me, Nettleship insisted on my taking an anaesthetic before he put in the spots on my giraffe.—Hi, Cabby!—Good-bye, my dear, we won't talk any more about it. It is unspeakable!" This, writes Dr. Evans, "was all reeled off almost without a break as we walked through St. James' Park by the pond, coming out at Buckingham Palace Gate. I spoke never a word."

A letter to Mrs. Horner, who was yachting among the Greek Islands in October, refers again to the colossal figure of Niobe which haunted his imagination. "Where are you, I wonder? not at Stamboul, I hope, where is rioting and wild work. So true that you are in heartbreaking lands. I wouldn't go for worlds; if ever I travel it shall be to Chicago. You must stay at Athos Mount—must—in and out of the crannies and sea-bights are seven and twenty fenced monasteries, and they hold the secret of a thousand things dear to us, about which I will tell you one day soon. I dare say all the monasteries are beautiful, and old isn't the word for them. No, don't go to look at Troy: but if you can find Niobe on Mount Sipylos, with her jar of tears, cut out of the mountain-side, in a spirit of 'wild enormity,' you could tell me about it and fire my heart and make me young. There was a sculptor in the days of Alexander the Great who offered to carve Mount Athos into a statue that should hold a city of a thousand people in his right hand, and pour cascades from a jar in his left hand, and that mean-minded monarch, bent on vulgar conquest, refused the money."

A request that he would give a lecture at the Royal Institution during the winter session of 1895-1896 put to the proof Edward's old resolution against lecturing at all, for in these days, when he saw the shadows beginning to lengthen, there was pleasure in the thought of speaking face to face with such an audience as was promised him in Albemarle Street. A few days' consideration settled the matter, however. His words vary a little, with the occasion, from the formula that we have seen, and also contain a retrospect after trial of the principle.

"I cannot rest contented by merely declining such a distinction with thanks, but must, without troubling you with all my reasons, tell you that my refusal is the result of a decision made long ago. I then, when the idea of lecturing or writing about art was first presented to me, thought over the subject carefully, and came to the conclusion that, for me, it would be best to give my whole time to designing and painting. Nor can I say that I regret the choice as I grow older and find that even now I have not expressed a tithe of what I wish to do in my own special medium."

He often put into daily conversation the conclusions that must have made the substance of any more formal discourse upon art that he might have given; and the familiarity of his words never seemed to lessen their weight.

In the same way, too, he would talk very minutely about processes of work, as for instance the difference between the use of pencil and charcoal—of which last he said: "You can't draw, you paint with it." He did not use pencil to sketch with, but as a finishing instrument. "And it is always touch-and-go whether I can manage it even now. Sometimes knots will come in it, and I never can get them out—I mean little black specks. If I have once india-rubbered it, it doesn't make a good drawing. I look on a perfectly successful drawing as one built upon a groundwork of clear lines till it is finished. It 's the same kind of thing with red chalk—it mustn't be taken out: rubbing with the finger is all right. In fact you don't succeed with any process until you find out how you may knock it about and in what you must be careful. Slowly built-up texture in oil painting gives you the best chance of changing without damage when it is necessary."

"But," it was answered, "those who paint at once in oil have to be as careful with it as with work in any other medium, and take anything right out that doesn't do."

E. B.-J. "That kind of work has its charm too—all kinds have. Certainly a picture that looks as if it had been painfully struggled with looks rather dreadful, but a picture with no workmanship in it is a very tiresome thing too.

Indeed it's very hard to do anything at all, isn't it? Oh, desperately hard it is." Workmanship by itself, however, he regarded little, and, referring to Rossetti's estimate of it, said that "unthoughtful, absolutely unmeaning skill filled him with fury."

We went down to Rottingdean for Christmas with our son, and there the weather closed in cold, grey and wet, but at the end of the week Edward wrote: "Though it has rained and sleeted every day we have liked our quiet time here." He also reported in a letter: "I have finished my Chaucer designs, and wish they were better." Finishing the drawings did not mean that anxiety about his share in the book was over, for many of them had still to be engraved, and till that was done he never felt safe about them. "The heads, above all, are such touch-and-go—so easy to spoil them. But they are going on better and better; we've got into the way of it by this time; that is the best of a big piece of work."

Before returning to London he wrote to Lady Leighton, and in his letter just touches upon a hope he had of doing a piece of work which lay even nearer to his heart than the Chaucer. He said: "To pacify and please Morris, I will do what I can to adorn the Volsung Tale, and then begin on my last work belike in this world—my beloved and peerless Morte d'Arthur—and that shall close the tale of me." He looks back also, and reckons up the past twelve months: "I have done very much this year—worked really hard—but it has in some ways laid its hand heavily upon us and upon you. God send you a loving Christmas, and a year to follow it that shall have no great pain in it." But the sum of all is: "For many a thing my heart is grateful."

CHAPTER XXVI

1896

Franklin, my loyal friend, Ohone, Ohone!

WITH the beginning of 1896 came a menace of change. Hear it in this whisper of dismay: "Last Sunday, in the very middle of breakfast, Morris began leaning his forehead on his hand, as he does so often now. It is a thing I have never seen him do before in all the years I have known him." And from this time Edward knew that the force which had directed his friend's life was failing.

The day had been when this would have overwhelmed him, but now he was himself a traveller that hasted to his rest, and his first thought was of completing their work. "I am getting very anxious about Morris and about the Chaucer," he said. "He has not done the title-page yet, which will be such a rich page of ornament with all the large lettering. I wish he would not leave it any longer." By the end of February it was splendidly finished, but on the 23rd of that month I find in my diary, "No Morris to breakfast"—nor did he ever come again in the old way. Before long Edward wrote: "Morris has been ill again—I am very frightened—better now, but the ground beneath one is shifting, and I travel amongst quicksands."

There was the yearly pressure of work for exhibition this spring, and "Launcelot's Dream" and "Aurora" were finished for the New Gallery. About a week before they went in Edward made an alteration to the background of "Aurora," by widening a waterside pathway along which the figure comes forward. The reason he gave for this was that, though he did not himself feel it to be too narrow,

yet, as several other people had mentioned it, there must be something about it that took their attention. "If there is anything that interferes with people's thoughts of it as they look at a picture I would always like to do something to prevent that, and when the alteration does not interfere with my idea and will pacify them, I do it directly; if it did interfere, I would not give it a moment's consideration."

A letter to Mr. Ellis, in reply to one about the completion of the Chaucer, belongs to April 24th:

"What a nice letter to have brought one at breakfast time—the first restful breakfast for months, for work is finished and I am off to the sea. So it came well-timed and gave me real happiness, that you should feel so strongly about my share of the Chaucer. I have worked at it with love, and was almost as sorry as glad when the work was done; but, as you say, what praise shall be given to Morris, and who else could have carried it through, and who else have designed it as he has? A few more weeks now and it will be out, and I almost believe—so childishly hopeful am I—that as many as seven people will be delighted with it. I put it at a high number, but then I feel exhilarated."

To another friend he said later on: "When Morris and I were little chaps at Oxford, if such a book had come out then we should have just gone off our heads, but we have made at the end of our days the very thing we would have made then if we could. It does look Beautiful, and why should I deceive you? and I may say it, for my share in it is that of the carver of the images in Amiens, and Morris's that of the Architect and Magister Lapicida. We have given one to Swinburne, between us, and writ his name in it, from us both, and I expect he will be pleased." He spoke of the book altogether as being a type of the life he should most love, "a centre of Beauty so surrounded with Beauty that you scarcely notice it—scarcely notice it, take it for granted—where the lowest is as worthy as the highest, and yet the King is there."

Though the Chaucer was not issued to the public be-

fore June 26th, Edward procured a copy, bound in the white pig-skin cover designed by Morris, in time to give it to our daughter upon her birthday, which was the 3rd of the month. The joke of a surprise present was repeated by his packing up the big volume in a parcel of shape so disguised that no one could guess at its contents, and then he carried it triumphantly to her house before breakfast. The anniversary was a double one, our little grandson having been born on the same day as his mother, and we always made some celebration of it at the Grange. This year we had Punch and Judy in the garden, and none of the children who came to see it enjoyed the performance more than did the master of the house. "I really do think," he said, "Punch is the noblest play in the whole world. He 's such a fine character, so cheerful, he 's such a poet, he chirrups and sings whole operas that are not yet written down, till the world breaks in upon him in the shape of domestic life and the neighbours. And then his poor little legs, how pathetic they are, and his ways with his wife, and his dying shudder." To Morris, coming in the day afterwards, he spoke of this treat: "I say, old boy, I saw a play yesterday you would have liked—Punch!" "Yes," said Morris, "I like Punch."

The last time the friends went anywhere together was to the Society of Antiquaries, of which Morris was a member, their errand being to look at painted manuscripts. "We made our little pious pilgrimage together," said Edward, "and saw the beautiful books: but though he was full of interest and enthusiasm about them, he could not look at them for more than five minutes together without being so fatigued that he had to take a rest." Edward's love for illuminated manuscripts never flagged; in quite late years he said: "To this day if I want a change happier, brighter, more in tune with my heart's desire than any other, I go to the British Museum and send for a book that took a lifetime to make, and then forget the world and live in that book for days. I don't care for personal property, but if I did I think it would be for painted books, so that really when the word

treasure is said, I think of a fat little thing that opens to a hundred persons." No one, he said, better deserved to possess such treasures than Morris, because he knew so much about them. "I wish he had time and length of life to write it all down; the collector is not much more than a sort of dilettante who fusses over guessing at dating them; though that is useful." He himself thought much about the subject, and of the men who had made the books.

"So earnest and serious the early MSS. are, and the further they go back the more earnest they are, the eleventh century ones even more than the twelfth, only in the twelfth the illuminators got to be such splendid artists and found out how to do it so well. How I wish the history of it all could be found out, but nothing is known of it. In the twelfth century they suddenly dropped the imitation of the Greek style of drapery, fine as that is, and invented one of their own —I can't in the least tell how. It was exceedingly beautiful, and quite original of them, what had never before been seen in the world, with such lovely folds as can hardly be imagined. How on earth could they do it? If I try and get coats made just like them, nothing happens with it but a lot of meaningless rubbish and nonsense, pull it about as I will, no matter how, for a whole morning. My belief is, that it was some particular man of very great genius, and there is no finding out now who he could have been. I wonder if it will ever be possible to unearth him? And when it had once been invented, the artists of those days could not ever forget it, played about with it, gloated over it, and varied it in every possible way, and were never tired of repeating it over and over again. You see it in sculpture first, as at Wells, and Chartres, and Paris (sculpture is always first, I don't know why), and then afterwards in painting. I so wonder who he was. He can't have been an Englishman. I'm sure he wasn't a German. Nor could he have been an Italian, for it's easy to see, as in the case of Giotto, how entirely he takes it from the side of painting. He paints a coat that in the whole looks just a coat as painting represents it, but not in the least like one in sculpture does. The folds are

not real folds as they would be in sculpture. No, it must have been a Frenchman. But the best colour even so far back as that is English. That has always been their gift."

An exhibition in April, at the Fine Art Society, of some of Edward's studies and drawings, gave him much extra work in looking them out, touching, arranging, naming, and dating. "I'm very tired of working at them," he said. "I've been from seven o'clock in the morning till ten and eleven in the evening. The day before yesterday there were a hundred and twenty to go over, and yesterday more than eighty. And when one took four hours I began to say it was no use keeping on, it would be impossible to get them all done by this afternoon. But then I remembered about Broadbent, the doctor I went to with Mr. Morris, how that whatever number of patients there may be waiting to be seen he never hurries over one single case, but just gives his whole attention to the one he has in hand, and so works through the whole of them. I went on, and now there are not many left, and they'll all be done by four o'clock to-day. But in future I'll sign every single drawing as I do it and put all the writing on it that it will ever need at once, and never have such a business as this over again. I am so dazed and tired as to have forgotten how to spell—how do you spell *resurrection*?"

Tissot's designs from the life of Christ, exhibited in the Doré Gallery at this time, interested Edward greatly, though conceived from a point of view so opposite to his own. He said that in some of them he felt the subject to be quite obscured by the local colouring. For instance: "There was the Annunciation: I want to see the Virgin's face and her little expression, I'm not to be put off with turban and burnous instead. That won't do—it is not enough. It was only the view of an Arab woman's dress as she sits on the ground. I have no dislike to Arab dress in itself, and it is probably not unlike what was worn at the time—things change so little in the East—but it is no use trying to put me off with it in place of the subject." The pictures had a fascination for him, however, and he went often to see them,

sometimes with friends and sometimes by himself. Whilst talking of them one day, he suddenly asked: "What has become of the Doré pictures that they've turned out to make way for these? Poor Doré, he was really an imaginative man. Out of the 15,000 designs that he did, a hundred of them are wonderful—which is saying a very great deal."

When it was too late to ask Edward any questions, it occurred to me as possible that he might have told M. Tissot of the pleasure he had found in the series; so I wrote to the artist himself, asking if they had ever met or if there had ever been any correspondence between them. This was in November, 1898, and in the following January came a beautiful answer to these questions:

"Je reviens d'Amérique et à mon retour je trouve votre lettre à laquelle je m'empresse de répondre. J'ai très peu connu votre mari. Je me rappelle seulement que vers 1875 j'allais le voir; il me reçut avec beaucoup de simplicité et je jugeais l'homme d'après ce que je vis dans son atelier—c'est à dire de grandes choses sur le chevalet rendues avec une simplicité touchante de primitif. Je sentais les hauteurs où il planait et la matérialité où je luttais alors de plus en plus; tout cela m'intimida tellement que je n'allais plus le voir. Il grandit alors beaucoup et je quittais l'Angleterre. Depuis j'ai fait cette Vie du Christ, il a été la voir je le sais. J'ai su qu'elle lui plaisait, et je me faisais une vraie fête d'aller le voir à un de mes voyages à Londres quand j'appris sa mort. Il ne m'a jamais écrit, sans cela je mettrais à votre disposition ce qui me resterait de ce grand artiste, une des gloires les plus pures de votre pays."

Before going to Rottingdean, Edward went to see how his work was placed in the New Gallery, and there found fresh proof of Mr. Hallé's judgment in hanging pictures. "Launcelot," he said looked all right in the Gallery. "It 's next to a very white one by Mr. Richmond and, though it is so dark, neither hurts the other, though it might have been expected they would. But there is never any telling what they will be like, until they are actually put side by side. Aurora doesn't stand it so well, and looked more like a pale

water-colour among the rest; it most certainly cannot scream, its voice was like the faint sound of a flute that can hardly be heard amongst the cornets-à-piston."

Of these two pictures he wrote: "I find that all men prefer Launcelot's Dream—all; and all women—all—won't so much as look at it, but prefer Aurora; and I wonder why, for I am a very ignorant person."

And now that they were done, instead of wanting rest, he said: "I feel that I would like to go at another picture straight away, but I can't, not because of myself, but because of other people. They won't let me. Never mind, when I come back, after next week, we'll begin a new campaign."

By the time named he was back again, face to face with the work he had decided to finish next, the large oil picture of "Love and the Pilgrim." Looking at it, he said: "These days are very disappointing: the work done and gone leaves one stranded. I thought of beginning a fresh lot of work with such vigour, and now don't feel the energy to tackle anything. The fact is I am still very tired. And the death of poor Alfred Hunt too is quite upsetting. It seems as though nothing had been happening but deaths of artists. Such a lot of them have been going. Such a lot! Poor Millais is ill again, I hear." A little later he wrote: "I grizzle a good deal over Millais. He was such a hero to me when I was young—seemed like one of the celestials—and I did not want to be reminded that he is mortal." For Lady Millais he tried to make a drawing of her husband, but it was little more than shadowed forth when the end came. Leighton had gone already and Edward mourned him.

Public affairs were also troublous. The first news of the English raid on the Transvaal filled him with foreboding. "The year begins pretty badly," he said; "we are likely to be in for it all round." He declared that ours was only a material empire and therefore could not last for ever; that formerly the destruction of great empires used to take long years, but now things moved so quickly that one might go in fifty years or even half that time. The glory of a country

did not depend upon its possessions: and when it was said that England would be ruined if she lost India, he answered that England was not ruined when she lost America, nor when she lost France, nor—further back—" when she lost herself." He held that it would not be in the least for the good of the world to have another great Anglo-Saxon Empire in South Africa. " Let 's have no more dominant races, we don't want them—they only turn men into insolent brutes. If the English were wise, they would not be led away by the bombast of the newspapers, and would see that the opposition to us by other peoples is not all jealousy —that there is really some reason for it. Things never will be right at all until the same rule that governs individuals in a society in their behaviour to each other is applied to nations." As he began the design of Sigurd killing the Dragon who brooded over the Niblung hoard, he said: " The story of the Gold-wallower is very applicable to the present moment—the English are after gold everywhere." His conviction was that the future parcelling out of the world should be " an affair of the comity of nations, not the grabbing of one race." And after the Boer victory over the raiders, he observed: " Really the newspapers did almost as much as say ' Glorious defeat of the English '—but when this has blown over, no doubt they will do all they can to rob the Boers of the results."

The expression of such thoughts as these sprang from no new convictions, and the tone of his words grew more solemn in these later years. The thing he had played with to amuse himself and others ceased to amuse. " Do you know, I don't think I can ever again go to a dinner-party," he breaks out in a letter. " Why do I say this suddenly? I don't know, but I have been brooding over it for hours, and feel tired as I remember them. Now, isn't that funny of me, for I have not been to one lately—but I cannot stand another, I know." Again, when working under the cold, trying gleams of early spring, he complained that of all the times in the year to be finishing pictures, then was the worst light, and followed up the subject with vehemence:

"Do you know why it is we don't finish in autumn and summer? I will tell you how the world is fashioned. Exhibitions (and be damned to them) open in summer because it is the SEASON—and it is the SEASON because Parliament is sitting. Parliament sits in the summer because they want the autumn for shooting and the winter for hunting—and as I live that is the cause. And I ask you if this is a silly world or not?"

At the beginning of the Season one year he writes to Mrs. Horner: "I get no time to myself—not five minutes ever in the day—and I am growing angry. If I were alone I would be off to some peaceful place out of the reach of men and women, and pick my life together and do some work yet. Even to watch the world, to see it, is getting hateful. I cannot influence it one tiny little bit, so omnipotent it is, can only break myself to bits struggling against it, and now I'm downright tired and want to be off. Shall I go to you at Mells? And in all that pretty company for two days to pretend life was fine and lovely, and then all go to our different ways, all unhelped really—two days stolen out of time, that's all, but not one speck or tittle of good done. How I want to be out of it; and more and more my heart is pining for that monastery in Charnwood Forest. Why there? I don't know, only that I saw it when I was little and have hankered after it ever since. Do you know again, how grimy-souled people get in London, how sodden and sickening? To listen and to see it is a kind of contamination. If I never see it I can pretend it does not exist and get on, and smile when I see people, but if I get drawn into it, merely dipping one's foot into it, I get sickened—and what would you do if you was me?"

A touch of description in another letter brings one near to seeing the very dinner of which he speaks, this time more lightly than in the words just quoted. "And A. B. and I talked of the young lady who has 'married Art' without asking him if he would have her, and of C. we talked, and I love A. B. and she talks lovelily. And to D.

I talked of you, and sundry subjects I have forgotten. And when the ladies went the men drew nearer together, outwardly, as far as chairs could bring them, but their hearts were far from each other."

Curiously enough, in spite of his disinclination for dinner parties, even in the house of a friend, he never ceased to enjoy dining at what he called a "pot-house"—which meant a foreign restaurant of a moderate kind. It was the first "treat" we allowed ourselves in our early days, and remained one to the end. For years we went to the Solferino in Rupert Street, Leicester Square. These evenings were a pleasure that we shared with very few of our friends, and often we went alone, but it was always a treat. Never a long or a large meal; good wine, the best cigar possible, *café noir* for him and an ice for me afterwards—the waiter smiling, the master and mistress of the place courteous on our leaving—the other visitors sometimes interesting to see, sometimes not, but a slight air of adventure in the proceeding, with a sense of detachment from ordinary life. Only in late years did we leave this scene in a cab; when we were young we liked best to walk out into the gaslit streets and afterwards to get into the familiar red Hammersmith omnibus. When the Solferino changed hands we tried various other places, sometimes the Aquarium, where, if the evening entertainment afterwards happened to be at all amusing, we looked at it for a while. One night I remember we were fortunate in seeing a wonderful clown, who, in a brief scene, sang and acted as an operatic singer both beautifully and tragically. Also we saw "Zazel" shot out of her cannon. A smaller place, De Maria's in Knightsbridge, for a time had good Italian cooking; or, if he were in town on business, we would arrange to meet at the Cavour in Leicester Square, but that was too crowded for our liking. His punctuality, cultivated and not inborn, was noticeable in all such appointments, when he was certain to be if anything a minute or two before time. At the grill-room of the South Kensington Museum we dined also—never, that I remember, in its dining-room. These were our

DINING-ROOM — THE GRANGE.
From a water-colour drawing by T. M. Rooke, R.W.S.

dissipations. At home dominoes and draughts succeeded backgammon, and, when alone, we played dominoes during dinner, to prevent hurrying too much over the meal.

The idea of leaving London often occurred to him, but as no more than an aspiration. "Many a time," he wrote, "I plan flight and escape—only the work I do is so unportable, it holds me to it and I cannot carry it with me." Of those born to and living in the fashionable world, he said mournfully: "They are wasters of life if ever any were, and are the saddest and unluckiest people on earth, and none can help them nor for very long amuse them." To a friend who asked his advice about the education of her children, he began gently by telling her that the desirable thing was for them to feel hungry for big things, and not to be fed before they were hungry. "It is easy enough to learn all about the mighty subject, or any other mighty matter, the hard and rare thing is to find any appetite or desire for it; and there, as in all things, love only is a cause, and that only can find out." But abruptly his tone changes, and he exclaims: "My dear, in London life, to which I suppose your children are condemned, it does not matter one least bit—it could not influence or help the life—it could not rescue or save, to have any wisdom put into them! The contamination of the worthless life would sweep it away, and that thou knowest. 'Come out of her, O my people.' Oh, I could testify and not a scrap of good would it do, and a bitter thing would it make of me—so I'll go to my work."

Speaking to another friend, he said: "I would live a very different life if it were to be had over again, wouldn't I? not go into society or know anybody, but live for nothing but work." Then, after a moment: "You think perhaps that I wouldn't do anything different from what I have done—well, perhaps I shouldn't!"

Other ways he had also of expressing opinion about things public and private—for his humour never failed. When the lives of Jameson and other leaders of the raid waited upon the clemency of the Boers, he professed to

have borrowed an idea from the German Emperor's celebrated telegram to the President of the Transvaal, and to have sent over a message to Mrs. Kruger. "I telegraphed to Frau Kruger, to ask her to intercede with her husband for those scoundrels—urging that their money-tainted blood would serve no good cause, and that the bitterest vengeance would be to let them live out their contemptible lives. And I am in a way glad to say my intervention has been successful. 'If you could hang the whole Chartered Company,' my telegram ran (and it has drained me of all my pocket-money, that telegram), 'well and good, and every true Englishman would be glad of it—but only four! It would give a false appearance of having exhausted the scoundrelism of this country.' Mrs. Kruger's reply was very simple: 'Thanks for telegram—will do what can—will write.'"

Morris having been sent away on a sea-voyage which the doctors had prescribed for him, we went down to Rottingdean in August. "We all met on my birthday," Edward writes; "the house was full of us. Phil too came from abroad, and for once more we were all together, and grateful for that I felt." With regard to the birthday he said: "Those people who say the Bible exaggerated the age of Patriarchs are ignorant as well as blasphemous, for I have proved how vast a man's age can be."

Soon afterwards he returned to London, though, and a letter to a friend says: "I am back for a few days to see Mr. Morris. I daresay you have heard how ill he has returned from that voyage, and I don't like to be long away from him. I have not once looked at Avalon; a few little drawings in tints of gold on coloured grounds is all I have done, and my heart is about as heavy as it can be."

On October 3rd Morris died—as gently, as quietly as a babe who is satisfied drops from its mother's breast. A letter of mine, written in these days, tells something of how Edward passed through them. "It is no shock—for we have watched it drawing near for a long time—but we know that the conditions of life are changed for us now. We are

not broken, either in body or spirit, by the death of our beloved friend. Edward is slowly but steadily gaining ground, and goes out every day; I need not say that he works through everything. It almost frightened me at first to see how he flew at his work, but now he does it less feverishly. I scarce know how to write of it all, but so far Morris' own vitality seems as if it encompassed us, and added energy instead of any prostration has been the effect of his going. We said to each other directly that it was no weeping matter. The beauty of his funeral nothing can express. The rain ceased for the few minutes we stood by his grave, and there was silence that could be heard, when the last words ceased to break it. I am taking all the care I can of Edward—feeding as far as he will let me—companioning as far as may be." But his cry was: "I am quite alone now, quite, quite." Whilst his friend still lived he said: "The things that in thought are most of me, most dear and necessary, are dear and necessary to no one except Morris only."

The first work he turned to was the old familiar designing of cartoons for glass, and amongst those awaiting him were two subjects from the life of David, which he silently set about. "Come and look at them," he said when they were done. "This is David grieving for the illness of his kid; I did all that in the morning: and here he is making up his mind to it and pulling himself together; that I did in the afternoon." "How strange," some one remarked, "that there should have been those to do now." "I picked them out," he said.

Another cartoon done at this time was one of the Last Judgment, which he gave for the great west window of St. Philip's Church, Birmingham. Mr. Rooke found him at this, and he talked as he worked:

"I'm finishing off all these outstanding cartoons and then think to do no more; I don't see why I should, do you? It is sad to think of anything ever coming to an end, but everything has to finish up some day or other, and I don't think any time can be more appropriate than now. I was

to have gone down to Rottingdean to-day, but it's much better to be hard at work here than hanging sadly about there, with nothing to preoccupy my mind. I can't paint as yet. It's strange why there is such a difference between painting and drawing. I suppose it's the intricacy of the process, and the materials that have to be thought about, the paints and the brushes and the varnishes."

A book that we chose by instinct at this time, for reading aloud in the studio, was Gilchrist's Life of Blake, and again Edward said what he had said before about Chaucer and Morris: "There is so much that is alike in all those great creatures. Blake and Morris resemble each other in so many things—in their splendid simplicity above all."

One of many plans now ended had been to publish an illustrated book of The Hill of Venus. It was to have been rewritten and have had ornamental borders made for it by Morris; the pictures, redrawn, were those designed by Edward long ago for The Earthly Paradise. The question as to whether the story should be written in verse or prose was settled by Morris saying, "Well, you know, old chap, prose looks blacker in the page and fills up better —so it's to be prose."

Amongst other words which reached Edward from those who realized what the death of Morris must mean to him were some that struck a specially sympathetic note by their full-voiced recognition of the value of Morris' life. They were from Alma Tadema, who wrote with the tenderness of strength: "When a friend loses half his soul, indeed one weeps with him. When a country loses his finest and with Swinburne his only poet, one sits in sackcloth and ashes. When the art world in which one has grown up and for which one lives loses one of its first prophets and supporters, one feels as if it was all over. Therefore I must tell you how dejected I feel and how sore at heart I am on hearing of the death of William Morris. The country is the poorer, and the century finishes with a great anguish."

The list of friends lost this year closes with the name of George Du Maurier, who died only five days after Morris;

but each one of them had filled his days with the work that his hand found to do, and we dwelt on the best they had done and took heart. A friend arriving one of these mornings was met in the hall by Edward with, "Come along, I'll be upstairs directly, but we won't talk sadly to-day—it can do no good and I've been doing nothing but that lately. I am slowly gathering my life together again and picking up the threads of it, but I'm frightfully tired." Two or three weeks later he said, "Sunday is always a hard day," but refused a suggestion for making any new arrangement for the hours that had so long been dedicated to Morris—"No, I won't do that"—and then, with determined effort to change the subject, he began in his ordinary manner, "I have been so pleased with something." Immediate enquiry being made as to the source of the pleasure, it proved to be an account he had read of the choice of a Bishop. "I was much struck with the extremely earnest prayer of a Bishop that God would be pleased to direct Her Majesty's advisers for the good of His Church in England in the choice of a pastor of clean life and holy mind; but it was so interesting to me to observe that his prayer had been heard. He has been chosen himself. I'm sure both you and I are glad that the choice has fallen on a godly man of clean life who will sustain the godliness of the nation. Why don't they have prayers for the election of a good President of the Royal Academy? So wicked of me to grin, isn't it? But I must laugh—if I didn't what would become of me—what could I do?" This reminds me of his saying once that his father was ambitious about him, wanting him to gain distinction in the Church; and then he added: "If I had been Archbishop of Canterbury I would have made people jump. The Archbishop of Canterbury ought to go about in corduroys."

Maeterlinck's plays, in spite of all their sadness, did not come amiss to him at this time; they were sad, he said, but so beautiful that they became splendid poetry. "I'll take as much tragedy from him as he likes to give me—he can do it." He had believed for some time that the sense

of beauty was steadily diminishing in the world, both amongst artists and the ordinary public. A name being mentioned to him as that of a man whose sense of beauty was so great that it ought to be put to some service, he answered: "He will find it of less service in life every day"; and to the remark that the man must keep it then for his own private enjoyment, the sad retort came: "Yes, and his private torment."

Signs of general indifference to the quality of beauty itself, combined with a fashion of transitory enthusiasm about some special form of art, he regarded very gravely, as, for instance, the sudden craze for work by Romney, whilst at the same time a collection of fine old Florentine pictures remained neglected. Of this neglect he wrote sadly in 1894, that "no one would go to see the heaven-things at the New Gallery this winter." And with regard to the failure of the Netherland Singers who came over that same spring, to let London hear, if it liked, their beautiful old music sung to perfection, he was equally depressed. "I went on Tuesday," he said, "and thought it was the divinest singing I had ever heard in my life. It was ancient sacred music, and I do think I never heard singing so much to my heart. There was no one there—not fifty people in a great hall—and now they have gone back to Amsterdam in a huff. Indeed London ways are hard to understand. A city full of people with endless time on their hands—what is the matter with them? To hear those voices was to have the doors of Heaven opened for a moment."

Yet hope still prevailed. After lamenting a want of singleness of purpose in the lives of English artists at the present day, he says: "But the new set, the young ones I have seen or heard of lately, seem bent on a new order of things, and one day it may happen that they will do all we want to be done." Again, falling back on the spirit within him, he checks complaint with: "This is rather sad talk, and sounds as if I had an impossible ideal—and I have, and a bit of it shall come." And elsewhere: "Time has miracles, as we know, and some day this land might be yet

the island of refuge for all the poetry in the world. I don't want it to be, though, it is so nice for it to be everywhere." And once he said: "We can all of us have beauty if we make up our minds to. Be determined on that point and it follows." Every sign of promise in the work of beginners made him happy, and over any good actually accomplished he was excited. Mr. Rooke found him one morning at work painting the birds round the head of Love in his big picture, and really inspirited by a visit he had received the day before from two young men.

"A very happy thing happened to me yesterday. That nice chap, ——, from Birmingham came, bringing me some of his work to see, and brought with him a friend who had done some really fine things—quite like ancient painting they were for beauty of workmanship, only of course with modern details which made them all right and original and contemporary. One was a portrait of himself beautifully done, another was a figure picture. The painting was lovely, but the heads were not good enough, so he 's not able to shew it yet—will have to have another try at them. Birmingham is looking up; very cheering it was to see, it made one feel cosy and comfortable. I didn't know which most to admire, the beautiful work of one artist or the boundless gratification of his friend in the fact that I liked it so much." Another day he said: "I am always having young chaps on my mind now." His suggestion as to what might be done by one who, without very special gifts, had yet a wish to follow art in some form, was practical. "There is a friend's son who likes drawing and does not take to what is called learning, and I have suggested his going into an architect's office. I think it would be so good for him. The regular discipline of going to work every day would prevent his getting into habits of loafing about. You can't tell whether a lad works at painting or not. You can see after six months or twelve months whether he keeps steadily to work. You have to trust to an artist's honour. But the regular hours at an architect's office would do him good. The boy in question does not seem to like the idea

of an architect's office, and has certainly shewn talent at painting. I don't know what to say about his having lessons; it is so very easy to be untaught what one has been naturally gifted with." As to his own experience of a life-school, he said that it did him absolutely no good. "I went to Lee's for a very short time, but did nothing at all. I went home and made a school of practice for myself out of the studies for my designs; I drew a very great many as well as I could"—and this was the course he recommended to any one who was strong enough to carry it out. Noticing the conceit sometimes visible in young men at drawing and painting schools, he asked: "Why are they so set up with themselves?" and of some life studies that were shewn to him he said: "They were the usual things that are brought to me now from drawing-schools: the heads were bestial, the bodies were repulsive, the knees and feet loathsome."

On its being suggested that pupils were told to make their drawings exactly like the subject because learners often hide bad work under an attempt to make a thing look well, he answered: "No doubt there 's nothing more hopeless than empty prettiness, but if the drawings are like, why don't they get better models? These seem to be the ugliest they can pitch on. It is just the important time of a lad's life for receiving impressions of beauty. I asked this boy if it didn't seem to him a very hideous thing, and he said it did, but whether it was only to please me or not I couldn't tell. I wonder whether there isn't something half-way between the slow stippling of the Royal Academy and this horrid sloppy way of making hideous things, done at such a rate as though in fear of their lives." One day I asked him whether he thought it worth while for people without any imagination to be taught to draw and paint, and he answered that every one should be taught to draw, and to paint if possible; it was a part of necessary education: that the number of people with imagination worth anything to the world generally was so small that the art would perish out of existence if its practice were restricted to them only. "You wouldn't prevent every musician

from playing who could not invent his own pieces?" he asked.

The next book read in the studio after Gilchrist's Blake was the Life of Napoleon by Professor W. M. Sloane. In one of the volumes was a photograph from a cast of the Emperor's face, taken after death, which struck Edward very much by its beauty. "Now what 's your sentiment about that mouth—did you ever see a finer? If any gentleman thinks he has a finer let him shew it." He was pleased at the book coming from America, as he thought in that country the subject might be treated fairly. The English, he said, still felt so much terror of Napoleon that they could not mention him with justice, while to the French he was such a hero that it would perhaps be difficult for them not to romance about him. "What a game he played! How I wish he had not lost it. I mean that I seriously think it would have been very greatly for the world's good if he hadn't—if he had been able to carry his plans through. I don't in the least believe that war was his object. There never would have been any war at all if the sovereigns of Europe hadn't determined to stamp out the French Republic—and have they?" The captivity in St. Helena angered him. "So needlessly cruel it was to leave Napoleon alone on that island so far away from every one and from all society. He was bound to eat his heart out there. They might have given him a house where he could have lived happily and seen people, and yet been quite safe. Somewhere in Warwickshire, in the centre of England, they might have put him where he couldn't get away. But the tragedy of his death was a fitting end to his life."

Amongst the cartoons for windows that Edward was now doing were two designs which he gave to the church at Rottingdean, in memory of the late Vicar. The lights were narrow ones, and he chose for them the subjects of a Jesse Tree and Jacob's Ladder. He went over to Merton Abbey himself to keep an eye on the execution of them as well as of the great Birmingham window—for he dreaded the decadence of colour which must follow the loss of the

Master there. With regard to the Jesse Tree design he said: "I should like more space for that; it is the kind of thing that would look glorious spread over an acre of glass." On one of the branches he put Hezekiah, holding a sundial in his hand. Some one asked: "Has that ever been done before?" "Not that I know of, but I thought I might do it. And that is Josiah with the Law, and Solomon with his Temple, and David with his harp. Tiresome people are, to be worrying so much at finding out things. There 's no telling whether they really can know, but they begin to say that David isn't the author of even a single one of the psalms, that if he made anything it was only war-songs. Dreadful they are, those chaps; for the very little they gain they don't know how much they lose."

The pictures that he was working at were an oil replica of "Hope," a "St. George" with a great banner, and "Love and the Pilgrim." On this last design he spent a world of thought, and the following scene is typical of others during its progress.

E. B.-J. (to Mr. Rooke). "Now look at it well and tell me what you think it is that makes it a bad picture. So take a chair and sit down and consider it thoroughly, and tell me when I come in again. [Re-entering] Have you thought about it?"

T. M. R. "It seems a very good picture to me."

E. B.-J. "Well, what keeps worrying me is the shape between the Pilgrim's sleeve and his knee—and that doesn't look to be at all a good shape. Perhaps if some thorns were put there they might remedy it, if they were rightly designed. It 's an occasion when one must be bold, only I don't feel bold just at this moment. Like that, they might do. It will be best not to paint them in to-day, but to let them soak into one's mind for a few days, and then we'll see."

Of another picture he said, in one of its stages: "It wants wisdom most of all now: you know that point when a picture doesn't want work but wisdom."

Throughout this year he went on with the large pictures of "Avalon" and "Love's Wayfaring" as well as "Love

and the Pilgrim." "It is all very well for me to try and finish a big picture," he observed, "but it isn't to be expected there will always be some one ready to buy it. My chances of selling the Pilgrim are not improving—they are on the contrary rather lessened. Some one was interested in it, but he has suddenly become less interested. Well, I must look on the big pictures as a sacrifice, not expect to sell them, and live by the little ones." "Avalon" he never really expected to sell. "I don't know," he said, "what put it into my head that I ought to try and make a splendid picture; it reminds me of that beautiful saying, 'What hath the Lord required of thee, O man, but to do justly and to walk humbly with thy God?'—as though to say no more than to be happy and make jokes." Didactic pictures were unsympathetic to him; he thought words the most fitting medium for pointing any special moral. "Dickens could do it," he said; "he had the proper art to do it in. He could make a rich dinner party and show how dull it all was. A dinner party at the Merdles' was exactly like a society dinner, a dinner party at the Veneerings' was exactly like a society dinner, not exaggerated in the least. No, I think those things are best left to the art that can do them best." "And how," he asked, "could you depict the disgracefulness of lust, so as to make men stagger and pause before rushing into it? Some French pictures would be more likely to do it—a picture such as I saw once, of a couple of lovers who had quarrelled and killed themselves. There was a beastly mess of a bed touselled and chairs knocked over, and every sign of a row, done with great ability, so that it sticks in my memory to this day though I wish it wouldn't. But for the sake of this very doubtful gain, a man gives up his proper *métier* of creating beauty."

And not only to create but to preserve beauty already existing in the world was with him a sacred trust. A rumour this autumn, that old Chelsea Hospital was threatened with destruction, roused him to immediate protest. "There are scores of streets," he wrote to the editor of the newspaper in which he saw the report, "that it would be a gain and

delight to pull down if space is needed for any public purpose, but no one ever proposes that—the thing that usually suggests destruction is some beautiful or dignified building that has by chance survived and can never be replaced. Therefore, before it is too late, I wish to add my strong protest against the idea of pulling down Chelsea Hospital and throwing away its two hundred years of national history. And if, by continued iteration of this cry, we can but worry the destroyers out of their complacency in havoc, perhaps we may hope in time to rouse in its stead a sense of public responsibility for the great legacy of good work that our fathers have left to us and which we are bound in honour to preserve and hand down to our children."

The friend whose companionship most lightened these days was Sebastian Evans. There is a letter to him from Edward written in the early days of loneliness: "Still I cannot write about it, the blow is so heavy and the loss so dreadful to endure; but your letter was very welcome and like all soft words said at such a time, very comforting. When are you coming back? Glad shall I be to have a talk with you. Write to me again, dear fellow, and tell me when you are coming." Cormell Price was within reach again now, but intercourse with him was steeped in personal memories from which both needed a respite, so that the wide field in which Edward wandered with his newer friend was the greatest help possible. There was another man also, whom he would gladly have seen oftener than fate permitted, and that was Stopford Brooke, for true sympathy and affection existed between them. All our friends, even if they had not known Morris personally, seemed to make our loss of him their own. To Mrs. Horner Edward wrote, looking back on the years when he first knew Morris: "It was so long a time, wasn't it? and meant youth and growth and wonder, and a world to conquer; and as time goes on we shall see what a world he conquered. I must confess death makes the glorious more glorious, and already I feel him far removed, and cling in my memory most to the days when we seemed equal and

began the tale." Another time he spoke of death as "a magnificent peerage."

Meanwhile outward life went on as usual. The hour of lunch—from one to two o'clock—though Edward grudged the break it made in his work, was generally a bright one. We were seldom alone then, for intimate friends knew that they would find Edward disengaged and would be sure of a welcome; and as the grandchildren grew old enough they were often sent, or brought by their mother, for his pleasure. The talk between him and the eldest of them was sometimes pretty and funny to hear.

Angela (aged six). "Bapapa, tell me where 's the furthest place you've ever been to."

E. "I've been to Camberwell and the City Road."

A. "Is Camberwell very far off? and have you really been to the City of Rhodes?—what 's it like?"

E. "Well, dear, it 's got houses all built on little hills all round the harbour."

A. "And tell me, wasn't there something particular about the harbour?"

E. "A great figure of a man, dear, with his legs stretched out, that the ships sailed under."

A. "Why was it called the Colossus—what did its name come from?"

E. "From nothing, dear: it was his name."

There were days, also, when he and all the grown-up people at table became children again, and laughter was heard in the old way. A little scene, half earnest and half jest, is recalled by a friend—how Edward told a tale at table of some mistake he had made, and was harder upon himself than necessary, ending with: "Well, I won't manage my own affairs any more. I'll be like King Lear —give me my fool and my knights and let me go where I please." "Who'll be your fool?" asked one of us; and each of the rest cried out in a breath: "I'll be your fool!"

In November he was following the Transvaal story so far as it had then gone. "What a fuss they are making about getting Jameson let out of prison. It must look very

queer to foreigners, the hurry we are in to set these first-class misdemeanants at large. Of course they feel the confinement—they are meant to: even their condition is not meant to be one of pure enjoyment. And if they're ill there is such a fuss made over them, and all the doctors in the world are had in to see them, but when a poor devil 's ill in prison he has to put up with it and make the best he can of it. That there *is* one law for the rich and another for the poor, there cannot be the least doubt."

He felt the humiliation of this too, when practised on a larger scale. "What is always said against us and what is quite true, is that we have a different way of behaving to little states and big ones. With big ones it is arbitration, but with little ones it is ultimatum. Ultimatum to Burmah, ultimatum to the Afghans, ultimatum to Chitral, ultimatum to Ashantee, ultimatum to Transvaal, ultimatum to Venezuela, but with America arbitration, and with the European powers arbitration. It is so dreadful that the national conscience should only be roused when it begins to be frightened. By this time people ought to be ashamed of these quarrels between civilized nations; they are in essence nothing more than mean little parish squabbles about boundary stones."

A material empire made no appeal to his mind. "The English achievements that I am proud of are of a very different sort. I love the immaterial. You see it is these things of the soul that are real—the only real things in the universe." Of one whose life had wandered, but whose ideal of better things had never been lost, he said: "And that was really his life, since it was what he would have liked it to be."

We spent Christmas very quietly in London, and the level of health at the Grange was not a high one.

CHAPTER XXVII

MEMORABILIA
1897

A LONGING to see the churches of North France again often came upon Edward: "I wish I could go into a real church this morning—could go into the vast Beauvais Church and lose myself in its beauty—in its holy beauty." He had never been there since the journey with Morris and Fulford in 1855, and now proposed that, as soon as he had finished "Love and the Pilgrim," we and our son should go together to Abbeville, Beauvais, Amiens and Chartres.

The directors of the New Gallery, Mr. Carr and Mr. Hallé, used always to call at the Grange when making their round of studios in the spring, and the visit was generally a merry one. I was from home when it happened this year, but laughed as I read an account of it in Edward's next letter. The tale ended with: "The boys said they were afraid it would be a very poor show this year, which I do not wonder at, [he had said elsewhere how much the dark winter had been against painters] and mighty pleased they seemed to be that my picture is big and will take up space. 'Seemed to be' I say advisedly, for what they said to each other when they went away and how much they ran it down I shall not know till the Day of Judgment—then I shall know and not care."

He was cheered one day early in the year with the sight of some drawings done by Maurice and Edward Detmold, then boys of but fourteen years of age. Their grand-uncle, Dr. Shuldham, who was a Birmingham schoolfellow of Edward's, brought a portfolio of their work to the Grange.

Edward was greatly struck by what he saw, and said afterwards: "Of course there is no knowing whether anything may come of it, but those boys might be a great comfort in the future. One of them has painted a stag-beetle quite perfectly; every hair is done, and the light upon it and the shadows cast by it, and all the flatnesses and every kind of shape of it." His interest was still further aroused when the boys themselves came to see him, bringing more of their work, and he said that they seemed to him to have every equipment for being great artists. After they were gone he spoke about the evidence of artistic gift at an early age. "You can never tell whether precocity will lead to anything or not. Young —— was a great caution on that point. He could colour well at 14, and at 16 he took to drawing; and I said it was all right; for him to colour as a child and begin to draw as he is getting on to manhood, all that is just as it should be. But at 17 he didn't do any better, and at 18 not so well, and at 20 he could neither colour nor draw, and is no more heard of."

Whilst thus leaning in hope on the young, Edward also joined in the congratulations offered to Mr. Watts by a great part of the western world upon his eightieth birthday, and upon the splendid collection of his pictures which formed the Winter Exhibition of the New Gallery. An address was prepared and signed by hosts of friends, for presentation to Mr. Watts on his actual birthday, February 23rd, and more would have been done to mark it had not he himself protested against the idea. Shortly afterwards, however, a private celebration of the anniversary was held at the New Gallery, where a party was given by Miss Eleanor Hallé and Miss G. Liddell in honour of Mr. Watts and of Herr Joachim, who were both present. An orchestra of about a dozen old pupils of Joachim had been got together, and with the help of a piano and two harpsichords most beautiful music was made, by the old pupils for the pleasure of the master, and by himself in return. The musician and the painter sat side by side and looked happy.

An evening at Holman Hunt's house, where we dined

in April, stirred up many memories. Speaking of it, Edward said: "Last night we were at Holman Hunt's. He looked such a dear, fine old thing, so unworldly and strange. And, would you believe it, he took in my wife to dinner as his oldest friend there. Only think! I didn't know we had got on nearly so far in life. Arthur Hughes was there too, and he reminded me of our first meeting which I had forgotten. It was when I took him Morris' cheque for his 'April Love.'" The result of this meeting with Arthur Hughes, whom we had not seen for a long time, was that he came to the Grange, and we spent an evening together recalling the things that belonged to our youth.

After the loss of Morris, and indeed from the time he first realized the separation that was before them, Edward said that he could scarcely bear to look at the things that were most closely associated with their friendship, and sought to distract his thoughts by dwelling on subjects of which they had never talked much together: "So I've had to take to my astronomy again." What he read concerning this science was distilled to his friends in less technical language than that of the books in which he found it. For instance: "Once Arcturus was coming on us at a frightful pace, and I used to be very frightened, though it would take thousands of years for him to reach us. Now he is going the other way again. Do you remember what fusses there used to be about collision with a comet? How angry astronomers used to be with each other: they took sides about it as though it were politics. One astronomer said the crash would be so frightful the whole earth would be turned into fine dust, and another astronomer was exceedingly cross with him and contradicted him and said that the largest comet could be condensed and put into his watch-pocket without causing him the least inconvenience." He looked with some wistfulness, however, upon the work done by astronomers, saying: "They have a fine time of it; they can hand on their processes so that the science goes steadily forward for hundreds of years as though it were being done by one man, but we poor artists are not nearly so lucky, we can hand on next to nothing."

Rashly enough, he kept astronomical books by his bedside, and often turned to them when unable to sleep. "I terrified myself in the night," he says, "with more astronomy." And terrible were the dreams that this sometimes produced. Of them he writes: "What appalling things they can be—as real as life itself, with an added horror and terror not of this life even at its worst, but of the abysses of space and chaos. A worse than I had last night man never had."

The idea of wireless telegraphy, then scarcely more than rumoured in public, attracted him also, and was described in his own way:

"Last night I was reading about electricity. You will naturally ask, why should I? but I did. There is a clever young chap at Bologna University—I'm glad to see that ancient seat of learning distinguishing itself once more. He is half English and half Italian, which is a promising thing in itself: his name is Marconi. He is only twenty-two and has been at electricity about five years, and he has made a little machine about the size of a sewing-machine, by which he says people can communicate with any one having a similar machine—without wires. He has been interviewed and asked questions that of course he is cautious in replying to, but he believes he is on the point of discovering what electricity really is: that it is the element which pervades all space and unites all the atoms of it, that the suns and planets are placed in it as cherries are in jelly, and that it is the source of all life perhaps."

The evil star which had so long overhung the East of Europe was one which many even in the West regarded anxiously this spring. A miserable repetition of the horrors of 1876 had been going on for more than a year—only that Armenians instead of Bulgarians were now being massacred by their rulers—and the English nation, which had twenty years before denounced the same iniquity, was again pricked in its conscience. The Cretan insurrection against Turkey, and the despatch of Turkish troops to the island, led to further horrors, which a jealous rivalry amongst themselves prevented the great European Powers from stopping, and

thoughtful men outside the circle of diplomacy were sick at heart. To Edward, in spite of his deep distrust of war as a means of peace, the news that Prince George of Greece had actually taken command of an expedition to prevent the further landing of Turkish troops in Crete, was good. "Have you seen how the little Greek chaps have taken matters into their own hands and thrown the fat into the fire? Oh, I'm so sick of diplomacy I don't want to think any more about it, and it is like waking up from a ghastly nightmare after months and years of arguing and duplicity to see these little fellows so bravely starting out to war. I'm sorry to say that I am delighted—though whether that ought to be is another matter."

The announcement of Sir Alfred Milner's appointment to South Africa was noted and commented on: "I see Alfred Milner is made Governor of the Cape, and I am glad for his sake—for he is a dear, clever, admirable fellow. But I fear me he is a Jingo—a little bit I think it." And again: "He is a nice, dear fellow, but I am afraid he will do what I hate, and I should like to forget the world and be inside a picture."

From every circle of other interests he returned to the day's work. Painting on the distant mountains in "The Pilgrim of Love" in these days, he said: "If this picture doesn't shew signs by the end of a fortnight of letting itself be finished, I shall have to put it by for this year." And at the fortnight's end: "I begin to want to take a great bottle of benzine and go over it all and wash it all away. That shews I'm tired, I suppose. If it wasn't for the Exhibition I should put it away for a time. In days gone by that is what I should have done with it, but now I don't feel that I have the time before me that I used to, and it won't do to put by anything I am about for fear I shouldn't have the chance of taking it up again. Not that I ever expected to live long, but I didn't mind then about leaving a quantity of unfinished work." Some one present asked: "And now that you have finished a great deal more, you do mind?" "Well," he said, "I never look forward now. There is never any looking

forward again. Morris really closed the chapter of my life. All I'm anxious about now is not to disgrace myself and to let nothing go out unfinished."

The oil replica of "Hope" went to America, and mention of its arrival there led to the expression of Edward's opinion about a matter often discussed, namely, the glazing of pictures. "Did I tell you that 'Hope' had got safely to America? For a long time I didn't know a word about it, and thought that as it had been bought without having been seen by the purchasers they were disappointed with it, and was going to write to them to ask them to send it back. But they are very pleased with it. They say, however, they have hung it up without a glass, to see it better, because of reflections in it. They could manage that by sloping it or in some way. I like a picture so much better under glass, it is like a kind of aethereal varnish. It is wonderful to me how people don't see that a picture under glass is so much more beautiful than without it—they are so insensitive. But they must do as they like with it. They can hang it upside down if they will."

About this time he took up again the designs made in 1872 for "The Masque of Cupid," but on looking freshly at the poem he found it had become quite unreadable to him, and the names in it, as in the Pilgrim's Progress, actually repellent. "How good it is when quoted and how weary to plod through," he exclaimed, and recalled a saying by Morris about Spenser, that he ought really to have been a painter instead of a poet.

There was also a panel picture on which he worked at intervals—a magician and a girl looking into a magic mirror —which he meant to finish very highly. "I have always longed in my life," he said, "to do a picture like a Van Eyck, and I've never, never done it, and never shall. As a young man I have stood before that picture of the man and his wife, and made up my mind to try and do something as deep and rich in colour and as beautifully finished in painting, and I have gone away and never done it, and now the time is gone by."

A question was asked in these days, whether he would like to have a red-haired model to sit to him. "Well, I don't often paint red-haired women somehow: I like gold-coloured and oat-coloured hair most. Rossetti used to persuade me to paint from red-haired women and I did some without anything particular happening. It doesn't quite go with my kind of sentiment. Not that I've any theory about it. When I see red hair I like it—Rossetti's pictures of red-haired women I liked exceedingly—but I don't think it does well with my own work." Lady Lewis has a pretty story which illustrates his feeling about the "oat-coloured hair" type. She says: "Whilst he was painting the Mermaid in 1886, he was staying with us at Walton, and we once went for a walk through the woods of Fox Warren. As we passed one of the keepers' cottages we saw, seated on the rim of a well, a girl of about twelve, a lovely creature with fair hair and grey eyes, slim and long-limbed, dressed in a scarlet gown, with bare feet and legs. She greatly struck his fancy, so we went near to get speech of her; but answer made she none and only looked up at him with a merry smile—not too shy to meet his eye, but too much so to speak. He was as under a spell, and when we came home at once made a drawing of her from memory, just like her too; he never altered it, but used it for the head of the mermaid. Often he spoke of her—said he was sure she was a nixie and had come up from the well." Years afterwards, when some one was lauding dark eyes, he referred to this fair memory, saying: "Pale eyes can be enchanting as well as dark ones. I saw a wench once in the wild woods, and she was passing pale, but her hair was paler than her face, and her eyes paler than her hair, and it was an unearthly sight, but very beautiful."

After finishing "Love and the Pilgrim" Edward was so tired that, though there were no definite symptoms of illness, we gave up all idea of the journey to France. One day he ran up the flag of distress by returning to his bed soon after he had left it, and the doctor was sent for. There seemed to be nothing new, however, in his condition, and the next day he was about again, but he believed it had been

another blow from his enemy influenza. He struggled on for a week or two before giving in, and then said he should like a fresh opinion as to the state of his health, and would carry out any plan the doctor might suggest. What he always dreaded was being sent away for "change," saying that he wanted none except a change of work. "What do we want to be wrenched away from our work for, and our nice homes and everything that we like, and taken to perfectly filthy places? I should like to stop in this room for 439 years and never be taken out of it." But now he was ready to try anything, and, the bracing air of Malvern being recommended, to Malvern he went for a week and a day. Of course the weather turned cold, and we heard the usual tale of its being quite unusual to have such a May there. Hotel life was almost intolerable to Edward, but we had a large sitting-room looking out over a wide prospect and he tried with all his might to be content. I do not think he had ever before been in a house where there was literally no picture or substitute for one on any wall, and he sighed for "Coming of Age in the Olden Time" or "The Rabbit on the Wall," but had finally to be thankful for a framed notice to visitors about some rule of the hotel, which hung on the staircase and looked like a picture from a distance.

Whilst at Malvern he wrote to Mrs. Horner: "Many things here bring back early days to me. A certain kind of red-brick, blue-slated house makes me wince as I remember, but then again, a bonny apple orchard softens my heart with recollection. And so my drives go in alternate smiles and frowns. It must have been a lovely land before the houses were built. They are hopeless. As I look out of the window now, the sun really lights up distance on distance that would be sweet to watch if I could see it, but I can see only the shine on slate roofs everywhere, slate roofs and red-brick houses and dazzling green, the nastiest discord that could be. But now and then a little lowly old house of grey thatch and black and white walls makes such a harmony that I wonder when I think what men lose and what they bear—for Maeterlinck is right, and men are restless without beauty.

Poor things, what bad shots they make trying to win it. If you only knew how sweet it is to live in a land of stone, as you do. And what shall I exactly say to exactly get the aspect of these slates and bricks? *Sour*,—that is the word. And all my teeth are on edge. So when you go forth into the villages, will you love and praise them for their holy greyness?"

About a book that he had taken with him he said: "I've started a new book to read and don't like to drop it having begun it, and yet I don't like going on with it." "Good morals," observed his listener. "Couldn't be better, I know —and yet, and yet, and yet, and yet, and yet, and yet! And yet, and yet, and yet!! It's the life of Jowett." And afterwards he said: "Would you believe me, there is not a single reference to Dickens or Thackeray in the whole life of Jowett —nothing but dismal theology all through. Not that theology ought to be dismal, and ought not to be the main subject of life—but there's so much of the inhuman side of it."

The name of Dean Stanley being brought forward in connexion with Jowett's, he said: "It is astonishing how little these chaps are remembered. He was very popular, he was a clever man and came at a very lucky time for himself, when people were beginning to weary of the vehement ardour of Newman. He brought a gentle kind of liberalism into religious questions that was very welcome to them, though he and those who had similar views were liable to be asked why then did they stay in the Church." He quoted Carlyle as having said that they ought to be shot as sentinels handing over their posts to the enemy, but maintained himself that there was something to be said on the other side too. "They wanted to keep up the Church. Its downfall would be the signal of much mischief, and they saw no good in handing it over to those who they thought would bring it to ruin by intolerance."

On the only day that it was warm enough for Edward really to enjoy going out, we drove to Little Malvern and saw there a very beautiful old church. He pointed out that, though shockingly devastated and knocked about, yet, as it

had never been restored, we could see clearly where the destruction ended and the ancient beauty began. This was the time he liked best in his whole stay. He had gone to Malvern with the intention of remaining a fortnight, but became so restless before the first week was over that he wrote to his doctor, asking if he might leave sooner and go to Rottingdean instead. The reply was anxiously awaited, and on its arrival with the word that set us free, we came away immediately. The morning was the finest he had seen there, but nothing could tempt him, and he started for Rottingdean in excellent spirits. The long railway journey remains in my memory as a happy experience, for each hour he revived and grew merrier. Arrived at Paddington we trundled across in a four-wheeled cab to Victoria, where in our recovered liberty we found lunch at the railway station delicious, and by the time we reached Rottingdean he had cast off all appearance of being an invalid. "What was it?" he said. "Influenza, I suppose—every one said so—but it has something of the nature of malaria in it, for I suddenly drop into the depths and feel as though I could not live, and come out of the fit in about a day or a night nearly well."

Just before the Malvern time I had paid a visit to Red House, which I believe none of us had seen since 1865. The immediate neighbourhood was little changed, "Hog's Hole" being quite recognizable and the fields round the garden untouched. The apple blossom was out, and the grass and flowers in as perfect condition as they used to be; but we were told that changes were at hand, and that soon it would be surrounded by fresh buildings.

Untaught by experience, I had imagined that Edward's absence from the Grange would be long enough for a trusty builder to put a band of workmen into it, and repaint and whitewash a great part of the house before his return; but in three days after we reached Rottingdean he wanted to be at work again. "By the turn of next week," he wrote, "I hope to be back [in London]—the painting will surely be over. How I hate Spring cleanings; artists ought never

to be cleaned—half their vitality goes out of them when they are clean." Another time, after a whitewashing of the house-studio, he complained: "The glory is too great for me, I don't feel as if I should ever be able to work in it: it will be like trying to paint in a drawing-room"; and when asked whether he would have the next room, the little studio, put in order now, he said: "No, I must leave that to take care of itself for a time. The fact is, I want a room of this size to paint in, and a rubbish-room seven times larger, and the tidiness of Tadema—then I should do."

Within a week he was in town. Not that the Grange was ready for him, nor that he was reckless of draughts, damp whitewash, and the smell of house-paint—but that in his usual way he overrode difficulties, and arranged to work in the garden-studio and sleep at a private hotel near by. "Well and eager for work," he reports himself the following morning. "I have gone down to the garden-studio and planned all the next days. It will take me some hours to pick my wits together in such a turmoil, but it can be done, and I am eager for work; but it was a dear, gentle time at Rottingdean, not soon to be forgotten." These words refer to the companionship of some young girls who lived there, and whose presence always made part of our happiness in the place. He got to work at "Avalon," and his only comment on the discomfort of the time is: "Coming out to my work in a morning is a new experience, and not agreeable for many days."

Quite suddenly things fell out so that, though Edward could not go, a chance was offered to me of visiting Normandy in most pleasant company, and on June 4th I started for a six days' pilgrimage to Abbeville, Beauvais, and Amiens. We were at Beauvais Cathedral on Whit Sunday morning, and all through the beautiful service the images of the young Edward and Morris of two and forty years ago were with me. "I am so glad you had the Sunday morning there, and know what I remember," wrote the Edward of 1897. Another letter told me about "Avalon." "I have had a nice morning's work, and done good to a

little corner of my picture, a very little corner, but it all helps. I get to love this picture, but after another three weeks I must put it by—or, as it is too big to move, I will put myself by, and go to work on something profitable." He was on the platform at Victoria when I returned, and seemed to be quite well.

The arrival of Rudyard Kipling and his family in England in 1896 had been a great pleasure to us. For our own sake we would have liked them to live in London, but that was not the scheme of their life, and they took a house in Devonshire. When, however, they found that climate unsuitable, Edward advised them to try Sussex, and urged their going down to our house at Rottingdean while seeking one for themselves. This was arranged, and at the beginning of June they arrived in the village where, as it proved, they were to remain for the next five years.

The certainty of their bright company always awaiting Edward when he ran down to Rottingdean gave one more charm to the little place. "O my beloved Ruddy," he writes, "I am so glad to be going back to you to-morrow. I am growing tame and like a curate—like an over-anxious curate. So to-morrow to little Rottingdean, to laugh and roar and throw care to the dogs—which is a beast I hate."

The excitement in London this year about the Queen's second Jubilee moved Edward more than that of the one ten years before, and instead of staying in his studio as he then did, painting quietly all the day, he accepted an invitation to see the procession. He went also with M. Legros to see the painted "relief" that he had done for the decoration of the Bank of England on Jubilee Day, and was much struck by it. "It is wonderfully done. It seems such a shame that it is to be knocked to pieces after all is over. He has painted and gilded it so as to give it an extraordinary look of relief. Of course it 's only Britannia and Law and Prosperity, and they can't be otherwise than Britannia and Law and Prosperity, but they are so astonishingly projected. The technique of it is wonderful."

Edward was back again from seeing the procession on

Jubilee Day in time to save a few hours of the long summer daylight. "Everything was surprisingly successful," he said, "but all the boasting of the papers is so dreadful; it makes one wonder that a thunderbolt doesn't fall on London." As he talked of the crowd and the soldiers and incidents in the long procession an organ was suddenly heard outside the studio. "Ah," he exclaimed, "that feels as life were beginning to take its old place, the organs beginning again in the street. Now we can go to work quietly once more."

One invitation that he received in connexion with the Jubilee he respectfully declined. It was a dinner given by a hundred "representative" women to the same number of "representative" men. A newspaper described it the following morning, as a gathering that "meant a fusion of widely different interests and tended towards better understanding of the sexes"; another regarded it as "an object lesson of the diverse vocations and interests which have opened out to women in the Queen's reign"; but nothing prevented Edward from seeing in it a collective hostess of one hundredfold strength, and his sense of humour found vent in a letter to an unrepresentative woman of his acquaintance. "I wish they hadn't thought of it! I don't mind them ruling and governing us or taking all the finances into their hands, or assaulting and beating us and blackening our eyes and our characters—but if they take to inviting us to dinner, old as I am I'll turn into the streets with a rifle."

After all the noise and display of the summer, many people drew freer breath when the voice of a poet was heard above the trumpets, and a few verses in a daily newspaper seemed to bring the nation to its knees. "Dear Ruddy," Edward wrote about the Recessional, that appeared in The Times of July 16th, "I love your Hymn—it is beautiful and solemn and says the word that had to be said." Short time, however, did the nation remain on its knees, and even the noble watchword of *Lest we forget!* became in the mouths of some a "frantic boast and foolish word."

Our friend Mr. Norton gave us great pleasure this summer by commissioning our son to paint a portrait of Edward, and in August it was begun. The view taken was of the artist at work in his own studio, and everything was done to make his standing for it as little irksome as possible. When finished, the likeness proved so satisfactory that we could not part with it, and Philip obtained Mr. Norton's consent to make a careful replica for him, whilst the original remained with us.

We did not go down to Rottingdean so early as usual, and Edward's birthday was kept in London. On that day he wrote to Miss Maxse, making use of his own peculiar system of calculation. "Ah yes, on this day 93 years ago was born, under sad circumstances and not too auspicious a star, me. And many pretty letters have come, even from far Finland, which touched me, and I am to be taken to the Beast Gardens if it is fine, as I pray it may be, though the morning has begun in an evil way."

The next day he tells Lady Lewis: "I had a really happy birthday—ready as I am to give up birthdays, I was glad of this one. And in the afternoon Georgie and I and Judith Blunt, who is staying here, drove to the Beast Garden, and I had a fine time with lions' faces, and elephants' legs, and bears' backs, and cobras' fiendishness—stopped there for hours. And in the evening came back Phil, from the Border country. I also had two books from you, and a blue necktie and a pewter pot, and from the Horner babes a big box of sweets. Now was that a birthday or was it not?"

While we were visiting the beasts I remember he bought a pair of Cambayan doves, whose colour and shape he admired beyond that of all others.

With the birthday letter "from far Finland" came some Finnish ballads and their music. We had seen the writer of the letter but once, at the Grange, and found her a cultivated woman, very grave and silent, but knowing a great deal about Edward's work, and seeming almost unable to tear herself away after long looking at it. Her curious silence was now apologized for and explained, by her telling

him that she had been unable to speak because she found herself on the verge of tears all the time. With proud humility she added: "Finnish barbarians are too untrained to look upon your pictures calmly. I have no other excuse. Oh so many things I should have liked to ask you and to say to you, but I could not. I hope these ballads will come to you on your birthday next Saturday and bring you thousands of well-wishings from Finland. You will understand them so well. English authors like to call you especially English, but you are also Finnish, are you not? You belong to us also?" Years ago, when reading the Kalevala, he had received the freedom of the country.

Work upon "Avalon" was now brought to a stop, because the garden-studio was too narrow for the whole picture ever to be seen at once from a proper distance; so in September the big picture was removed to No. 9, St. Paul's Studios, some half mile from the Grange. Here for the first time in his life Edward had a really good painting-room, very large and with an excellent North light—but he put nothing into it except "Avalon," nor was he able to work upon that for a long time.

An incident of this summer was that a picture by Walter Deverell came into our possession. He is said only to have painted two or three pictures, and when Edward heard that one of these had been sold at a sale, he was so disappointed to have missed it that the purchaser very kindly yielded it to him for the same modest price that he himself had paid. It is an oil painting, and its subject is the simple one of a lady standing in a garden, with her face uplifted towards a bird in a cage that hangs a little above her. The garden is very brightly coloured, the lady is a pretty one. It was a link with a time of which we had often thought, and we were glad to have the picture.

In the autumn Edward fell out of health again and suffered at intervals from the depression of spirits which had troubled him ever since his first attack of influenza. "I feel dull and flat these days, and cannot wake up at all; the melancholy I so dread, that had left me for a little,

has been pouring back on me, and it is hard to deal with. But it had left me quite—so it is only shifting about." He began to complain of drowsiness as well as fatigue, and often would come into the drawing-room in the course of the afternoon, and throwing himself down upon a sofa, would fall at once into profound and apparently peaceful sleep. I believe, on looking back, that he was more anxious about himself than he allowed those nearest to him to suspect. With others, friends close enough to be trusted, yet in whose faces he would not have to see the thought reflected every hour of the day, he was less guarded. See these words from a letter to such a one: "Promised I did to tell what the doctor said—and it 's all right about the heart-throbbings—they may bang themselves about as much as they like—the heart is all right. Only some mechanical difficulty that will go when more strength comes—so that affair is settled. I had some little fear there might be mischief. Why fear? it is an easy death, and a desirable one, but I love my life, and would do all I can to prolong it, till prolonging it would be misery, and then I would take no more care." When he was young he never seemed to dread death so much in itself as because it cut short the story of life. He used to say it was the only irremediable evil, for if people could but live everything would come right. He had always a passionate desire to die before those he loved. After Morris went, death was frequently mentioned between us, and the fear of it was gone.

In October came a welcome letter from Mr. Spencer Stanhope in Florence, saying how much he had liked the picture of "Love and the Pilgrim" when he was in England for the summer. "I write all this to ease my mind," he continued, "as I wanted to tell you what I felt about it *vivâ voce* if we had met again." He jested also, as was their custom when together, saying what a real enjoyment it would be to him to shew Edward round the sights of Florence—the electric trams, the new shops, and especially the bicycling in the streets. To which Edward answered by describing the charms of the November day on which

he was writing: "None of your intolerable blazing suns—a sweet soft drizzle over everything and that mist peculiar to England which throws a glamour over objects till they are scarcely discernible. It is an effect I have long wished to paint. After all, we ought to live in our own times—and may I add without offence, amongst our own people. It is not that I should not enjoy Florence enormously, but I feel my duty is here. Some men can reconcile it with their ideas of virtue to leave friends and country, and be off to some over-luxurious sunny clime, where in the pleasures of the senses they lose all remembrance of higher aspirations: it is not so with me."

This year's list of work says: "In the autumn I designed a window for Hawarden, of the Nativity." It was one with which the sons and daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone intended to commemorate the long married life of their parents, and the subject had been much discussed before it was quite decided upon, for the four narrow lights made anything except single figures a great difficulty.

The fear of failing sight which haunts most painters did not spare Edward, and towards the end of this year he was made very anxious by some unusual symptoms in his eyes —so anxious that for a long time he could not bear to say anything about it. At last, however, he compelled himself to submit to an examination, and to our relief the trouble was pronounced to be entirely in the mucous membrane, the sight being in no way affected. A special reason for anxiety in Edward's case was that his eyes had always been so unequal in sight that practically he had only one to depend upon: I remember that for some time his spectacles had a plain glass in one frame and a lens in the other. Without the help of eye-glasses he was now utterly at a loss—scarcely able to read or write at all. He wore spectacles for painting, but out of doors it was different, as he saw things at a distance quite well.

A collection of pictures by Rossetti formed part of the Winter Exhibition at the New Gallery, and it gave Edward great joy to see them again. He also had the satisfaction

of helping to secure the loan of some, whose owner could not make up his mind to strip his walls unless substitutes were provided in their absence. So a week was spent by Edward before Christmas in finishing his water-colour of "Galahad at the Chapel of the San Graal" and other things, to lend in place of the desired Rossettis.

The studio talk was naturally much about these pictures, of which Edward held the small early ones to be the best. The water-colour of Love bringing Dante to the dead Beatrice he thought the finest thing Gabriel ever did, and "worth the big oil one of the same subject seven thousand times over." The exhibition held at the Burlington Club after Rossetti's death he considered the most representative collection of his pictures that had been shewn; the one now at the New Gallery he placed next, partly because of its containing the first design of the dead Beatrice.

Amongst other things Edward now busied himself in finishing and watching over the reproduction of his two Volsung designs, the Branstock and the Burning. A note of December 31st marks their completion. "I think I have done this morning the last touches to the Kelmscott work. Alas, and for ever alas—and what will amend it!"

A glimpse of his loneliness of spirit revealed itself another time in the exclamation: "A pity it is I was not born in the Middle Ages. People would then have known how to use me—now they don't know what on earth to do with me." And next thing was the outcry of Hamlet, "The time is out of joint, O cursed spite, that ever I was born to set it right. Rossetti could not set it right and Morris could not set it right—and who the devil am I, who the devil am I? Swinburne's saying 'When three men hold together the kingdoms are less by three' was splendid, but to say 'When one man holds himself together in a very shaky way, the kingdoms are less by one,' doesn't sound so well, does it?" But he ended: "What does that matter even then? I have learned to know Beauty when I see it, and that's the best thing." "And to shew it to us," answered a friend's quiet voice.

Notwithstanding the deep discontent with which the evil of their own time afflicts all sensitive natures, Edward was keenly alive also to its better side. To his friend of so many years, Mrs. Horner, he wrote: "I believe I shall go out of life blessing it and grateful for it. I have seen glories and wonders, have known the fulness of admiration and worship for splendid work, and splendid lives I have seen. I suppose I might have made the vision better still if I had washed my eyes seven times in Jordan—whatever that may mean." Gratitude for having been born in the nineteenth century rather than the one before is clearly expressed in his answer to a friend's mention of Walpole's Letters. "Well, I never read Walpole's Letters—are they clever and bright? Should I like them? He lived in a horrid set of years and people; all the century through is like a wet Saturday afternoon to me, and the word eighteenth century sinks me down into despair. When Blake comes I begin to revive, and when Coleridge comes I am wide awake, and have been happily staring and seeing ever since."

Short as the winter days were, Edward began in them to paint a portrait of his five-year-old grandson, but even love for the little sitter did not make this easy. The child has yet to be born who can sit still enough to help an artist in his efforts to paint it. I remember Edward's once keeping a tiny model in one position by putting upon its small naked knee a dab of blue paint, which it spent some fruitless but quiet moments in endeavouring to remove. For an older child reading was generally tried, and little Denis Mackail was made an excuse for Miss Edgeworth's Frank and Harry and Lucy (always welcome visitors), joining us in the studio.

I will take for a light on these days such words of Edward's as I have met with from any source, if they express what I believe to have been his persistent thought. He did not change greatly in the course of time, but grew perpetually, and growth sometimes bears the aspect of change. Mistakes he made, and of them he said it was a case of having up scaffolding during repairs, for his philo-

sophy of "pegging away" did not recognize defeat. "There is no saying what time may do. It does set things to rights. But it is no use lamenting over one's mistakes in life; nothing is to be done that way, and they are not all such pure loss as they seem at the time. The wisdom that comes of them is to be had in no other way, and very often they have roused one's best faculties." He was not speaking of himself when he said: "You might just as well expect to see a great tree without its darkness or a great mountain without its shadows, as a great man without faults"—but others may say it for him.

Speaking of his early days he declared that he could not really call himself hardly treated then. "People abused me when I was young, but I daresay it was very good for me. If they had praised me no doubt I should have been very mortal about it and believed every word they said and never tried to do any better." Sympathy was alert when in late days he wrote of a beginner: "It is a clever lad who brings me his work to-day, and nobody will help him at all. People wait till a man can do without help, and then they cover him all over with a varnish of praise, and stop up all his pores for life if he listen, if he does not wash off the varnish as fast as it is laid on. An unfair world." The place he gave to originality in work was a simple and attainable one: "I suppose there is no one but could find some small portion of originality in himself, and it's his business to do it. A pity they [some young artists] go on with their imitations." Of envy he said: "If once an artist gives himself over to thinking about his personal estimation there's no knowing where he may stop—it's the beginning of insanity. There is the possibility of getting to envy even God Almighty Himself."

He claimed for painting an honourable second place where the first was unattainable. "And painting, that has the fatal doom of fire always hanging over it, has some advantages over other arts. There is no need in music or in poetry to have the second best, for the first is always accessible; but in painting there are countless grades of

possible delight, from the little pictures that charm and the sketch that amuses and gives hope, to the mighty one that strengthens life and confirms and seals aspiration, and like Prometheus steals fire from heaven." But he also defended what are called minor poets. "If a man is really a poet, that is the word to remember, and not the word 'minor.' Even Tennyson was once a minor poet. Of course I don't speak of impostors and absurdities, but I have known some who always remained minor, and their spirit and their talk was yet a whole universe in space above the speech of the unpoetical and average man."

There was a kind of painting that disturbed him, though in an opposite way, almost as much as that of the impressionists. It was that practised by artists of considerable skill but little imagination, who more or less unconsciously help themselves to the ideas of others without knowing how to manage them. The detail in work of this kind was sometimes wonderful, he said, but a little way off you could not see the shape of anything; the colour too was often extremely beautiful when looked at closely, but the whole thing not beautiful at all. "If they would leave figure-painting alone and go about the world modestly and happily, painting pretty views, cities, flowers, and every beautiful thing they come across in nature with a cheerful mind, they would do admirable and useful work that would be a pleasure to everybody, but these pictures are a bore and an anomaly." He declared that the laborious realization of parts of a thing, which results in the whole being unrecognizable, must lead inevitably to reaction and impressionism. And the loss of time that this revolt would mean was clear to him. "For it must be remembered that when the purpose of the revolt is gained, the rebel, if he has no permanent object in his mind, will cease to exist after the occasion for him has passed away."

Together with his concern that the motive of a picture should be worth spending labour upon, there went minute care about materials and processes. Nothing would make him hurry a work, and in the English climate patience to

wait the drying of oil paints had need be inexhaustible. Many were the searches he made for special colours, brushes, canvas, or paper of which he had but heard. A letter to Mr. E. R. Hughes shews how eagerly he desired to find a certain red colour in chalk. His anxiety for it had been noticed by a model, and by her reported to Mr. Hughes, who kindly wrote to give him some information about it. "I should never have dreamed of asking how any effect was produced," Edward answered; "F. mistook a little. I only asked if your red chalk was the ordinary red chalk of commerce, for she said she thought it much more crimson than mine. Now the ancient red is a far more crimson and rosy tint than the dusty brown sticks they give us now, and I have understood always that the ancient red is exhausted and that we have fallen on evil days and can get no more of it, and as I am always asking about it of every colourman I meet, in vain, and as she—the aforesaid F.—was sure yours was a rosy colour compared with mine, I was fired with fresh desire for that ancient treasure. I never make careful red chalk drawings. I am waiting till I can find one stick of the tint Correggio used. But your method of using this poor substitute reads admirably, and since you have generously imparted it to me, I shall assuredly use it."

The words in which he embodied his experience for the help of younger painters were often characteristic enough. "This picture [one of his own] is very hard to get right. But when I've tingled it up with bright points of light, and buzzed about it and given it atmosphere I shall get it right at last." He said there were a hundred ways of painting, all difficult and all open to some objection or other; and it was a cruel thing to try to fetter an artist, and tell him there is only one way. A clear saying resulted from the question asked by a painter at whose work he was looking: "Shall I put another clump of bluebells in my picture?" "Get the subject right first," was the answer; "the bluebells are a quite unimportant matter that you can settle on any time afterwards." And about "Avalon" he said: "It

won't do to begin painting heads or much detail in this picture till it 's all settled. I do so believe in getting in the bones of a picture properly first, then putting on the flesh and afterwards the skin, and then another skin; last of all combing its hair and sending it forth to the world. If you begin with the flesh and the skin and trust to getting the bones right afterwards, it 's such a very slippery process."

He always reckoned on the neglect which a man's work may have to undergo at the end of his life as well as at the beginning, and looked forward to the possibility of it for himself. "I must prepare for public weariness about me. Everything has to go through its period of neglect; if it survives that and comes to the surface again it is pretty safe." Vanity he recognized as one of the failings most natural to artists, and owned that the air in the Valley of Humiliation was salutary for them as well as for other pilgrims. "Whether a man's success is one that he is sure of in himself, or whether it is only one of public acclamation, in either case it is a great peril to him; but to have succeeded in his own opinion is perhaps the more perilous of the two." Jealousy, he said, was, in a way, a more graceful fault in an artist than vanity, though it might not seem so at first sight: "It is at least a tribute to merit in another, but vanity is without any relief." I have heard him say that he thought one good side of going into the world was that it taught a man of how little importance he was. Yet the discipline of dining out was occasionally a benefit disguised too deeply for immediate recognition. "You cannot think what last night was. Lord, I wonder we all weren't little heaps of ashes half-way through the dinner. I was a heap of ashes, and thought I should never quicken again."

A romantic play called The Children of the King, given for a few times at the Court Theatre, beguiled Edward out one December afternoon and gave him lively pleasure. Also a curious piece purporting to be Chinese—The Cat and the Cherub—which he saw shortly afterwards impressed him very much. The Corsican Brothers was a thing that he liked unfeignedly and wished to see far

oftener than was possible. He thought Irving admirable in it and used to entreat him to give it. A letter to Lady Rayleigh dwells on this subject. "Irving hath behaved very treacherously—he has beguiled me with soft answers, and it is only too clear that the Corsican Brothers are in the dim future. It is cruel, for there is nothing that I want to see but that; nothing else would give us a masked ball, a duel in the snow, a ghost, another duel and vengeance completed. And there he is—Irving I mean—doing Charles I. night after night." But to the presentation of most plays he remained as ever, all but indifferent.

Some of his words about education sound paradoxical taken by themselves, but his views on it were easy enough to understand. He said he never quite knew what people meant when they said such and such a one was, or was not, well educated. "Nobody is very much educated—if they learn one thing they have to forget another, and the encyclopaedic people are quite horrible. The learning most useful should always be on the side of imagination."

He never forgot hearing an "encyclopaedic" person say that Christ would have been a more effectual teacher if he had been more cultivated. "As I live, these were his very words. And I wanted to smash him with the coal-scuttle and wipe my boots on his face. And in a figure of speech I did, and for days I railed at education and pined for the company of cabmen."

"Education," he said, "is a pretty enough word if it is taken literally and intended to mean an influence that 'leads forth' something already in one, but they seldom mean anything so nice as that. By the present way people's faculties are more often stuffed up than drawn out. Inducate is rather the word that represents it. People ought to get into the habit of saying quite in an ordinary tone of voice, 'My boys are being inducated at Eton.' A man who can make a door has been educated to some purpose. His faculties have been drawn out in the most efficient way. That dear Ruskin meant the same thing when he asked to be allowed to shake hands with the man who built a wall

properly and could not read or write. Children ought to be born labelled whether they should learn reading and writing or not."

In the course of this year he and George Meredith met again, having seldom seen each other since the Rossetti days, and their meeting was thus described by Edward: "I met Meredith the other day. 'What shall we talk of?' said he, 'politics or art?' 'Politics I never think of,' said I, 'and art I never talk of.' 'Let 's begin on Epps' cocoa,' said he, and so we started and had a fine time of it."

The subjects on which an eloquent man does not speak lie very near his heart, and any word he says concerning them is remembered by his friends. It was in his letters rather than in conversation that Edward touched upon what was sacred to him; yet in his talk one did not miss the mention of causes whose effects were felt. He wrote: "I never doubt for a moment the real presence of God, I should never debate about it any more than I should argue about Beauty, and the things I most love." In another letter, speaking of his mother's death, he said: "As time goes on I think of it more and more. If ever I see her, why she will be a young thing, as young as Margaret. But we won't say 'if'—*when* I see her: let us die in the faith."

We spent a gloriously sunny Christmas Day at Rottingdean, but Edward did not stay to see the New Year in, and left on the 29th. Next day I heard from him: "Now I do pray for a good long spell of work—much is it needed. Very quiet it is, but I like the peace. I sent my model away that I might the more enjoy the silence, and when I heard one of the maids shouting for another I went out and blamed her—not fiercely—and told her never to do such a thing. By and bye when light is over I shall go down to the New Gallery and dine with Hallé and Grueber and Lindsay at a pot-house. What with drawings and what with pictures nearly 70 Rossettis are got. Doesn't it sound nice? I am very busy, and quite well." On the 31st he says: "A fairly clear day, and much to do on it. I shall

dine in Young Street but doubt if I shall sit up for the New Year—so tired I get at 10. I dined last night with Hallé and Carr and Lindsay, and was home by 10 and in bed by 10.2. Most busy all night but I forget what about. You will love to see the Rossettis, a beautiful room full of them; so many old friends—heart-breaking little friends."

Then the year closed, and we did not meet again till January 3rd, 1898.

CHAPTER XXVIII

AVALON
1898

THIS year opened as it would not have done, had we known the future. For reasons of health I went in January to Bordighera, and stayed six weeks in the house of our friends the George MacDonalds, whose kindness made it seem as if Allingham must have been right, and I was really of their family. "Give my love to my brothers the MacDonalds and my sister the Sunlight and my mother the Blue," was a message in one of Edward's first letters. He rejoiced at having sent me to a sunny land, but nothing would have tempted him to come amongst its villas and hotels. "Shouldn't I feel Bordighera and the Riviera generally as a kind of celestial Malvern?" he asked. As to the English skies, he says: "A dark day again, but yesterday was soft and real blue—so it can be done, and it 's only the will that is wanting." Of himself he reports: "I am quite well. And often I sleep on the sofa at the end of the day, as I did yesterday, a deep sleep for two hours." We noticed a curious thing—explicable perhaps by the fact that a man always reproduces something of himself in his work—that when these times of weariness came upon him, he generally fell asleep in the same position that he had given to the figure of Arthur in "Avalon."

His letters now were many, both to me and others: they tell of a "whiff of influenza," which kept him to the house for a time, but did not stop his work or prevent his receiving daily visits from friends and entertaining them in the evening. "I haven't been out for a day or two because of a

slight cold—very slight—but as it blows and sometimes makes so bold as sleet I don't particularly want to go out." He charged me to find Mr. Doughty, whom he believed to be living at Bordighera, and to give his love to the writer of Arabia Deserta, "the book I love so much"; but Mr. Doughty had left the place and the commission remained unfulfilled. Memories of his first journey to Italy were quickened into words about this time by a letter from Mrs. Gaskell at Genoa; and from his answer one might think he had lived long in that city. "Outside Genoa, towards the East, is an ancient church that I used to love above everything else in Genoa. I think it is called S. Ambrogio but am not quite sure. Guide-books are such fools and know nothing—they tell one of bad pictures amply enough, but of God-invented architecture they say nothing: see it if you can. I think it was S. Ambrogio, it is very ancient and touching; how I loved it, and how surprised to find it; no one had ever mentioned it to me. I made drawings but have lost the note-book. There were porphyry monoliths in it brought from Syria, and capitals carved when they were wondering what they could carve. By and bye they could carve, and then they carved no more. Need I say I allude to the Renaissance, cursed be its memory from its first abortion to its last—which at its present rate will be about the time of the Day of Judgment, when the fire shall burn it up and its worthless memory. I wonder if it was S. Ambrogio—but it must have been near the sea-wall, for suddenly I came out into a little cloister, and saw the blue sea just below me. And I used to go often into an ancient cloister in the heart of the city. I think the house where Columbus was born was close to it. I wish some one would write new guide-books to Italy and France, and, as Mrs. Gamp says, 'be guided as I could desire.' If they want to take you to the Doria don't go, but rest in Yseult's (Isotta) Hotel. Fancy her poor name being used for an hotel. But if I could take you to that outlying eastern church in Genoa, I would tell you such things."

His own explanation of the vehemence with which he

spoke at times on different subjects shall follow this letter. "When I say these vehement things about politics and what not, don't think me so unjust as I sound; much is the result of many a day's thinking about the world, even from the earliest years, and I was a fanatic always—they are bound to be unfair. To be quite just is to take no side and no part, not to like one thing much more than another, and I can't be that now nor I daresay ever could have been. Must either love or hate, and both with all my might. And by this time I do know what is beautiful, to see, to hear, in art and the conduct of life; and what is not that I must hate, and do."

It was not so with him in regard to human beings, whose personality affected him most powerfully. "I used to dislike such-a-one so much till I knew him, and since that I cannot be fair. I have forgotten and forgiven all I used to say against him." But he did not make much effort to conquer a reasonable antipathy. "Yes, I met Mr. —— and really would have liked him if he had had a completely different nature—if it had been wholly different—for I am liberally minded and only wanted him to see things from my point of view. And when I talked about elephants and how nice they are to look at, he would say how nice they were to kill and sell their tusks; so of course there was thenceforth no common ground."

His feeling for some characters in fiction was almost as strong as if they had been alive. "I am reading the Antiquary and am absorbed in it. I have only read it 27 times before—if you have read it no oftener than that I beseech you to read it. In time I shall like Miss Wardour very much, but I think I never was such a time in liking anybody yet—still if Scott wants me to, I will and must." Commenting on the apparent roughness of Miss Betsy Trotwood when we first meet her in David Copperfield, he praised Dickens "for seeing her real virtues under an unpromising outside."

Before my return from Bordighera Edward went down to Rottingdean in search of strength; for the "whiff of

influenza" had left him very weak. "And if I do not soon get well, it will be the first time the little place has failed to set me up," he said. Mr. Rooke went with him. As they sat at lunch after their arrival, Edward drew a long breath and said: "Ah well, how nice it would be if I could get quickly well down here, in two or three days. But my demands grow so unconscionably. First I said, if only I could get away [from London], then if I could but get better, and now I'm here I want it all at once." In the afternoon he began work with great energy, painting until the light failed: at night he was tired, and said: "I shall go soon to bed," but gave orders thus about the next morning: "Let us have breakfast at eight. The doctor advised ten as a good time, so if we say eight that will be better still, by two hours."

Some talk with a friend who called during the evening was about an article that had just appeared in a magazine, describing the horrors of a haunted house. "Ah," said Edward, "I should take all that very lightly—people have the loosest ideas about evidence. Very few can give it, fewer know how to sift it, and the number of those who make the proper deductions from it is very few indeed. For instance, for unusual facts few are aware that you need unusually strong evidence. If a man tells me he saw a chestnut horse going down the road here, I believe him. But if he tells me he saw a blue horse going down the road, I should require his testimony to be supported by that of several people in whose capacity for giving evidence I had full confidence. And what's more than likely is that I should require to see the horse myself. Probably to find that it had been stained blue, or painted perhaps." Then they turned to the subject of mesmerism, and our friend, a scientific man, said that he believed there might be something in mesmerism beyond mere conjuring, to which Edward assented. "Quite possibly. No one would undertake to say we are at the end of discovery in Natural Force, but we must have the imposture of it cleared away before we can get any further. I have been to several *séances* myself

and sat for hours in the dark without anything ever happening, and I always thought that significant." His visitor held that that fact seemed rather to make the thing possibly true; but Edward answered that if a Professor were to see unsympathetic-looking people at a *séance*, he would not like to risk deception, and gave an illustration of this from his own experience. "Once I went with Mr. Morris to a *séance* at a house where we dined first with the medium, which I always thought was a mistake. Of course I knew it would not do for us to shew ourselves in our proper character, and I warned Morris before we went that we'd have to play the fool rather. But he couldn't, bless him —he never could act a part, he was always obliged to be his own straightforward self; so the medium could see, as every one could always, that he was a remarkable man. And —nothing happened; though I think I dodged her pretty completely."

One thing Edward worked on while at Rottingdean was the adaptation for tapestry of a design he had made in 1881 for a picture called "The Passing of Venus." The very latest entry in his list of work refers to this: "Began a design for Tapestry of the Passing of Venus, that the traditions of tapestry weaving at Merton Abbey might not be forgotten or cease." Looking at the cartoon one day he said that he was going to alter the figure of Venus, because it was rather smaller than that of the others; and when asked whether it was not right for her to be so, because she was somewhat further off than they, he answered: "I don't want her to be. Besides, figures diminished by distance are a bore in tapestry. That dear Morris who was so rightly minded, as he always was, had a very true saying about it. He was fond of insisting that heads in decoration ought to be of exactly the same size, and go one just behind the other like shillings in a row."

Even in painted pictures Edward shrank from the break in unity caused by any great difference of size in figures; and when, in the background of "Avalon," the laws of perspective obliged him to make one of the watching Maidens

a good deal less than the others, he was uneasy till he had taken her out again. "The little figure watching on the wall won't do," he said; "it would be suddenly diminished in size from the others and would turn into a landscape figure at once. We have lost one thing in the world which we need never expect to get back again, and that is the right to put a figure in the background of the same size as those in the front. The Greeks did it, and the old Italians, and it used to be quite right, but we can't any longer. We have eaten of the fruit of the tree of knowledge and can't have our garden of Eden any more—cannot paint with the same innocency that was once possible."

During the time that Edward was in Rottingdean my stay at Bordighera came to an end. His letters about himself were reassuring. One of them says: "I am writing in the Mermaid; a big fire blazing, the sunlight almost making it pale; and well content I feel." Another: "Certainly influenza is no trifle, and henceforth we shall dread it, for the weakness is so great. Never mind, I hope it 's over for this year, and the next year must take care for the things of itself—we can't be bothered any more." When I arrived in England the best message of all awaited me: "Oh so much better I am, and ready for life and work again." I went on to Rottingdean as soon as possible, and he walked along the Brighton road to meet me. He looked worn, but no thinner than when I saw him last. Three days later we returned to London.

When soon after this the day of Rossetti's departing came round once more, there is a note of Edward's about it, saying: "Seventeen years ago my glorious Gabriel died." It was a year less in reality.

Dr. Evans was now publishing his translation of the High History of the Holy Graal, all of which he had read aloud in the studio as he wrote it, to Edward's great delight; but his theory of the allegorical meaning of the story met with no sympathy or acceptance. "My father," said Rossetti once, alluding to the theory of the elder Gabriele as to the personality of Dante's worshipped mis-

tress, "thought Beatrice was the twopenny post;" and I do not believe Edward more seriously considered his friend's exposition of Galahad. To explain a story that to him was an explanation of life he felt intolerable. Time never touched his feeling for the Quest. "Lord!" he wrote, "how that San Graal story is ever in my mind and thoughts continually. Was ever anything in the world beautiful as that is beautiful? If I might clear away all the work that I have begun, if I might live and clear it all away, and dedicate the last days to that tale—if only I might."

In the same way that he speaks here, we have seen from the beginning many things called the greatest or most beautiful on earth, yet without excluding each other. Nor were they meant to do so. "Every one's work stands on its own merits without reference to any other's," he said, and his highest enthusiasm was roused by inherent qualities rather than by comparison.

The picture from Chaucer's Prioress' Tale which Edward completed this spring was the one designed in Red Lion Square forty years before, and the composition of the figures of the Virgin and the little Christian boy remains exactly as he drew them then—the vision had not changed. The background, however, is altered, a city replacing the landscape. As he was fitting in the poppies that grow up in front of and around the figures, some one remarked upon the importance of first lines in a composition. "Yes," he said, "they come straight from the heart." And then he added: "You see how the flowers come at intervals like those in a tune" (humming as he pointed to one after the other): "La la la la." When this and the other picture, a "St. George," that he meant for exhibition, were finished, he wrote: "And I wish they were the last I should ever exhibit, for I hate it all profoundly." Once when talk was going on in the studio about ingenious ways of getting a good light to paint by, he said: "All that is beyond me. I never could understand anything but a picture painted in the place it is intended to fill, never cared for a travelling

picture, though mine are all that, never really cared for anything but architecture and the arts that connect with it. But what difficulties the old painters must have had in the way of glaring cross-lights from the different church windows as the day went round, and all kinds of things." He quoted Michael Angelo as having said that it "crumpled him up" to paint the roof of the Sistine Chapel. Asked whether he ever tried to imagine he was painting on a wall whilst working at his pictures in the studio, he said: "That and all kinds of things I try and comfort my poor little old self with. But all the same I'm not painting on a wall, or if I am, Smith and Uppard [the frame-makers] will come and carry it away presently."

Well as he knew what he liked and wished for, and what he could not have, grumbling was neither a first nor a last resort with him. Of such matters he wrote: "How one can reconcile oneself to the thing that must be. Such an ugly coat is the thing that must be! but one wears it into fitting, and by and bye it is an old coat, and fits perfectly." He said that he was born without much of the quality of hopefulness: "Hope is a mere luxury, not a necessity; the fortunate may safely indulge in it."

A letter to Lady Lewis, who was travelling in Italy, follows the same thread of memory taken up in his words to Mrs. Gaskell about Genoa. "There is, I remember, just outside Florence, at the Porta Romana end, at a place called I think Ombrella (can it be possible?) a little chapel absolutely filled with Robbia design, most interesting to see; and you won't miss the Robbia babies outside the Foundling Hospital, will you? That was the first Foundling Hospital ever devised, and the mother of them all, and the story of its founding is one of the pretty tales of the world."

When Lady Lewis went on to Venice, he followed her with advice what to see there. "Of all things do go to the little chapel of S. Giorgio di Schiavoni, where the Carpaccios are. The tiniest church that ever was, like a very small London drawing-room—but with pictures!!! And

whenever you see Carpaccio give him my love, and whenever you see Bellini give him my adoration, for none is like him—John, that is, for his brother I only respect."

Though Edward was always ready to declare that he would make no more new friends—the old were better—yet on the appearance of what seemed the right person, he or she was accepted with all the confidence of youth. In these months began an acquaintance with Dr. Jessopp, Rector of Scarning in Norfolk, which contained the promise of friendship. Even before they met, the two men were attracted each by the other's work, and at last came a note from Dr. Jessopp, proposing to call at the Grange when he was in town. The effect of this letter may be read in Edward's answer:

"And I too have greatly desired to see you, and sent you my love last autumn, when Rudyard Kipling said he was to sit next to you at a dinner, and the pencilled card you sent by him has been duly delivered and I have it now. What a pity about your journey to Rottingdean. I was there only three weeks ago—such a welcome you should have had—but some plan of meeting shall be devised. I also am nearing the year of limit, and travel little, but to have reached Rottingdean you must have passed through London, and there was our chance, and I should love a time with you. So if by and bye you have to come to London let me know, and I will clear everything in the way of impediment aside, and we will have a good time. Yes, this is a day of good omen that brought your letter, and as I am struggling out of a six weeks' wrestle with influenza, with its accompaniments of despairs, remorses, and humiliations, think how cheering it was."

The meeting took place soon afterwards, and this is Edward's account of it: "Jessopp's was a dear visit yesterday, and he is a most loveable man; tall, very tall, a splendid-looking fellow; I gave him a good welcome." A second and last letter to Dr. Jessopp shews the beginning of intimacy. "I will forthwith send you the promised photograph, and also, if you will not impute it to forwardness, a photo-

graph of my son's portrait of me, most like the old man, busy at his work and out of mischief for the time."

Soon after this a part of his youth was brought back to him very clearly by a letter from Mrs. Howard Ratcliff, once Miss Charlotte Salt, of Birmingham. It contained an urgent request that he would go there and deliver a public lecture upon any subject he chose, for the benefit of some good cause which she had at heart. It was impossible to send her the kind of formal refusal that he would have sent to a stranger; so he put the letter into his pocket and brought it down to Rottingdean, where he was just going, and would have time to answer it carefully. We had neither of us kept up a regular correspondence with this dear friend, but, as will be seen, there was no estrangement between us. Edward's letter to her was written on the last day of his last visit to the little place he loved so well.

"My dear Charlotte,—for any other way of addressing you is just impossible—I know there is no need of assuring you that those old days are all remembered; at any moment I can recall them, sometimes hour by hour. You never fade from my remembrance in the least, nor from Georgie's, and many a time our talk is about you, and our love is unchanged.

"Now, as to what you asked me to do, I hate to refuse you what must seem such a little matter, but when I tell you that scarcely a week goes by without some request that I will preside at a meeting, deliver an address, lecture on Art, distribute prizes, do in short anything but paint, which is the one thing no one ever asks me or urges me to do—and that to one and all of these requests for years past I have made but one reply, you will see how needful it is I should not suddenly make an exception, and let in an overwhelming flood of such demands that I could no longer consistently decline: all this I am sure you see.

"One day, since you never come to London, I will travel to Birmingham and see you, but it shall be in peace and quiet, when we can talk long about that delightful past.

"I am here for a day or two, to see for myself why

Georgie doesn't get well and strong. All the year has gone ill with her and strength will not come. Doctors say there is nothing the matter, only that she breaks down easily, but I am troubled about her, often.

"Phil—whom you don't know, I think—has painted a portrait of me this year, which is very like this old man. When I go back to town I will send you a photograph of the picture, that you may see. He has figured me painting away, and I hope you will like it.

"See, at last I have written. If time enough is given to me I will pay all debts yet."

The words so often spoken in jest about his being an old man seemed now as if some time they might come true. There were signs that age had heard of him and was seeking for a way in which to touch him. From some men their youth dies out like a stick-fire, and those who first see them at a later time never think to ask what they were before that hour: with others the fire of their early days still lasts, and a word will bring it to their eyes. By this twice-lit flame of life they warm the souls of their friends, but at a great cost to themselves, for it is fed with their own strength. Our fear, however, of Edward's knowing the feebleness of age was a vain one, for on the verge of "the evil days" his feet stopped. He seemed now to live more and more within himself. Not in any moody or taciturn way; the sight of friends was always welcome, and talk never flagged in his company; but he knew how far this went. "A little cheer when we are together—poor mortals—and then one is alone with oneself." Hear, though, what he said about being alone with oneself. "I need nothing but my hands and my brain to fashion myself a world to live in that nothing can disturb. In my own land I am king of it." And he looked for others to build for themselves some such refuge at the point where human sympathy cannot follow; he thought God had made this possible for us all. When some one told him of a very sad life that seemed beyond help, he answered: "I am sorry that the earth is so sad for her, it sounds very, very miser-

able; because it is a wonderful and splendid earth with a marvel of a history, and whether we, in our little separate lives, are happy or not, it remains a miracle of a tale and a miracle of a sight. I wish we could take some of that medicine into our heart." And again, of some one who seemed to brood over and nurse her sorrow: "Do write a letter to her to make her feel that isn't all the world." Nay, he did not trust himself to keep up unfailing sympathy in such a case, "for the perpetual story of misery makes the gentlest hearer numb out of self-defence." With another kind of misery, that springing from poverty and want of a fair chance in the world, he never seemed impatient, and only marvelled how little the sufferers from these causes said about it. But—possibly because he realized their burden so clearly—he was never quite at ease with very poor people.

The increasing illness of Mr. Gladstone made his children anxious to have their window set up in Hawarden Church, whilst he could still care anything about it; and Edward went down to Merton Abbey more than once to look at it while it was being made. A letter to Mrs. Horner speaks of a special visit. "I heard on Friday from Mary Drew, so wanting the window, the Nativity window, which his children are giving as thank-offering for that long, splendid life. I go to Merton Abbey with a heavy heart, to see it and watch it. I think it looks well, and in a fortnight will be set up. Since they want it I hope it can be in time, yet I marvel that anything seems to matter. Such a pretty place is Merton Abbey, even now, but so ghost-ridden to me that my spirits sink at the thought of it. A clever little artist named New is making drawings for the Life [of Morris]. I once knew an artist named Old. I know another who, though not so named, is old—which is more to the point. I liked the 'New' one, and bonnily he was drawing. I wondered if mine were the only eyes looking over his shoulder as he worked, and if they were as pleased as mine were."

The knowledge that our lease of the Grange was nearing

an end had lately made us uneasy. We had already had one extension of it, and now Edward was anxious for some security that he would never be disturbed. "I am too old to be turned out at my time of life," he said; "I could not make a new start anywhere else. I couldn't bear having to go." And looking back over the thirty years of good and evil that we had known in the house, he forgot the griefs and remembered the joys, summing up the whole in these words: "I love all its associations, and Phil and Margaret being children in it." An offer that we made to buy the house was declined by its owner, but so courteously that we felt our long relation as tenants and landlady had made us almost friends. The disappointment of the refusal was softened also by an offer to grant another extension of the lease or to give a new one. Edward laid the matter before his unfailing friend Sir George Lewis, whose help made all things plain for us, and in May a fresh lease of twenty-one years was signed, to begin from the end of the existing one in 1902. "So glad we are to keep the house on—how could I turn out into the street at this time of life?" Edward repeated.

After about a month spent in clearing the way for it, there had now begun a peaceful time of painting upon "Avalon" regularly three days a week, such as Edward had never known before. The large, quiet room having nothing else in it saved him from distraction; very few people came to see him there, and Mr. Rooke was able to help him as of old with details of the picture, whilst they talked together in their usual free and friendly way. Edward met him on the first day with, "Isn't it a delightful studio? and so big that we only look the same size as the people in the picture." In one of their rambling conversations Mr. Rooke mentioned having seen a man who could remember his father, and who had been telling him about it, and Edward caught at the idea. "I wish there were some one to talk to me of my father. There's absolutely no one, not a soul remembers him now. He was so gentle and quiet he has faded quite away out of memory."

The declaration of war between America and Spain made him very sad for the world at large. "As I drove along in a cab there were posters to say the war had begun, and I will say that my heart sank and my stomach fell as though it were going to melt away altogether; it is such a world of needless misery and bloodshed that is going to begin." Not that he held a quarrel between the two nations to be groundless. "There is no doubt the Spaniards have been nothing but a curse in that part of America, and the government is quite inefficient. They might have known from our Venezuelan difficulty that the Americans would not let this row go on at their back-doors for ever. They ought to have put an end to it long before. It is easy to understand the Americans making up their minds to have done with the old world on their continent, and some day when they are ready, it will be Jamaica and Canada. But that's not yet, and our poor little children will be in for it."

When he had worked for some weeks on "Avalon" he felt it really begin to move, and then he was refreshed at heart. "Nothing so happy as being at work," he said. "Rooke, do you know I think this picture is beginning to go a little. Just a little, little bit it's beginning to advance. A month ago, when I first came to look at it I must say it filled me with despair. It seemed as though nothing would ever move it, but now it is really going."

When I was at Rottingdean his daily letters were often written at St. Paul's Studios, but never dated from there. One begins, "I am *at* Avalon—not yet *in* Avalon"; and another time it is simply "Avalon." The last letter before my return to London tells of his having been out to dinner the evening before. "There was a great deal of Rhodes talked—to my sickness—but it wasn't the time for angriness, and I let it pass. I shall let most things pass me by. I must, if ever I want to reach Avalon."

On the 9th of May I was back at the Grange. It was the middle of the season, and many people came to the house, but our evenings were unusually quiet, and I began

in them to read a new book aloud, Miss Kingsley's Travels in West Africa. Our children were much with us.

The destruction of his water-colour "Love in the Ruins" had always lain heavy on Edward's heart, and though it was now more than four years since the misfortune happened, he had decided within the last few months to look at the picture again and to take the opinion of Mr. Fairfax Murray as to the possibility of doing anything to restore its surface. The subject was so sore a one that we hardly spoke of it after the first, but I remember seeing the panel in the studio this year—that is, I saw its back, with the vain label of warning still visible as it stood on an easel turned towards the wall, but Edward asked me not to look at the picture yet.

It was clouded all over with white of egg except where a wet sponge had wiped away that and the colour together, and by special ill-luck the head of the girl was the part thus damaged. After careful experiment on the foreground it was discovered that the film could be removed by means of ox-gall; and after that was done Edward repainted the girl's head in these last days. When he left the picture a small portion of the background still remained filmed over, but Mr. Fairfax Murray treated this in the same way that the other part had been done. It seemed something like a miracle when at last the whole picture shone out again.

On the 19th of May the death of Gladstone was announced, and the 28th was the day of his funeral in Westminster Abbey. "I went on Saturday to that famous burying," Edward wrote. "Touching and splendid, and yet touching it was; and I loved the trumpets that went up and the clang of bells when all was over that rang out a happy peal over the City." "But oh," he said, "for a quiet burial and a little corner of a country churchyard. Please God it may not be yet awhile—glorious and beautiful my life seems to me." To Mrs. Drew he wrote of her father's death: "The way the world has risen to it is wonderful; in the midst of all your sorrow your hearts must be elated: it is beautiful I think. One day, later on, let me see you, and meantime, God bless you and all of you."

On June 1st Mr. Arthur Severn and his wife (Ruskin's cousin Joanna), whom we had not seen for a long time, dined with us. "They were very nice, both of them—and unchanged, which is a lovely thing in friends," Edward said. He asked for news of Mr. Ruskin: "And she told us of that blessed one, and how he wanted to write to Mary Gladstone about her father, and sat an hour or more pen in hand, but could get no further than the words: 'Dear Mary, I am grieved at the death of your father—' and no more would come—to him who was a fountain of divine words once."

The double birthday of our daughter and grandson was kept at the Grange as usual, but the time did not go lightly. Threatening weather prevented the children being much in the garden, and marionettes, who would perhaps have made us laugh out of doors, seemed oppressive in a room. The next day little Denis, reviewing the entertainment, said thoughtfully: "When I have another birthday —if I ever have another birthday—I won't have marionettes, I'll have Punch and Judy again." The child's proviso of "if ever" startled the hearer.

A renewal of pleasure was granted in these days on Edward's hearing Miss Macpherson, now Mrs. Morton, sing some of the old Italian music that he loved so much; and she, seeing his delight, kindly came to the Grange two or three times and sang to us quietly, one thing after another. Deeply as this moved him, he confessed that finally the traditional tunes of his own country touched him in a way nothing else did. "It must be something inherited," he said. But he added that he thought we ought to try and give contemporary music a chance, and all contemporary artists. "One doesn't like to extinguish any present attempt at doing anything." He asked with interest about the promise in painting of a pupil of Mr. Rooke's, "How is that lad getting on with you? Do you see any turn in him?" The answer was that the youth seemed to be most taken with "effects." "Ah," exclaimed Edward, "that 's the prevailing feeling, so that in the end designing will be

a lost art." And another day he said: "The world now very much wants to go back into barbarism. It is sick and tired of all the arts; it is tired of beauty, it is tired of taking care, it is tired of a great many things. If it were not that I am engaged in producing, I might be tired of them too. We have all been living a great deal too fast, that is the truth. There is no guessing what the future of art is going to be." Blake's words were greeted by him as true when we came to them in our reading:

> When nations grow old
> The arts grow cold
> And Commerce settles on every tree.

I do not recall his ever quarrelling with the different stages of individual life as they were reached; but whilst taking up the part prepared for him he seemed also to look on it from the outside. After listening to some reported delinquencies of a young friend, he commented: "But parents are very exasperating to omniscient youth. One's entirely just views at seventeen or eighteen are very much hampered by their conventional and out-of-date old ways of looking at things. Then their inferior mental gifts, their failing memories, naturally provoke a want of respect on our parts. Their looking an incredible age is much against them." And of grandparents he wrote once, after leaving his grandchildren at Rottingdean: "They didn't mind a bit about my coming away, those little beings. How we give and how little we get! and love is a river that descends and never flows back. Now and then a little refluent wave washes and refreshes us, but we must not count on it."

I cannot remember when the last picture, called "Day and Night," was made in the Flower-book, but it should be mentioned here. Night, in the form of a woman, bends over the sleeping figure of Day, and, whispering in his ear, calls him to arise and shine.

Some of the intensity of these days which is felt in recalling them was recognized as they passed, but just before the end it was much lessened. Edward seemed to be gaining strength and he was happy in his work. He had decided to

fill all the foreground of "Avalon" with summer flowers, so that the studio shone with the columbines and irises and forget-me-nots that he and Mr. Rooke were painting day after day. The blossoms in the long grass pleased him, and he confessed that he thought "a very pleasant effect was coming over parts of the picture." He was able to dine out once or twice a week without any difficulty, and on the 6th of June we fulfilled a long-standing plan of going to Hatfield for the whole day. We found on reaching King's Cross that I had looked out a Sunday train by mistake, and we must wait some little time; but he scarcely seemed to notice this, would not admit that it mattered at all, and as we walked up and down on the platform, was silent and preoccupied. He talked freely, however, on arriving at the house. In the afternoon a drive was proposed, during which irresistible drowsiness came upon him, and he fell asleep as he would have done at home; but he did not seem overtired on our return to the Grange at night.

On the 9th of the month, our wedding day, our children dined with us for the last time. A couple of days afterwards we went to the ceremony of Miss Amy Gaskell's marriage, though not to the crowd at the house, and her father and brother dined with Edward in town afterwards. Engagements began to thicken, and he planned a flight of a few days to Rottingdean and talks and laughs with Rudyard Kipling in the Mermaid. Some of his invitations were to the theatre, from which he shrank more and more: after one of these entertainments he said plainly to me that he did not think he would ever go to another. But it was not his way to withstand the reiterated wishes of his friends, and shortly afterwards we both agreed to go with a party to a play, as soon as a date that suited us all could be found.

On the 13th Miss Macpherson dined with us, and sang nearly all the evening. The next night was a dinner party at Lady Lewis', where Edward seemed in excellent spirits. At leaving he lingered a little downstairs, talking with his host; and Sir George returning to the drawing-room remarked that he thought he had never seen him look better.

The flowers in "Avalon" were finished now, but that did not mean rest to Edward. Nevertheless he left off work early on Wednesday the 15th, and returned to the Grange to receive some one he had asked there. Partly expected and partly not, quite a large number of people arrived that afternoon, amongst them two little children of Mrs. Wyndham's youngest daughter, who had brought them for a blessing from her old friend. Our own grandchildren came also. Mr. Hallé dined alone with us afterwards, and when I had left the room the two men remained talking together for a long time. More than once Mr. Hallé has referred to what passed between them then, saying that Edward spoke to him as he had never done before, "of all he had tried for." He spoke of the joy his art had given him, of how he had striven for beauty and good work in it, and had hoped to influence his fellow-creatures in both those directions, but that he had to recognize how small, if not absolutely nothing, his influence had been. "It was like a summing up of his whole life," Mr. Hallé writes, "and as we sat in the dusk, his white face and the solemnity of his voice gave me a feeling of awe. I tried once or twice to combat his views, but he would have none of it. Did I not see, he said, that the people who professed the greatest admiration for his work were equally enthusiastic about that whose principles he held in the greatest abomination; to this I had nothing to answer, as I knew it to be true." Such bitter draughts of seeming failure are poured out in all ages, for those to whom the work is appointed of carrying on the lasting traditions of the world.

The 16th brought with it full and glorious summer. When Edward came as usual to say good-bye before going to the "Avalon" studio, he stayed for a while talking about the picture. He said that it ought to be finished in a couple of months, but there was an anachronism in it which must be set right before he could go on with anything else. "I've put red apples in it together with spring flowers. I must take out the apples, and then I shall have to put in some other red thing instead." We talked with seriousness

of his work altogether, but I heard no particular note of sadness in his words. About a week before this he had said, looking at "Avalon" on a dull day, that in that light it really seemed finished; but with him that only meant the beginning of the end, such joy he had in gathering everything together and preparing a picture to stand alone.

In his diary of engagements the words written against the afternoon of this day are "Alice Wortley and Miss Freda Stanhope." The use of the Christian name for the first of these ladies implies a friend—one of Millais' daughters; the other visitor was a young girl she was to bring with her, a niece of Spencer Stanhope's, whom Edward had not seen before. She had often spent the winter in Florence, learning to paint with her uncle, from whom she had heard about Edward personally; his work had excited her sympathy and admiration and she wanted to know him. Such a visit might prove pleasant or be only fatiguing. The two ladies arrived about five o'clock, and as we were all chatting the doctor was announced: Edward left us for a very short time, and came back saying that he and the doctor were quite agreed as to how much better he was; then the subject was dismissed. Presently he proposed going down to the garden-studio, and led the way with Miss Stanhope; but, thinking that she should have this first visit quite to herself, Mrs. Wortley and I remained behind. They stayed away so long that I augured the best, knowing that if he had found it not worth while to shew her his pictures and talk to her, they would soon have been back again. When they did come it was evident that he was both pleased and interested, for he carried her almost straight through the drawing-room up to his working studio. As soon as possible after her return home, Miss Stanhope, for her own satisfaction, wrote down in her diary a full description of what was already to her a memorable visit; and thus it is that from one who saw him for the first time we learn what were almost his last words. As soon as Edward had shaken hands with her, she says, he asked her to come and sit by him and tell him about Stanhope, and then he took her across the room to look at

a water-colour sketch made by a young artist from one of the tapestries at Hampton Court, explaining to her that there was a contemporary piece of the same design at the South Kensington Museum, and in what ways the two differed. Afterwards their talk turned upon names, and he said his favourite name was Mary. In the garden-studio she was attracted by the great "Car of Love," with its ladder and stage of scaffolding before it, and he told her that the Car was going to be silver. Then he asked her about herself. "Tell me, what do you work at in Florence?" She said that she had been copying a little Carpaccio because it was mostly red, for she did not understand red, blue was what she loved: it was her favourite colour. And he answered: "I did not know there was a Carpaccio in Florence. So you like blue. Do you know I think our tastes are much the same, for I love blue, I think it the most pure and beautiful colour in all the world, and the most lovely. So you work hard at the Villa Nuti [her uncle's house]—how you must love being there."

They talked happily of processes, he saying "I love water-colour, it works so well," and she telling him her difficulty with oil paints. He said her process was a very slow one, and he would take her into his other studio and shew her a method that would help her.

"So we wandered back," says the diary, "and as we left the studio he said, 'It seems to me Florence is your most delightful time of the year, and the rest is nothing!'" Yes, she said, she was quite happy when working, and then she came back and did nothing.

"But couldn't you come back and work?" And he urged her not to let social duties paralyze her efforts.

Then they walked back to the house and he took her to his upstairs studio. She shewed astonishment at the number of pictures she saw there, and he did not spare her the moral. "Yes, I have done a great many, but that is because I work, you see; I am always working."

"But don't you get tired of working?"

"No, never. I only get tired when I am doing nothing."

Edward kept returning to talk about his old friend Stanhope and his work, but asked after him by a name unknown to his niece, because it had been invented for him long before she was born. The strange name stayed in the girl's mind, and presently she asked: "Why did you call him 'Gholes'?" "Well," said Edward, turning back to a happy memory, "I think it was because he used to say 'O by Gholes' when we were painting at Oxford. We all called him Gholes." This mention of the friends as young men roused the sense of contrast in his listener, who said: "How I wish people did not get old. How I wish they could live new lives." "Yes," said Edward, "I should like to paint and paint for seventeen thousand years." And then he added, aloud, but speaking slowly and as if to himself: "Why seventeen? Why not seventy thousand years?"

Some turn of thought in this dealing with vast spaces of time led him next to speak of the picture of "The Fall of Lucifer"—meant finally to be called "Paradise Lost"—which they had seen in the garden-studio; and he said: "I feel very sorry for the devil; that is why I painted him beautiful, as a fallen angel. He tried to make himself equal with God, and so he fell. I would not have him pushed out of Paradise. No, he found heaven was gone, and there was only blackness." Two definitions of heaven given by Edward at different times seem to include the types of ideal happiness between which most of us waver. This is one of them: "All of us mean by heaven, I suppose, the place in which we can have what we like and it will be both good for us and pleasing to God at the same time as it is to ourselves." This is the other: "It is heaven to be in some holy air, and to feel every good thing in one's heart grow apace."

Miss Stanhope told him of a heaven dreamed of by a friend of hers, which took the form of being allowed still to play on her piano, but Edward said one could hardly wish for a piano there; rather an organ or a violoncello, or trumpets. "How they ring out! Oh, I hope there will be trumpets in heaven!" And then he told her a Lucifer legend

which he loved; that every morning the trumpets ring out in heaven, and how when the devil was turned out they asked him what was the thing in heaven that he missed most, and he answered: "I miss most the trumpets that sounded in the morning."

Whilst they were in the studio, she asked him the innocent question: "How do you get your colours?" and he said: "Well, I try and try till they come."

Dusk was beginning now, and as they went downstairs into the hall he remembered one more thing he wanted her to see. "Oh, I must shew you this picture—I will light it up for you, it is too dark to see without:" and he fetched a candle. It was the large water-colour design of Christ hanging with outstretched arms in the Tree of Forgiveness. When she had looked at it, he said: "He is blessing Adam and Eve, and while His hands are stretched in blessing He is in the attitude of the Cross. There is the corn behind Adam, to shew that he must labour. On the left is Eve with her children, and behind her is the white lily, which means the Annunciation and the promise."

When they returned to the drawing-room, Mrs. Wortley asked her if she had enjoyed herself, and if she meant to work, to which the girl said only, "I mean to begin again." The extract from the diary ends with these words:

"As he said good-bye, he told me to write to him if I wanted any help about my painting, and he would tell me what to do."

By the kindness of God we were alone on this last evening: the theatre engagement that hung over our heads had been postponed. We played dominoes on the corner of the dinner table, and as we played he said he was tired and would write to tell Rudyard when he was coming to Rottingdean. I left him at his writing-table, and went into the drawing-room as usual. There a cloud descended upon me, of nameless fear: I had felt none of it while with Edward, but it covered me with darkness in my own familiar room. I turned to the piano and tried to play, but could only lean forward with folded arms upon the music desk and feel a terror around

me. Edward joined me before long, and his presence made things natural again, as he lay down on the sofa with his back to the light and I settled by a lamp to find the place we were at in Miss Kingsley's Travels. He listened with the keenest interest to her account of the rapids of the river Ogowé. "How good her descriptions are," he said; "some people can't describe a thing at all, but I can see all the places she writes about." We followed the story as far as her safe descent of the rapids, and I put the marker into the book and closed it at the place where she describes herself as having been in "the amphitheatre of King Death."

Alone in my room upstairs, fear came upon me again, still with no warning of the side from which trouble would come. I was not afraid especially for him, nor for myself, but of something, and my sorely-laden spirit found relief in the cry "O God, help us to bear it!"

A speaking-tube connected Edward's room with mine, and in the night he called me and I went to him. Full and round as ever was the voice in which he spoke, splendid was his strength and courage against mortal pain; but a stronger than he was there, and the first severe shock of *angina pectoris* took his life.

He lay there, a serene image of restored, unshaken power, when his children came; and amongst us all there was but one thought, of joy that now no other storm of pain could reach him. We threw open the shutters of his room, and let in the morning light. All things afterwards were done according to arrangements that had been long understood. Fire, not earth, received the body he had done with, and his ashes were laid in the quiet corner of a country churchyard. There was a memorial service in Westminster Abbey, and then the stream of life flowed on.

LUX PERPETUA LUCEAT EI.

THE HOUSE STUDIO, JUNE 18th, 1898.
Drawn by Ambrose Poynter.

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